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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXIX

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1900

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CONCORD, N. H.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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CHINA MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIX.

JULY, 1900.

NO. 1.

SUNCOOK TO-DAY.

By Frank Levi Aldrich.



HERE is no village in New Hampshire, or in all New England, more favored by nature with all the elements tending to induce industry, enterprise, thrift, and prosperity among its people than the village of Suncook. Nor is there anywhere to be found a community which has more fully utilized its opportunities than that which peoples the banks of Suncook river, and the pleasant hillsides overlooking the beautiful valley.

It is not claimed for Suncook or its people that every possible advance has been made, every desirable improvement effected, or that it is not excelled in some respect by some other village or villages, but it may be maintained successfully that, on the whole, no village has more generally improved its natural resources, secured for its people a higher average degree of material prosperity, and a fuller measure of intelligence, maintained a higher standard of morality, or has, in short, developed a higher type of manhood and womanhood within its borders, and sent out

into the land and world a stronger influence for good.

Supplied with abundant and almost unfailing water power, its manufacturing interests are, and have always been, an important factor in its prosperity. Settled originally by a sturdy, industrious, intelligent, and God-fearing class of people, whose minds and the character of whose descendants were strengthened and elevated by the mysterious influence of grand and beautiful scenery, its population has always been of the highest order.

Suncook is situated in the beautiful valleys of the Merrimack and Suncook rivers, in the county of Merrimack, south of Concord, a distance of only seven miles. It has exceptional, never-failing water power for its mills and factories in the Suncook river, and is regarded as one of the most prosperous villages in the state.

In this article it is not proposed to recount any of the details of its history, as the subject is somewhat threadbare. It does not differ materially from other New England villages, all having interesting his-



View on Main Street.

toric, romantic, and heroic incidents. Those of Suncook have been carefully prepared and published in "The Pembroke Town History," in two volumes, which is very accurate and complete.

Suncook of to-day typifies what progress and civilization have accomplished in the time since the

village was established. While it has some advantages not accorded other New Hampshire villages, in that it draws a trade from a radius of from five to twenty miles north, south, east, and west, it has a sufficient number of manufacturing industries to sustain its population. The purpose of this article is to give to the



Town Hall.



View on Main Street.

world a succinct and accurate account of the nature and scope of these industries, and of the business of the village, together with portraits and sketches of the men who are engaged in the different pursuits.

If the work is sufficiently attrac-

tive to call attention to the enterprise and push of the men who make up one of the busiest villages of the state, its aim will have been accomplished

Suncook has every improvement and advantage of a modern village,



Police Station.



North Side School House

broad, shaded thoroughfares, handsome and substantial residences, cozy and comfortable homes, an unlimited supply of pure spring water, a modern system of sanitation, electric lights, and as intelligent and progressive a class of citizens as can

be found anywhere. In its educational, religious, and fraternal relations, Suncook is not behind its sister villages. It has the system of schools for which New Hampshire has become famous, first-class buildings at present, and excellent high



South Side School House

school privileges at the Pembroke academy.

Four religious denominations are represented, their houses of worship being handsome specimens of architecture. A notable and commendable feature of the religious work is the spirit of fraternalism between the denominations, which, in other places, is so frequently absent.

and not only furnished employment for the greater part of the population, but aided in many ways in promoting the comfort and general welfare of the employés, and building up and improving the village. In fact few big corporations upon which a large portion of a community are dependent have been more generous to their employés and the various objects of



Agent's Residence—China, Webster, and Pembroke Mills

MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES.

There are several reasons why the Pembroke, Webster, and China mills are of special interest to the people of Suncook and why they should occupy a prominent place in any industrial review of the village. They have for many years been a very prominent part of the manufacturing industry of the village, and have played no small part in the industrial development of New England. They have been the life and the backbone of a large portion of the village, added materially to the general prosperity of Suncook,

public good in the community in which they are located, or have been more considerate of the operatives within their works.

The three companies, "Pembroke Mills," "Webster Manufacturing," and "China Manufacturing," are distinct from each other, each owning one mill, with other necessary buildings and water power. All manufacture print cloth. They are under one management. B. R. Weld of Boston is treasurer, David L. Jewell, agent, and Edmund E. Truesdell, paymaster.

The Pembroke mill, three stories

high, was built in 1860, after the mill built by Nichols & Brownell was burned. It is 273 feet long, 72 feet wide, has 19,000 spindles, and 422 looms, and is run by two turbine water wheels, aggregating 400-horse power, supplemented by engines to be used in case of low water. It employs 175 female and 80 male operatives, and the yearly pay-roll is \$55,000. It uses 1,000 tons of coal, 2,000 gallons of oil, and 1,200 pounds of starch per annum. It uses 1,000,000 pounds of cotton, and manufactures 6,000,000 yards of cloth.

The Webster mill is five stories high, and was built in 1865. It is 310 feet long, 72 feet wide, and for power has two turbine water wheels, 800-horse power, and for auxiliary power two Corliss steam engines, 800-horse power. It employs 350 female and 150 male operatives, with a yearly pay-roll of \$110,000. It requires 1,600 tons of coal, 4,000 gallons of oil, and 24,000 pounds of starch per annum, and has 36,000 spindles, 913 looms, uses about 2,000,000 pounds of cotton, and makes 12,000,000 yards of cloth per year.

The China mill, five stories high, was built in 1868, and is 510 feet long and 72 feet wide. The power used is two turbine water wheels, 1,500-horse power, and two Corliss steam engines, 1,500-horse power. It requires 3,000 tons of coal, 6,000 gallons of oil, and 36,000 pounds of starch per annum. It uses about 3,000,000 pounds of cotton, makes 18,000,000 yards of cloth per year, and employs 500 female and 300 male operatives, with a yearly pay-roll of \$158,000.

It will be seen that the three mills when in full operation use about

116 000 pounds of cotton and make 692,000 yards of cloth per week, making an approximate total for a year of 6,032,000 pounds, or 3,016 tons of cotton and 6,000,000 yards of cloth.

THE SUNCOOK WATER-WORKS COMPANY.

This company was incorporated by act of the legislature, February 19, 1891, with a capital stock of \$100,000. Its charter was amended by acts of the legislature February 26, 1895, and March 8, 1899.

The directors are Frank Jones, J. A. Farrington, and Justin V. Hanscom, all of Portsmouth.

The officers are: President, Frank Jones; treasurer, Justin V. Hanscom; clerk, Calvin Page; superintendent, Curtis E. Dalton.

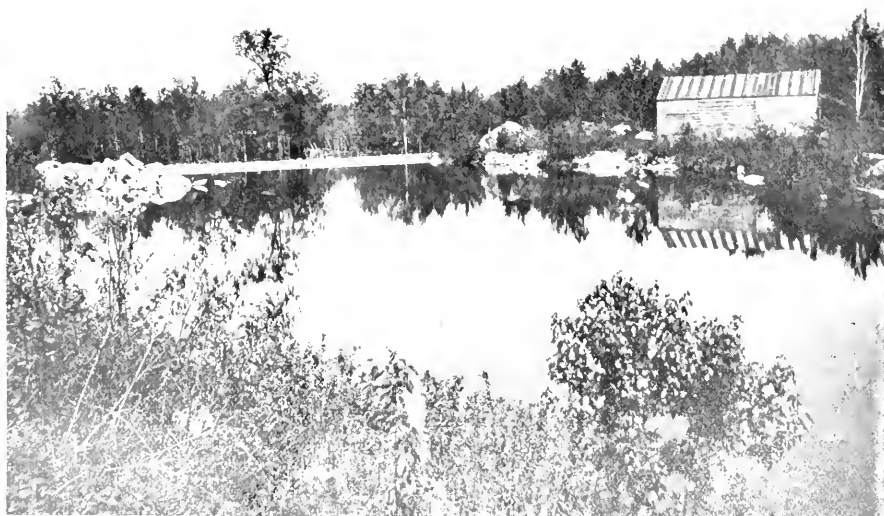
The first incorporators were Samuel Ordway and four others, with capital of \$25,000. In 1895 instead of these incorporators the following were substituted; Frank Jones, J. A. Farrington, C. B. Gafney, Nathaniel E. Martin, and Edmund E. Truesdell, who were elected directors. In 1898 Mr. Gafney having deceased and Mr. Martin and Mr. Truesdell having resigned as directors it was voted to have only three directors. The annual meeting is holden on the first Saturday of March each year.

Practically the Suncook water-works are owned and controlled by Hon. Frank Jones of Portsmouth. A man whose name and fame extends far and wide; the story of his life is too well known to need repeating. It is enough to say that he is a business man in a full sense of the word. By his untiring energy and determined effort he has accumulated a fortune for himself, and by his gen-



HON FRANK JONES

President Suncook Water Works.



Suncook Water Works—Upper Reservoir and Filter



Suncook Water Works—Lower Reservoir

erous disposition contributed liberally to the material prosperity of the state.

The works cover an area of about twenty-five acres, and afford an abundant supply of pure water for all domestic, fire protection, and manufacturing purposes of the town. The water takers now number four hundred.

Mr. Curtis E. Dalton is agent in charge of the works. A long resi-

paving and curbstone. This quarry has a quarter of a mile exposure, and the outcroppings of the stone reaching clear to the surface, make it very easy to handle. The supply is regarded as inexhaustible. The plant is thoroughly equipped with the latest improved machinery, and has railroad facilities for speedily transacting an immense business.

To give some idea of the output of this concern it may be stated that



View of Railroad to C. A. Bailey's Quarry.

dent of Suncook, a very efficient and faithful man ever mindful of his duty to his employer and to his patrons.

THE BAILEY GRANITE WORKS.

One of Suncook's leading industries is the Bailey Granite Works, situated about two miles from the village, and in extent covering about twenty-five acres. The granite is of fine quality, and is used for building, street, and bridge work. They also have a very large trade in

they shipped twenty-two hundred carloads of granite the past season, and employ 125 men constantly from April until December, with a pay-roll of about four thousand dollars per month.

A visit to the Bailey works convinces one that with its modern plant, its progressive, enlightened, ambitious management, its ample capital, and its past achievements, it looks forward to the opening century with both courage and confidence. The

owner of the works, Mr. Charles A. Bailey, is noted wherever he is known as one of the most energetic, painstaking, skilful granite men in New Hampshire.

The Bailey Granite Works are very conveniently located on the Suncook Valley branch of the Boston & Maine railroad. In order to facilitate the transportation of the products of the works, Mr. Bailey built a side track from the main line

large stone-shed, where some very fine monumental work is made. Mr. Bailey is very ably assisted by his two sons, Mr. Hall E. and Mr. Harvey D., who are shipping clerk and book-keeper.

A large stone crusher was added last year, and the waste stone is broken up and shipped to Manchester and other places, while the Boston & Maine railroad has used considerable of it. Last season six miles



Residence of Charles A. Bailey.

of the Suncook Valley railroad one mile and a half in length. This was surveyed by engineers, and the road was built by Mr. Bailey at considerable expense. The steepest grade of this track is four feet in one hundred. He also has three fourths of a mile of additional side tracks in and around the stone sheds and works. Mr. Bailey owns a locomotive that is daily used in shifting about the works.

At Manchester Mr. Bailey has a

of street curbing was shipped from the works.

CHARLES A. BAILEY.

Mr. Charles A. Bailey, the owner of the Bailey Granite Works, is a native of Pembroke. He has been in the granite business for the last twenty-two years, and is one of Suncook's best known business men. He has been very successful, and the conduct of his works leaves nothing to be desired.

Mr. Bailey is independent in politics. He is a Thirty-second degree Mason, and a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Hiram Chapter, R. A. M., Horace Chase Council, Mount Horeb Commandery, Ariel Council, P. of J., Aaron P. Hughes Lodge of Perfection, and St. George Chapter, Rose Croix. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and of the official board of the same. He married Mary J. Dennison, and by this union has had the following children: Hall Edward and Harvey Dennison, born January 4, 1877; Clara Louise, born January 17, 1879, and died August 17, 1879; Charles Parker, born June 16, 1885, and Emery Ward, born January 10, 1887.

Mr. Bailey stands too high in the business circles of this village and Manchester to need any encomium at our hands.

THE SUNCOOK VALLEY CREAMERY.

The people of Suncook and vicin-

ity are fortunate in enjoying the advantages of a first-class creamery establishment, and the homes of the village are supplied with a fresh, pure creamery butter, made here at home from the milk furnished by the farmers in this vicinity.

The Suncook Valley Creamery (incorporated) was established in October, 1897. The present board of directors are Col. Eugene S. Head, president; James E. Dodge, vice-president; Frank E. Blodgett, secretary and treasurer; William L. Goss and George P. Morgan.

They have a well-equipped establishment, twenty-eight by forty feet in dimensions, fitted with large steam churns, separators, and other appliances necessary to the economical conduct of the business. A fifteen-horse power boiler and engine furnish the power. Everything about the premises is kept so neat and clean that the most fastidious could not find fault with the place or its products, and the methods used are so



Suncook Valley Creamery.

excellent that nothing but the very best creamery butter is produced. As a consequence, the products of the Suncook Valley creamery are in demand and very popular in the community. Besides selling their products at home they have a good trade in Concord, Manchester, and Lowell, Mass.

The creamery has the milk from

prizes that he has secured at the Dairy Associations' meetings and fairs. He is a prominent member of the Patrons of Husbandry, being chaplain of Pembroke Grange of this town.

TRUMAN GILSON, manager of the Suncook Valley Creamery, was born at Granville, Vt., April 10, 1860.



Truman Gilson

seventy dairies, and makes about eighteen hundred pounds per week. It is in the hands of enterprising, reliable business men, who are making a good success of their "Gilt Edge Butter."

Mr. Truman Gilson is the manager of this creamery, having been in the employ of the company since the commencement. He holds many

He attended the district schools, and Island Grove school of Fort Edward, N. Y. For ten years he was employed at Sharon and Montpelier, Vt., as butter maker. Mr. Gilson is a loyal Republican. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, No. 94, A. F. & A. M.; Hiram Chapter, No. 24, R. A. M.; Howard Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F.; Pembroke Grange, No.

III, P. of H., and the Suncook Improvement Association. He is an attendant of the Methodist Episcopal church. He married Rachel B. Fife, and they reside at their pleasant home on Pembroke Street.

Mr. Gilson has been awarded about forty first premiums and highest awards on butter including four gold medals, one bronze medal; diploma of World's Columbian Exposition held at Chicago in 1893; also a certificate of honorable mention from the Board of Lady Managers of Columbian Exposition for having assisted as an expert butter maker at the exhibition; also the Vermont Dairyman's Gold Medal in 1892, and that of the Columbian Pure Food Exhibit at Castle Square Garden, N. Y., in 1892.

THE VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

One of Suncook's most valuable organizations, and one that has done as much as anything to foster public spirit, is the Village Improvement Society, which was organized in 1899. Dr. Orlando B. Douglas was the primé mover in this new enterprise and was its president for the first year, and has just been re-elected. Mrs. Frank E. Blodgett was elected vice-president, with Mrs. John B. Haselton, secretary. Mr. Eleazer F. Baker, of the firm of E. Baker & Co., one of the best known residents of the town, was elected treasurer, and has held the position since. Mr. Baker is essentially a public-spirited man, is vitally interested in all that concerns Suncook, and has the details of the life of the society at his fingers' ends. The organization has 164 members.

During the year a new sidewalk was built to the Evergreen cemetery, which is traced directly to the society, and it has also made a business of setting out and trimming shade trees, over one hundred new ones having been planted through its influence, and further beautifying Suncook's streets.

The town officers have coöperated with the utmost good fellowship and heartiness for the improvements noted.

A town picnic was held on July 4, and a good time enjoyed, under its auspices. The society does not believe that man should live by bread alone, and has made a feature of literary life. Several entertainments have been given in the opera house, adding to the fund held by the treasurer. Surely Suncook has been the richer during the past year, and will be for many years to come, because of its hustling Village Improvement society.

PEMBROKE ACADEMY.

In educational matters Pembroke has been highly favored. No doubt it, in common with other towns, took advantage of any new school laws as they were from time to time enacted. Certainly a step in advance was taken, when, in 1802, a movement was made to increase the educational interests of the district which included the lower part of Pembroke Street. A private association was formed and then was established what was known as the Columbian school. This association continued in force until 1817.

In 1818, Dr. Abel Blanchard, who had been a physician in Pembroke for ten years, died, leaving the residuary part of his estate for the pur-



Pembroke Academy.

pose of founding a public school or academy. Dr. Blanchard named nine men as a board of trustees, of which Rev. Dr. Abraham Burnham, pastor of the Congregational church, was president until 1852. The institution was incorporated as Pembroke academy, June 25, 1818. According to an expressed wish of the founder a building was erected with funds subscribed by the people of the town and May 26, 1819, the school was established. There was an attendance of forty-eight students during the first term. The teachers were Mr. Amos W. Burnham and Miss Frances Newell. Its stated object was "for the purpose of improving the rising generation in science, morality, and religion; also for the education of youth in the English, Latin, and Greek languages, writing, arithmetic, and other branches of literature commonly taught in the public schools." We believe it may be truthfully said

that during the more than eighty years of its existence this object has been steadily kept in view. Its fund, at first comparatively small, has been increased until at present it amounts to over twenty thousand dollars. It has a valuable library, a large number of books having been received from the estate of the late Col. Thomas W. Knox of New York city, a native of Pembroke, in accordance with a provision in his will. An interesting feature is its art gallery, where can be seen portraits of some of the alumni, and a museum where are to be found curiosities illustrating the customs and manners of former days.

Its three courses of study have been enriched from year to year so that now they admirably serve their purpose, students being fitted for college or business life.

Efforts are being made to secure funds for the erection of new buildings. Already the alumni and friends

have pledged over twelve thousand dollars for the purpose, with the understanding that twenty-five thousand dollars are to be raised. This is an enterprise that should have the support of every alumnus and citizen of the town.

Last year there was held a reunion of former students and teachers of the academy, as well as those of the People's Literary Institution and Gymnasium, an occasion of great interest to all present. At this meeting Gen. Henry M. Baker of Bow was elected president, George W. Fowler of Pembroke, secretary, and Bert G. Spaulding of Suncook, treasurer.

From about 1840 to 1863 there existed another school on Pembroke Street, already referred to above. This for several years was largely attended, but it gradually decreased in numbers until, in 1863, it was united with the academy, trustees having been chosen from the friends of both schools. The union has proved to be a happy one.

The present board of trustees is

Martin H. Cochran, president; George P. Little, secretary and treasurer; Joseph H. Dearborn, Frank S. Whitehouse, George P. Thompson, Addison N. Osgood, Jacob E. Chickering, Eugene S. Head, Frank E. Blodgett.

The teachers are Isaac Walker, A. M., principal; Miss Annie Maria Greene, preceptress; Miss Theodosia Grant Sargeant, assistant.

Since this article was written, the Pembroke academy burned on the afternoon of June 21.

PROF. ISAAC WALKER, the honored principal of Pembroke academy for about twenty-seven years, is a native of Fryeburg, Me., born September 26, 1842.

After attending the public schools he pursued a preparatory course at Fryeburg academy, and then entered Dartmouth college, graduating in the class of 1863, and has received degrees of A. B. and A. M. from this college.

Prof. Walker came to Pembroke the first time in 1863, remaining until 1868, and was principal of the



Proposed New Pembroke Academy.



Prof. Isaac Walker.

academy. From 1868 to 1873 he was the principal of Ware (Mass.) High school, and in 1873 returned to Pembroke, and has since been the faithful principal of Pembroke academy.

January 6, 1883, Prof. Walker was elected a deacon of the Congregational church, and July 7, 1874, was licensed to preach by the Merrimack Association.

He married Mary P. Smith of Monmouth, Me., November, 1866, and has three children, Mary Blanche, married Dr. Edmund E. Hill of this village; Arthur P., a clerk in Concord, and Florence J., a student at Middlebury (Vt.) college.

During the Civil War he was a private in Company B, Seventh Squadron, Rhode Island Cavalry.

FRATERNITIES.

The fraternal, social, and benevolent organizations are well represented in Suncook, the Masonic order having been especially prominent for many years, as, also, the Odd Fellows, Independent Order of Foresters, Pembroke Grange, Catholic Order of Foresters, Society of St. John the Baptist, Cercle de Dramatique et Litteraire, United Order of the Golden Cross, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Suncook Improvement Society.

Jewell Lodge No. 94, A. F. and A. M., was formed and opened here in Masonic hall, April 7, 1879. The lodge was named after Col. David L. Jewell, the esteemed and popular

agent of the three mills here. This lodge has had a flourishing career since its organization, its membership embracing many of the most prominent citizens.

Its present officers are Frank E. Blodgett, W. M.; Walter S. Cass, S. W.; William N. Johnston, J. W.; Henry P. Cofran, S. D.; John P. Osgood, J. D.; Jacob E. Chickering, treasurer; Frank L. Aldrich, secretary; Rev. Robert T. Wolcott, chaplain; Charles H. Smith, marshal; Edmund E. Hill, senior steward; John T. Merrill, junior steward, and Rufus H. Paine, tyler.

The Past Masters of Jewell Lodge are Edmund E. Truesdell, Enoch H. Holt, Rufus M. Weeks, George P. Cofran, Rufus H. Paine, Addison N. Osgood, George E. Miller, Eugene S. Head, and Thomas H. Bunney. The lodge is in a flourishing condition, the present membership being 110.

Hiram Chapter, No. 24, Royal Arch Masons, was instituted here in November, 1892, and chartered May 15, 1894. Rufus M. Weeks was the first presiding officer, or Most Excellent High Priest, and has been succeeded by Charles H. Smith, Edwin P. Northrup, and Bela H. Emerson, the latter being the present incumbent.

Odd Fellowship established its first tangible abode in this village September 24, 1849, when Howard Lodge, No. 31, was instituted. The organization has now eighty-two members and fine quarters in the

I. O. O. F. block. Dr. Edmund E. Hill is the present noble grand; Truman Gilson, vice grand; Fred M. Millard, recording secretary; Fred G. Evans, permanent secretary; Charles H. Smith, treasurer; George G. Prescott, warden; Will M. Fife, conductor; George F. Georgie, outer guard; Charles B. Hadley, inner guard; Rufus H. Paine, R. S. N. G.; Stephen Hook, L. S. N. G.; John G. Bartlett, R. S. V. G.; R. E. W. Osgood, L. S. V. G.; Daniel F. Leavitt, R. S. S.; Frank S. Lancey, L. S. S.; Jesse R. Paine, chaplain; Frank L. Aldrich, sitting past grand; trustees of funds, Daniel F. Leavitt, Edwin P. Northrup, Dr. George F. Munsey; committee on finance, Dr. George F. Munsey, Addison N. Osgood, Frank S. Lancey.

Friendship Lodge of Hooksett and Evergreen Lodge of Short Falls are an outgrowth.



Catholic Church.



DAVID LYMAN JEWELL.

Hildreth Encampment, No. 17, I. O. O. F., was instituted March 7, 1871, with seven charter members. It has now forty members, R. A. Lantry of Hooksett being chief patriarch. It was named in honor of Charles F. Hildreth, P. G. P.

Canton General Stark, No. 9, Patriarchs Militant, was instituted in this village August 15, 1883. It has now about forty members, with John D. Sweatt as captain.

Mary Gordon Bartlett Rebekah Lodge, No. 69, I. O. O. F., was instituted March 19, 1896, with twenty-two members, and has now about ninety-five, with Mrs. Fannie E. Bickford noble grand. This lodge is especially active, and has done much for the advancement of Odd Fellowship in the town.

Pembroke Grange, No. 111, P. of H., was organized December 3, 1885. Joseph H. Dearborn was the first master. From the first, the grange has had a steady growth, and now numbers about three hundred members, including farmers from Bow, Allentown, and Hooksett. It is only second to the largest organization of the Patrons of Husbandry in the state. George B. Lake is master.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

COL. DAVID LYMAN JEWELL, agent of the three large mill corporations—China, Webster, and Pembroke—of Suncook village, was born in Tamworth, January 26, 1837, a son of Bradbury and Lucinda (Chapman) Jewell. His great grandfather, Mark Jewell, was born in England in 1724, came to this country in 1743, settling in Durham, and died in Sandwich, February 19, 1787. His eldest son, Mark, was the first white man to settle

in Tamworth in 1772. He married Ruth Vittum, and they had sixteen children, one of whom, Bradbury, was the grandfather of the subject of this sketch. When the latter was about two years of age his parents removed to Newmarket, and, his father dying there, his mother again removed to Newton Upper Falls, Mass. Here he attended the common schools and Wilbraham academy, and, later, entered the State Normal School at Bridgewater, from which he was graduated in February, 1855. He taught school in Westfield, N. J., at Freehold (New Jersey) academy, and in Barstow's private school, Newton, Mass.

He studied engineering with R. Morris Copeland and Charles H. Folsom in Boston, but gave up this profession when the war broke out. He was agent of the Newton mills, Newton Upper Falls, Mass., from 1860 to 1868. While at Newton he was draughtsman for the mills at Suncook and Pembroke, and in 1868 removed to this village as superintendent of the mills. Upon the death of the agent he was given charge, and when the China mill was started he took the same position, and since 1870 has been the efficient agent of the three corporations.

Colonel Jewell is a member of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association. He was aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on Gov. Natt. Head's staff, and is a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. He is a Thirty-second degree Mason, a member of Jewell Lodge, No. 94, this village, which was named for him; of Mt. Horeb Commandery of Concord; of Massachusetts Consistory, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, thirty-



HON EDMUND E. TRUESDELL

second degree, and Aleppo Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

In August, 1860, Mr. Jewell married Mary A. Grover of Newton, Mass., who died October 16, 1862. He married, May 31, 1865, Ella Louise Sumner, of Needham, Mass.

As an agent, Colonel Jewell has been very successful. He is popular with his employés, and is a Republican in politics. He is a public-spirited citizen, is interested in Suncook, and is always ready to assist in every way in his power in any movement which promises to advance the interests of Suncook. He has a beautiful residence at Wollaston Heights, Mass., overlooking Boston harbor, and for several years has enjoyed his Sundays there. In his religious associations he is an Episcopalian.

HON. EDMUND ERSKINE TRUESDELL, paymaster of the China, Webster, and Pembroke mills, was born at Jewett City, Conn., March 3, 1845, a son of Thomas and Mary (Boyden) Truesdell. On the paternal side he is of Scotch descent, his great-great-grandfather, Ichabod Truesdell, having come from Scotland about 1700, and settled in South Woodstock, Conn. His great-grandfather, Darius Truesdell, was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and was at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777. He was wounded in the side, narrowly escaping death by a ball providentially striking a large, old-fashioned pocketbook in his waistcoat pocket.

Edmund E. Truesdell was educated in the common schools at Newton Upper Falls, Mass. While attending school there he worked in the

cotton mills during vacation and at other times, and also delivered papers. He afterward took a regular commercial course at Comer's Commercial college in Boston.

Upon leaving school he went into the Newton Cotton mills and was soon promoted to the position of overseer in the cloth room and shipping clerk. The treasurer of the Newton mills was also treasurer of the mills in this village, whither Mr. Truesdell was sent to take charge of a department at the Webster and Pembroke mills. In 1870 he was promoted to be superintendent and paymaster of the China, Webster, and Pembroke companies.

He was town treasurer of Pembroke in 1878-'79-'80 and '81; a member of the legislature in 1879 and again in 1880; and a member of the state senate in 1887-'88. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, of which he is a past master; Hiram Chapter; Horace Chase Council; Mt. Horeb Commandery; Massachusetts Consistory, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, thirty-second degree, and Aleppo Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Mr. Truesdell is a member of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association and the New Hampshire club, also trustee of the New Hampshire Industrial school.

In politics he has always been a staunch Republican, and is a member of the Baptist church. Mr. Truesdell married, June 11, 1872, Mary Wilkins Austin. He has one son, David Edmund Truesdell, born in 1876.

Few Suncook men have been better known throughout the state of New Hampshire than Mr. Truesdell, and he is popular and esteemed wher-



Eleazer Baker's Block.

ever known, for he is always genial and agreeable, and a good companion as well as a good business man.

E. BAKER & Co. is perhaps the best known mercantile establishment in Suncook. The firm handles choice

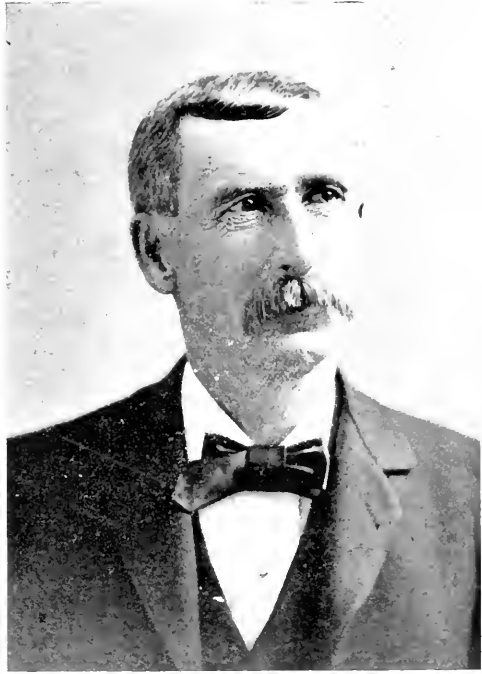
family groceries, fresh and salt meats, butter, cheese, and eggs, country produce, fine teas, coffees, and spices, hard and soft wood and coal being a specialty. It has grown from a small beginning in the year 1868 to one of



Farmhouse, E. Baker & Co.

the largest stores and largest distributors of goods in their line in this section of New Hampshire. Their success is due to natural shrewdness and business tact, combined with hard work, untiring attention to the wants of the public, fair dealing, and liberal advertising. They have always found time to interest themselves in every movement of a public nature which promised to assist in the growth and prosperity of Suncook, and they have been important factors in all local enterprises.

ELEAZER BAKER, the senior member of the firm of E. Baker & Co., was born in Brewster, Mass., November 2, 1838, a son of Joshua G. and Margaret (Small) Baker. He is of English decent, tracing his ancestry back to the fourteenth century. He attended the public schools of his native town until he was twelve years of age, when he left home and started out to make his own way in the world.



Eleazer Baker.

He went to sea and followed this career until the breaking out of the Civil War. In April, 1861, in response to President Lincoln's call



Residence of Eleazer Baker.



Eleazer F. Baker.



Residence of E. Frank Baker

for volunteers, he enlisted for one year. He was assigned to duty as a petty officer on the gunboat *Massachusetts*. Receiving an honorable discharge at the Brooklyn navy yard at the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was engaged on the steamer *Young America*, in transporting troops and provisions from Fortress Monroe up the Pamunkey river to Whitehouse Landing.

In May, 1868, Mr. Baker came to Suncook and established a grocery and meat business, and by industry and perseverance has built up a large and lucrative trade. He is one of Pembroke's most influential and public-spirited citizens, and every good work has his hearty support. Though he never sought public office he was elected to the legislature in 1885-'86 by the Republican party. He is a trustee of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Mr. Baker was married November 16, 1862, to Hannah Jane Nickerson of South Dennis, Mass. Six children have been born to them: Eleazer F., born September 8, 1863; Josiah F., born December 31, 1866; Alice C., born January 20, 1870, who died January, 1873; Nellie J., born December 20, 1875; and Edith M., and Eva L. Baker, twins, born September 8, 1880.

ELEAZER FRANKLIN BAKER, who is a member of the firm E. Baker & Co., is a native of Brewster, Mass., born September 9, 1863, the son of Eleazer and Hannah Jane (Nickerson) Baker. He was educated in the public schools and Pembroke academy. He has been a member of the firm of E. Baker & Co. for the past eighteen years. In politics Mr. Baker affiliates with the Republicans,

and he represented the town of Pembroke in the New Hampshire legislature in 1890-'91. He was treasurer of the town of Pembroke, 1897-'98-'99. In 1886 he was united in marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of John L. Adams of Canterbury.

Fraternally, Mr. Baker is a member of the various Masonic fraternities: Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Hiram Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Horace Chase Council, R. & S. M.; Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar; Edward A. Raymond Consistory, S. P. R. S.; 32 degree. Aleppo Temple, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker reside on Prospect street, where they have one of the most beautiful and elegant homes in the village of Suncook.

ERNEST FONTAINE, one of Suncook's most respected French citizens, is also a member of the firm of E. Baker & Co.

Mr. Fontaine was born in La Prairie, P. Q., in 1852. A little later his parents removed to Suncook, where he attended the public schools. For the past fifteen years he has been a member of the firm of E. Baker & Company.

Mr. Fontaine has been honored by the Republicans of Allentown as selectman in 1896, town treasurer, 1900, and a member of the house of representatives in 1895-'96 and 1897-'98. He is a regular attendant at the Catholic church.

Mr. Fontaine married Georgina Boulard, and has seven children: Ernest Lewis, Oscar Octave, Eva Josephine, Eugene Napoleon, Mary Blanche, Ernestine, Juliette.

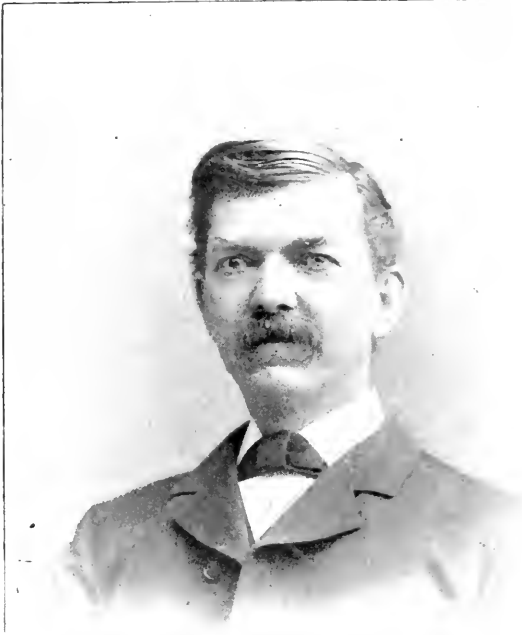
JACOB EMERY CHICKERING, the jeweler, has been a prominent man in mercantile and financial circles



Ernest Fontaine.



Residence of Ernest Fontaine



Jacob E. Chickering.

in Suncook for the last twenty-five years. He is a native of Pembroke. Mr. Chickering was educated in the common schools, and at the Peoples' Literary Institute and Gymnasium and Pembroke academy. After completing his education he remained on the home farm, and located in the village thirty-two years ago. He has continued in business all these years, and has been very successful. Mr. Chickering is a shrewd buyer, and handles reliable goods, which, perhaps, accounts for his success.

From 1864 to 1868 Mr. Chickering was a member of the board of selectmen, he has also been town treasurer, representative, trustee of Town Library, and treasurer of the school board. Mr. Chickering is a member

of Jewell Lodge, No. 94, A. F. & A. M., holding the office of treasurer also a member of Hiram Chapter, No. 24, R. A. M., and Pembroke Grange, No. 111, P. of H.

In religion he is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, having been an official member since 1865, and is now president and treasurer of the board of trustees.

Mr. Chickering is also a trustee of Pembroke academy, and interested in the same. In politics he is a staunch Republican. He married Sarah Elizabeth Fellows of Pembroke.

GEORGE P. COFRAN, chairman of the Pembroke board of selectmen for three years, is a native of the town that honors him with public office. He was born March 28, 1847, and



George P. Cofran



Residence of George P. Cofran.



Almon F. Burbank, Esq.

received his education at the common schools, and Pembroke academy. For several years he was engaged in the grocery business in Cambridge, Mass., and this village.

Mr. Cofran is a staunch Republican, and a very active worker for the principles of his party. He was town treasurer in 1883, selectman in 1885, '86, '87, '88; representative in 1889-'90; postmaster in 1890, '91, '92, '93, and again selectman in 1898, '99, 1900. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., was master two terms, and is a member of the thirty-second degree.

Mr. Cofran married Miriam J. Palmer, May 10, 1870, and has two children, Henry P. Cofran of Suncook, and Annie W., who married

Dr. William H. Mitchell, and resides at London.

As a public official, Mr. Cofran has always given satisfaction to the people of Pembroke. He is a strong man in all business affairs and an officer of unusual executive ability.

Mr. Cofran's residence on Main street is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful and comfortable homes in the village.

ALMON F. BURBANK was born at Boscawen (now Webster), October 17, 1857. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Boscawen, and fought at Bunker Hill and Bennington. His boyhood was passed in his native town. He attended the public schools, Symonds Free High school, Warner, and Penacook Normal acad-

emy at Penacook, where he graduated. He then studied law with Chase & Streeter at Concord, and was admitted to the bar in 1880. He soon after came to Suncook and began the practice of law, and has resided and practised his profession here most of the time since.

Mr. Burbank was reared a Republican in politics, and has been an



Arthur G. Whittemore.

earnest worker since his first election. He was a member of the state legislature from Pembroke in 1897; selectman for the years 1892, '93, '94, and was elected a member of the school board in March, 1900.

He was married August 6, 1887, to Mary E. Labontee. They have two children,—Priscilla Ann and Esther.

ARTHUR GILMAN WHITTEMORE, attorney at law of Dover, was born in Pembroke, July 26, 1856, a son of

Hon. Aaron and Ariannah (Barstow) Whittemore, and a great-great-grandson of Rev. Aaron Whittemore, the first settled minister of the Congregational church in Pembroke, who, having been ordained March 1, 1737, continued his labors as pastor of the Congregational church for a period of thirty years until his death, November 16, 1767.

His great-grandfather, Aaron Whittemore, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, his father and grandfather were associate justices of the court of common pleas for Merrimack county, each being active in town affairs, and each holding the different town offices.

On his mother's side he is a lineal descendant of Elder William Brewster, one of the *Mayflower* pilgrims. He was educated at Pembroke academy and Harvard Law school, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1879. Soon afterwards he associated with the late Judge C. W. Woodman of Dover, in the practice of the law, which partnership continued until the death of Judge Woodman in 1888. Since that time Mr. Whittemore has practised alone. By strict application to his chosen profession he has gained an extensive and lucrative practice, and with it the confidence and respect of the whole community in which he lives.

He is attorney for, and one of the trustees of, the Strafford Savings bank, one of the largest and strongest savings banks in the state. He is also attorney for the Dover Co-operative bank. He has settled many large estates, among them

being the estate of Ezra Barker, late of Stratham. He was appointed in 1895 receiver of the Dover National bank, and so successfully liquidated the assets as to pay the depositors in full with interest, and a substantial dividend to the stockholders. He has identified himself with all

his brief summer vacation at the old homestead on Pembroke Street. He married, June 27, 1887, Caroline B. Rundlett, a descendant of Sachel Rundlett, of Stratham, one of the original grantees of the town of Bow. They have two children, Manvel and Caroline Whittemore.



Hon. Trueworthy L. Fowler.

the public enterprises that concern the welfare of his adopted city.

In 1887, when the city built a new system of water-works, he was elected water commissioner, and is now president of the board.

Although business induced Mr. Whittemore to locate elsewhere, he has retained an interest in his native town, and esteems it one of his greatest pleasures to spend a portion of

TRUEWORTHY L. FOWLER, son of Benjamin and Mehitable (Ladd) Fowler, was born December 21, 1816, and has always lived in Pembroke on the home farm. Industrious, intelligent, of positive convictions, good judgment, and practical common sense, and conscientiously faithful in the accomplishment of his undertaking, he has always identified himself with the interests of his native town,



 Addison N. Osgood.

and been zealous in promoting them. To him, more than any other one man, is the public indebted for the valuable history of Pembroke published in 1895. His researches among old records for facts pertaining to the early history of Pembroke, were laborious and long continued. Recognizing his abilities, the town has often honored him with offices of trust. He was collector of taxes four years; selectman eleven years, and chairman of the board eight years; superintending school committee twelve years; moderator seven years; representative in 1858-'59; member of two constitutional conventions, and chairman of the board of county commissioners two years. He was deputy United States marshal in

1870, taking the census in Pembroke, Allenstown, Hooksett, and Bow.

Mr. Fowler was commissioned lieutenant of the First company, 11th Regiment Light Infantry, N. H. Militia, when he was nineteen years old. He held the commission four years and was then commissioned captain, which office he held one year.

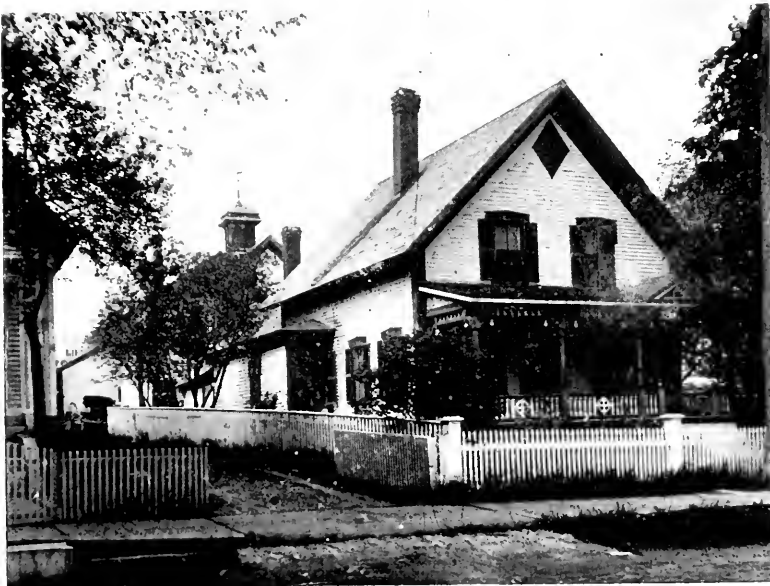
He married Catharine Lucretia, daughter of Thomas and Abigail (Hutchins) Sargent, August 29, 1847.

ADDISON NEWTON OSGOOD, lumberman of Suncook, was born in Allenstown, March 16, 1836, a son of Ira B. and Alice (Prescott) Osgood.

He traces his descent from Christopher Osgood, of Ipswich, England, who died in 1650, and belongs to the



Odd Fellows' Block—Addison N. Osgood.



Residence of Addison N. Osgood.



East Side Main Street Block—Addison N. Osgood.

seventh generation of the family in this country. He received his education in the common schools of his native town and at Pembroke academy. After leaving school he spent three years in Boston. In 1860 he settled in Pembroke where he engaged in lumbering, preparing his lumber for the market on the site of the old mill once owned by his



Church Street Blocks—Addison N. Osgood



Addison N. Osgood's Tenements on Glass Street

father. He has been most successful in his business enterprises, and owns much valuable real estate in Pembroke and Allenstown. Mr. Osgood

was a member of the legislature in 1878 and 1879, and was a member of the board of selectmen of Pembroke for a number of years. He is a



Addison N. Osgood's Cottages at Newcastle.



Osgood Inn—Addison N. Osgood.

Thirty-second Degree Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, a Patron of Husbandry, and is affiliated with the Grange of Pembroke.

He is a member of the Methodist church. In politics he is a Republi-

can. Mr. Osgood was married, December 17, 1865, to Mary E., daughter of William A. and Julia (Upham) Phelps.

At Newcastle Mr. Osgood owns several valuable summer cottages,



Pembroke Mill and South Main Street.

that are rented to Washington, New York, and Boston parties every season.

THE OSGOOD INN, located on Main street, is Suncook's popular hotel for commercial travelers and others who desire strictly first-class accommodations. The Osgood Inn is under the

native of Malone, N. Y., but resided in Manchester from 1886 until 1897. While in Manchester he was in the livery business. Since 1897 he has been found at this hotel, catering to the want of the traveling public. In politics Mr. Whitten is a Republican, and is also a member of Jewell Lodge.



Guy F. Whitten.

successful management of Guy F. Whitten, and accommodates fifty guests. The table is superb, the rooms and beds are clean and comfortable, the house is illuminated with electricity, while the location in the business centre of the village makes the inn a very convenient and desirable home for "the stranger within her gates."

Guy F. Whitten, the landlord, is a

A. F. & A. M.; Past Noble Grand of Wildey Lodge, and Past Chief Patriarch of Mount Washington Encampment, I. O. O. F., Manchester.

He was a member of the common council in Manchester four years.

CAPT. LEVI L. ALDRICH was born at Stanstead, P. Q., January 6, 1841, and educated at the common schools. At the age of seventeen years he went to California overland, in the

employ of the American Pony Express company, and remained in their service until 1861, when he enlisted in Company I, Fourth United States Infantry. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, and discharged February 28, 1863. Having been commis-

ioned as captain in the same regiment. At the close of the war he located in Suncook, and in 1869 removed to Manchester.

He was employed in the Langdon corporation eight years. In 1877 he started in the jewelry business on Elm street. In politics he is a Re-



Capt. Levi L. Aldrich.

sioned as lieutenant of Company D, Fifty-sixth Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, he reëntered the service. He was wounded and taken prisoner May 12, 1864, and confined seven months and twenty-four days in Andersonville prison, from which place, with fifteen others, he succeeded in making escape. After being paroled he returned to the army and served until the close of the war, having

publican. While in Manchester Mr. Aldrich served two years as selectman, in 1871-'72; a member of the city council in 1873, '74, '75, and of the board of aldermen in 1876-'77. He represented Ward 3 in the legislature in 1881, and was census enumerator for Ward 3 in 1880. He returned to Suncook in 1883. He has served as a member of the board of supervisors since 1886, having been

chairman for the last ten years. He was a census enumerator in 1850; deputy sheriff in 1893, '94, '95, '96, and collector of taxes for 1899-1900.

He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and district steward of the same. He is a Mason and

EUGENE LANE was born in Limerick, Me., December 25, 1856, and was educated in the public schools and Limerick academy. At the age of fifteen years he went to Augusta, Me., and entered the Gospel Banner office to learn the printer's trade. He remained in this office six years,

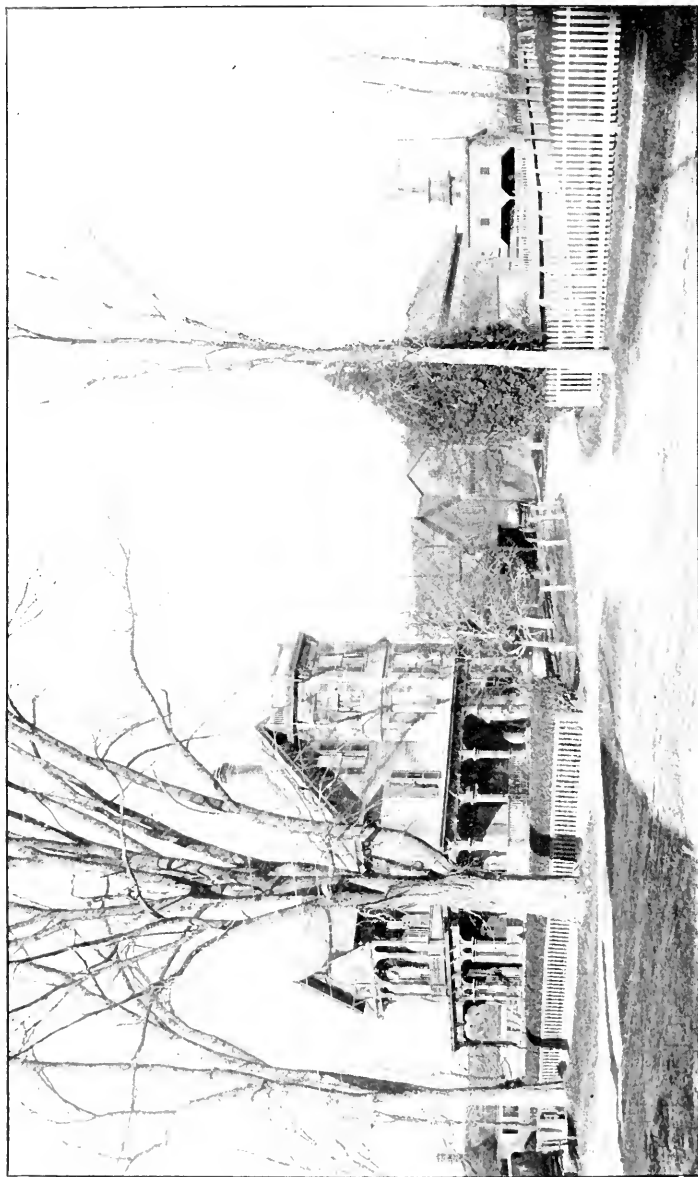


Eugene Lane.

a member of Jewell Lodge, No. 94, of Suncook; also of Mechanics Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F., Manchester; past chancellor of Granite Lodge, No. 3, K. of P., Manchester; past commander of Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R., Manchester; and of the New Hampshire Veteran Association.

He married Areannah A. Lewis, January 29, 1864, and has one son, Frank Levi Aldrich.

the last four years having charge of the whole printing establishment, which at that time was the largest Universalist denominational book publishing house in the country. In 1881 Mr. Lane came to Suncook and since that time has been identified with the local paper as printer, editor, and manager. Besides conducting his own paper he has contributed considerably to other papers



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE P. LITTLE.



George P. Little.

in the state, and for several years was the agent of the Associated Press. He was appointed postmaster at Suncook in June, 1898, for four years. In politics he is a Republican, and for the past sixteen years has been a member of the town committee, serving as its clerk all that time. He has twice been elected town clerk, and represented the town of Pembroke in the legislature of 1893-'94. May 17, 1883, he married Metta Gault, and has two chil-

dren, Hazel, born May 2, 1889, and Gladys, born October 29, 1891. For quite a number of years he has been a member of Pembroke Grange, serving as its master and lecturer, also for six years was secretary of Suncook Valley Pomona Grange.

GEORGE PEABODY LITTLE, farmer and stock raiser of Pembroke, was born in Pembroke, New York, June 20, 1834, a son of Elbridge Gerry and Sophronia Phelps (Peabody) Little. He is in the eighth generation from

George Little, who settled at Old Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1640. He received his early education at the Lewiston and Pembroke academies, and at the Military institute at Pembroke,—a branch of the Norwich Military academy of Vermont. At the age of eighteen he taught school. The following year he left home to engage in mercantile business at Portland, Me. Here he remained six years, and then went to Boston for a short time. During the next ten years he managed a photograph gallery at Palmyra, New York. In 1868 he returned to Pembroke, purchased the present homestead, and engaged in farming and the raising of blooded stock, making Jersey cattle a specialty for a time.

Mr. Little was deputy collector of United States revenue in Palmyra, New York, in 1866-'67; town treasurer of Pembroke in 1881-'82; selectman in 1887, '88, '89; was elected to the legislature in 1876 and 1877; when elections were annual, and in 1891; was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1888; was county treasurer four years; and is a justice of the peace. He is a trustee of the Guaranty Savings bank of Concord, and also of the Pembroke academy. For many years he was chairman of the executive committee of the latter, and is now secretary and treasurer. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and the New Hampshire Club of Boston. He is a Thirty-second degree Mason, a Knight Templar, and an Odd Fellow. He is a deacon in the Congregational church, and has always been a Republican.

On August 22, 1854, he married Elizabeth Ann Knox. They have

six children living,—Clarence Belden, president of the First National bank of Bismarck, Dakota, who has been a state senator since Dakota became a state; Mary Georgianna, wife of James E. Odlin of Lynn, Mass.; Elizabeth Ellen, wife of L. F. Thurber of Nashua; Nettie K., wife of Frank E. Shepard, Concord; Lucy Bowman; and Clara Frances, wife of Harman S. Salt, of Brooklyn, N. Y. One child, George Willard Little, died in 1858.

MARTIN H. COCHRAN. For over half a century, Martin H. Cochran has served the public in various positions of trust and honor, and he has been for many years one of the best known citizens in this section of Merrimack county. He was born December 4, 1821, in the town of Pembroke and has always resided here. Mr. Cochran attended the public schools of this town, also the Pembroke academy, and the academy at South Berwick, Me.

His occupation has been that of a farmer and he has been an auctioneer over twenty-five years, so that any auction, however large or small, is a success with genial "Mart" at the helm.

He has filled with honor the following positions of trust: Selectman, 11 years; member of the legislature in 1861-'62; school committee, 15 years; deputy sheriff, 12 years; census enumerator, 1880; police justice, 2 years; captain of the militia company many years ago, when that organization was the popular order in town. Mr. Cochran represented Pembroke in the Constitutional convention in 1880, and for more than fifty years has filled the office of justice of the peace.



Hon. Martin H. Cochran.



Residence of Hon. Martin H. Cochran



Joseph Wilkins.

He has been an honored member of the board of trustees of Pembroke academy since 1863, and is now the president.

His political faith has always been with the Republican party. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, No. 94, A. F. & A. M.; Pembroke Grange, No. 111, P. of H., and the Suncook Valley Pomona Grange.

In July, 1844, he married Miriam M. Rowell, a native of Albany, Vt. They have two children: John Milton, born April 11, 1849, who is located in Southbridge, and a successful lawyer, well-known in Massachusetts, and Sarah E. W., who resides at home.

The Cochran home is on Buck street (so-called), and the many

friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cochran find it a cheerful place to visit.

JOSEPH WILKINS, a resident of Pembroke, son of Jeremiah Hall and Mary Thompson Wilkins, is not only a representative of an old New Hampshire family but a lineal descendant of ancestors who were first settlers in this country at Dorchester, Salem, Danvers, and Marlboro, Mass. Jonathan Wilkins came in possession, through a grant of land given in 1725, it being where the city of Concord is now located. Jeremiah Hall Wilkins, at the age of eighteen, settled in Pembroke, where he was engaged in the grocery and dry goods trade for forty consecutive years. Joseph Wilkins served two years in a store in Concord, and Sycamore,



Thomas H. Bunney.

Ill., enlisted in the Civil War five months and has followed photography ever since, in connection with the real estate business.

In politics he is a Republican, and is a regular attendant of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Mr. Wilkins was born in Pembroke, May 24, 1844, and after attending the common schools, entered Pembroke academy, and later the Henniker academy. He also received a business education at the Eastman business college. He is a member of the Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R., of Manchester.

June 23, 1897, he married Lora J. Emery, daughter of Setla and Lorenda H. Emery of Allenstown.

Mr. Wilkins owns valuable real

estate at Elizabeth City, N. C., and spends the winter months there.

THOMAS H. BUNNEY was born in Leicester, England, January 30, 1857. He was educated at the public schools. In politics he is a Republican. Mr. Bunney has been a police officer for the last five years, and has served in such a manner that he has the respect of all the citizens.

He is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Hiram Chapter, R. A. M.; Horace Chase Council, and Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. of T. He married Laura M. Smith of Suncook in May, 1882. He was foreman at the Bailey Granite Works for eight years before he went on the police force.



John P. Osgood.

JOHN PERCY OSGOOD. Station cook boy, born December 5, 1873,
Agent John Percy Osgood is a Sun- his parents being James Henry and



Boston & Maine Railroad Passenger and Freight Station.

Ellen Frances (Wiggin) Osgood. His education was obtained in the public schools of Suncook, and at Pembroke academy. After leaving school he entered the Suncook passenger depot; a few years later he was appointed freight cashier, and within a few months honored with the position of station agent.

Hiram Chapter, R. A. M.; Horace Chase Council, Royal and Select Masters. In politics he is a Republican.

EDWARD D. PERREAULT, the well-known clothier, was born in Suncook, August 11, 1874. He attended Ottawa college four years, and is a graduate of Byrant & Stratton's



Edward D. Perreault.

During the thirteen years that Mr. Osgood has been in the employ of the Boston & Maine railroad, he has always been a popular official, courteous to all, and, in short, an ideal public servant.

Mr. Osgood has been twice married, and has one child, John Kenneth Osgood. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M.;

Business college. He has been in business as follows: Five years with L. P. Labonte, Manchester, and for the last five years in the firm of E. D. Perreault & Co., Suncook. He is a bright, capable business man and has a host of friends. He is a member of the Catholic church. He married Miss Eveline Barris of Pawtucket, R. I., and has two children.



J. Otis Hale



Suncook Ice Company's Ice-house.

J. OTIS HALE is owner of the Suncook livery stable and manager of the Suncook Ice Company. Previous to his locating here he was traveling salesman for Norris & Co. of Concord for six years. Mr. Hale was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., February 26, 1867. He is a staunch Republican; is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., also a member of Rumford Lodge, No. 46,

the ordinary ice man, which melt before they can be stored in the housewife's refrigerator, do not apply to Mr. Hale, for he is square and upright in all his transactions.

FRANK HENRY SIMPSON, of the firm of Simpson, Miller & Co., was born in Pembroke, November 28, 1868. He is the youngest son of the late Henry T. Simpson, who, for many years was well known all over



Suncook Livery Stable.

I. O. O. F., and Tahanto Encampment.

He married Lillian M., daughter of Hiram and Abbie Hall of Concord. They have one daughter, Marion.

During the past year Mr. Hale has been interested in the Suncook Ice Company, and has constructed one of the best ice houses in New Hampshire, near the railroad, and is prepared to sell at wholesale or retail. He is square and upright in all his transactions.

The traditional jokes regarding the short weights and the small cakes of

the state as a brick manufacturer. Born on a farm, his early years were spent at home, and his education was obtained from instruction received at Pembroke academy, New Hampton Institute, and a course of study at the Bryant & Stratton Business college in Boston, Mass. His first business experience was with his father, Henry T. Simpson of Suncook, in a grocery store. He remained in his employ until about eleven years ago, when the firm of Simpson, Miller & Co. was organized, and he was admitted to mem-



Frank H. Simpson.

bership. He has always taken a great interest in the business affairs of the firm, and since the death of his father, about two years ago, his responsibilities have necessarily increased. Their business has been steadily increasing from year to year, until, at the present time, Simpson, Miller & Co. are one of the largest and strongest firms in town. They occupy the three stores in the Odd Fellows' block—groceries, dry goods, and provisions, all in separate departments—and employ thirteen clerks.

Mr. Simpson devotes nearly all his time to his business interests. He is not a member of any secret organization, nor has he ever taken any very active part in politics. He is a Re-

publican, but has never held any political office. He is a lover of a good horse, and has always taken pride in owning one of the best. He rides a great deal for pleasure, and nearly every day can be seen driving his fine dark bay, "Dick."

He is a progressive, public-spirited citizen, and always finds time to assist in any movement for the benefit of the community.

On September 16, 1896, he was united in marriage to Miss Katherine Bell of Suncook. They have two children: Helen Eudoxcia, born August 21, 1897, and Katherine Bell, born April 26, 1900.

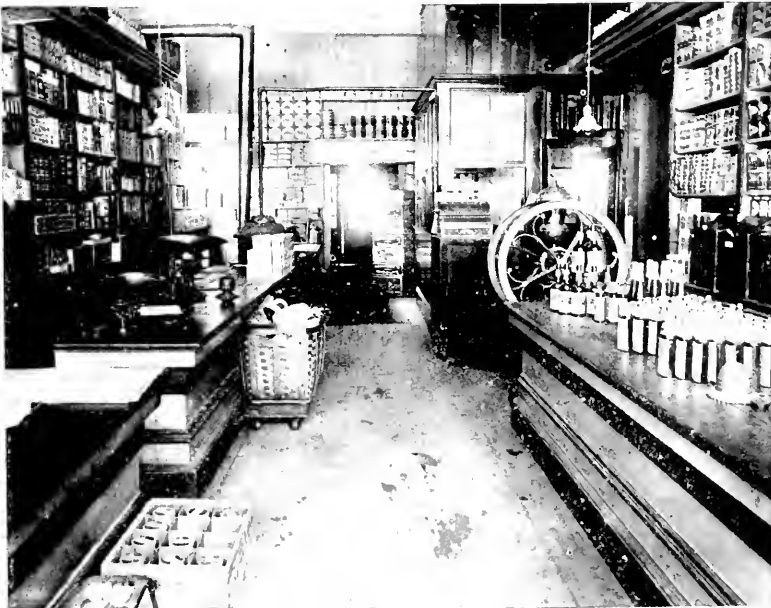
His home is on Maple street, one of the finest locations in the village.



Stores of Simpson, Miller & Co.

HON. GEORGE EBEN MILLER, Republican senator of the eleventh district, and a member of the firm of Simpson, Miller & Co., was born at Deerfield, October 30, 1850. He received

his education at the common school of his native town, Pembroke academy, and the Bryant & Stratton Business college. He has resided in Suncook twenty-seven years, and has



Grocery Department—Simpson, Miller & Co



Dry Goods Department—Simpson, Miller & Co.

been a general merchant for twenty-two years. He was a member of the legislature in 1897-'98, and elected senator at the last election for the present term.

He is a past worshipful master of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., No. 94, and also a member of Hiram Chapter, No. 24, R. A. M., of Suncook; Horace Chase Council, R. &



Meat Department—Simpson, Miller & Co.



Hon. George E. Miller.



Residence of Hon. George E. Miller

S. M., and Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar of Concord, of the Edward A. Raymond Consistory of Nashua, and Aleppo Temple of the Mystic Shrine of Boston.

He is also affiliated with Howard Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Suncook, having passed the chairs. Senator Mil-

BERT G. SPAULDING was born in Suncook, May 22, 1871, where he attended the public schools. He graduated from Pembroke academy and the New Hampshire Business college.

Mr. Spaulding is a Republican in politics; is a member of Jewell



Bert G. Spaulding.

ler married Nellie M. Simpson, daughter of the late Henry T. Simpson of Pembroke Street, November 20, 1878, and she died August 15, 1896. Mr. Miller is interested in all movements of a public nature for the growth and development of Suncook.

SPAULDING & JOHNSTON, clothiers, are located on Main street and handle everything usually found in all first-class city clothing stores.

Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Howard Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Pembroke Grange. He married Arianna B., daughter of Hon. John G. Tallant of Pembroke, October 26, 1899.

For eight years he was local agent for the American Express Company in Suncook, but resigned April 1, 1900, to become a member of the firm of Spaulding & Johnston, successors to Truesdell & Blodgett,

clothing dealers and men's fur-nishers.

WILLIAM N. JOHNSTON was born in Portsmouth, June 10, 1870; was educated in the schools of that city, and was two years in Dartmouth college. In political life he is a staunch Republican. He is a member of the

dence, Rhode Island, June 12, 1900. Mr. Johnston was station agent at Suncook ten years and resigned April 1, 1900, to become a member of the firm of Spaulding & Johnston, successors to Truesdell & Blodgett, clothing dealers. The business was established about thirty years ago.



William N. Johnston.

Pembroke school board, and its chairman.

Mr. Johnston is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and Hiram Chapter, of Suncook; Horace Chase Council and Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. of T., of Concord; E. A. Raymond Consistory, Nashua, and Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, of Boston.

He married May Alice, daughter of George A. Worcester, of Provi-

Messrs. Spaulding & Johnston are both young men, enterprising and wide-awake for the increase of their business and the satisfaction of their patrons.

OSSIAN D. KNOX, of Manchester, a son of Scott C. and Sophronia S. (Marden) Knox, was born in Pembroke, August 22, 1860. The family removed to the village of Suncook when the son was about seven years

old. His education was secured in the village schools and Pembroke academy, from which institution he was graduated in the class of 1877. He remained in Suncook village until the spring of 1883, in the employ of Emery Brother's general store. He spent the summer of 1883 in the

he sold out to Mr. Holmes and embarked in the same line of trade in a larger way under the firm name of O. D. Knox & Co., Mr. Knox being the sole owner of the business, which was continued until the latter part of the year 1899.

In politics he has always been an



Ossian D. Knox.

Northwest,—chiefly in the city of Minneapolis, Minn., where he was employed as cashier of a large department store. He returned to New Hampshire in the fall of 1883, and located in Manchester, at that time the home of the mother and eldest brother, where he engaged in the grocery trade as a partner in the firm of Holmes & Knox, continuing with this firm for about five years, when

earnest and active Republican. He has represented Ward 2 in both branches of the city government, resigning from the office of alderman from Ward 2 in July, 1898, after being appointed postmaster of Manchester by President McKinley, taking the office July 1, 1898.

He is a Methodist in religion and has for many years been treasurer of the board of trustees of St. Paul's

Methodist Episcopal church. He is a thirty-second degree Mason, being a member of Lafayette Lodge, No. 41, A. F. & A. M.; Mount Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, No. 11; Adoniram Council, No. 3, Royal and Select Masters; and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar, of Manchester,

WARREN SARGENT, brick manufacturer of Allentown, was born in that town September 1, 1837, and received his education at the town schools, Pembroke Gymnasium, and Colby academy, New London. For thirty-five years Mr. Sargent has been an extensive manufacturer of brick.



Warren Sargent.

N. H., and Edward A. Raymond Consistory of Nashua, N. H.

He is an honorary member of the Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., and also an honorary member of Thornton Association of Naval Veterans of Manchester, N. H.; is a member of the Manchester Board of Trade, which organization he has served officially as director and first vice-president.

Mr. Sargent is a firm Democrat, and was selectman in 1860, and representative in 1892-'93. He is also a member of Pembroke Grange, No. 111, P. of H. From 1861-'64 Mr. Sargent was in California.

He married Florence J. Brown, June 9, 1896, and they reside on the Hooksett road in a very beautiful home, near Mr. Sargent's brick-yard.



J. Brodie Smith.

General Manager of the Garvin's Falls Electric Company.

THE GARVIN'S FALLS ELECTRIC COMPANY.

This village has, for a few years, been lighted by the Garvin's Falls Electric Company. This company is located up the Merrimack river about four miles from this village, where they have an electric light plant having a capacity of 4,000 16-candle power incandescent lights. The company have over 1,000 acres of land lying on either side of the river.

The Merrimack takes a plunge of

thirty feet at Garvin's Falls, developing an estimated 5,000-horse power at the very least. Excepting only the Amoskeag fall power, this is by far the greatest water power in the state and one of the finest in New England.

The Manchester Electric Company which recently purchased the Garvin's Falls Company are tearing down the old pulp mill and are to erect in its place a splendid fire-proof building of the latest modern construction for an electric power house.

The stock of the Garvin's Falls Power Company was owned by the estate of William A. Russell of Boston, by Alonzo Elliott, ex-Congressman Henry M. Baker of Bow, Charles L. Fellows of Concord, and some other minor stockholders.

The present officers are S. Reed Anthony of Boston, president; Nathan Anthony, also of Boston, treasurer, and J. Brodie Smith of Manchester, general manager.

The Garvin's Falls Power Company will still do business under its original name and charter, and the identity of the company will be preserved, although it is owned and operated by the men who own and operate the Manchester Electric Company.

J. BRODIE SMITH, the new general manager of the Garvin's Falls Power Company, is an honored and respected citizen of Manchester, who is a thoroughly wide-awake and progressive business man, and whose knowledge of electrical affairs has long since made him an expert. Mr. Smith was born at Richville, N. Y., April 6, 1861, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Smith. He was educated in the common schools of his native state, and later in life took a mathematical course to fit himself for an expert electrician. Early in life he became interested in electricity, and in 1878 constructed a telegraph line between two small places in New York state. He came to Manchester in 1880, and went into the drug business with his brother, Mr. A. D. Smith, at the corner of Merrimack and Pine streets. He mastered the business and passed examinations as a registered pharmacist both in New

Hampshire and New York state. During all of his career in the drug business Mr. Smith, who had a natural and undownable interest in electricity, still kept up his studies in this direction, and thus laid the foundation of an electrical education second to no man in New England. Along in 1885 he found the field of electricity so much more alluring to him than the mortar and pestle that he retired from the drug business, and began to do electrical contracting of all kinds, and was elected superintendent of the fire alarm telegraph, a position which he held for two years.

When the Ben Franklin Electric Light Company was organized in opposition to the Manchester Electric Light Company in Manchester, Mr. Smith was chosen as its superintendent, and continued in that capacity until just before that company was consolidated with the Manchester Electric Light Company, when he was elected superintendent of the latter company. After the consolidation he continued in the same capacity until he resigned in 1896, and took a trip of several months to Europe. On his return from abroad he was elected general manager of the Manchester Electric Light Company, which position he has since filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the stockholders and directors of the company.

Aside from the above he is a director in the Binghamton General Electric Company of Binghamton, N. Y., a large and successful corporation, and also president of the Brodie Electric Company of Manchester, which is engaged in the manufacture of electrical specialties,



Fred G. Evans

the inventor of which is Mr. Smith. Among his inventions which have met with great success and sale are his patent insulators, fuse boxes, and automatic motor switches.

Mr. Smith is an unmarried man, a Thirty-second degree Mason, and a member of the Canton in Odd Fellowship.

There are few men in New England who have had a more practical experience in the business in which Mr. Smith is engaged, and there is no one more affable and courteous at all times. The statement has been made many times that "all good men have their enemies," but in Mr. Smith's case the rule has been flagrantly broken. He is not known to have an enemy.

FRED G. EVANS, one of the members of the Pembroke board of selectmen, was born at Brownville, Me., August 24, 1849. After receiving his education at the common schools he went to sea in old style, sailing East Indiaman, at the age of sixteen, following the life of a sailor for six years and visiting China, Java, Philippine Islands, Sandwich Islands, California, and other places. He came to Suncook in 1872, and since 1874 has been in the employ of Charles P. Morse in the furniture and undertaking business.

The Republicans of Pembroke have placed honors upon Mr. Evans by electing him town clerk in 1895, and selectman in 1899, reelecting him in 1900.



Natt B. Emery.

He is a Past Grand in Howard Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Past Chancellor in Queen City Lodge, K. of P., of Manchester. He married Ada E. Robinson, January 3, 1881, and has one son, Ernest E., now a student at Pembroke academy.

NATT BARTLETT EMERY, formerly a merchant of Suncook, was born in Pembroke, April 19, 1834, a son of Joseph and Hannah (Morrill) Emery. He is a descendant from one of the oldest families of New Hampshire. He attended the public schools of Pembroke, the Gymnasium, and Blanchard Academy. After leaving the Academy Mr. Emery taught school for three winters in Chichester, Allentown, and Pembroke. His first business experience was as clerk in the

store of John Tennant, for whom he worked two years. He engaged in mercantile business February, 1859, in a building on the lot on which Mr. Hartwell's block now stands. He at that time formed a partnership with his brother, J. Morrill Emery, with the firm name of Emery Bros. They moved into their new store on Emery's Corner ten years later.

In his business career he was very successful. He was postmaster for seven years and town treasurer. His pleasant residence is located at the corner of Main Street and Broadway.

Mr. Emery married Abbie H. Sargent of Allentown, November 10, 1859. They have two sons: Fred Parker, born April 11, 1865, now a professor at Dartmouth College;



Charles P. Morse.



Residence of Charles P. Morse.

he married Miss Mary E. Chesley of Amesbury, Mass., June 26, 1889; Natt Morrill, born April 16, 1873, an instructor in the Lehigh University of Pennsylvania.

In politics Mr. Emery is a Republican, and has represented his town in the state legislature. All the town offices have been tendered him but his business would not allow him to serve the town.

Mr. Emery owns valuable real es-

licensed undertaker of this place. For the last sixteen years he has been honored with the presidency of the Pembroke Republican Town club, and has held the following public positions: Town clerk in 1877; selectman, 1878-'83, being chairman four years in succession. In 1881 he was elected by both parties, receiving all the votes cast but nine. He was again elected selectman in 1891-'92. In 1882 he was chosen representative.



C. P. Morse's Block.

tate in Suncook, Allenstown, and Concord. He is an active and loyal member of the Methodist church, and one of its stewards.

CHARLES P. MORSE, of the South Main [street stove, furniture, and house furnishing store, was born in Loudon, July 5, 1838, and was educated at the common schools and Pembroke academy. Mr. Morse has been in business in this place thirty-five years.

For many years he has been the

He was moderator of town-meetings from 1885-'88, and from 1895-1900, and has been a member of the board of health for the last five years. In 1900 he was elected town treasurer. He enlisted in the First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery July 21, 1863, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

He is a charter member of Jewell Lodge, F. & A. M., and is Past Grand of Howard Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F.; Past High Priest, Hil-



Charles V. Fisher.



Grist-Mill and Ax Handle Factory—Charles V. Fisher.

dreth Encampment; Past Chancellor, Knights of Pythias, and a member of the Baptist church.

Mr. Morse married Georgie B. Yeaton. They have two children living: Fred W. Morse, deputy sheriff, and Lillian E., who married George E. Gordon, druggist. Sarah Putnam Morse, wife of John P. Osgood, died April 21, 1898.

CHARLES V. FISHER was born in Danville, Vt., February 14, 1851. He was educated in the public schools of Danville, Vt., Franklin, and Fisherville (now Penacook) in this state. In business, he is a manufacturer of axe, sledge, and hammer handles, bridge and framing pins, being the successor of H. M. Fisher & Sons. There is also a grist-mill and flour and grain store which he operates in connection with his other business.

The axe handle business was first started by Hiram M. Fisher at Danville, Vt., in 1848, and was continued there until August, 1862, when he removed to Franklin and bought the Lewis Batting mill and converted it into a mill for the axe handle business, and remained at this place until March, 1865.

When he removed to Fisherville, now Penacook, in 1872, C. V. Fisher and George E. Fisher, his sons, were taken in partnership under the name of H. M. Fisher & Sons. George E. Fisher died at Penacook, October 31, 1885, aged thirty-three years.

October 12, 1885, H. M. Fisher & Sons removed to East Pembroke and rented the Knox & Martin twine mill building that had been idle for some time with the exception of a small part which was used by Isaac

G. Russ as a grist-mill. After renting this for some three years, Hiram M. Fisher bought this mill and at his death, in 1894, the axe handle manufactory and grist-mill was bought by C. V. Fisher. After he took the mill he made extensive repairs on the dam, which, by the way, is one of the best water privileges on the Suncook river. There is not so much fall here as at some other places on the river, but there are four miles of flowage, which gives an abundance of water at all seasons of the year. In 1898 he built an addition to be used for a grist-mill on the first floor, and grain bins on the second floor,—having four bins for corn, with a capacity of twenty-five hundred bushels; one for oats that will hold eighteen hundred bushels, and one for cracked corn and meal of seventy bags each. About seven hundred bushels of Western corn are used per month, and two cars of oats, of one thousand two hundred bushels each, per year. About twelve cars of mill feeds were sold from February 28, 1900, to April 28, 1900, also forty barrels of flour, twenty-eight barrels of White Clover, six barrels of Washburn & Crosby Gold Medal, six barrels of City Mills; this is bought of Stratton & Co., Concord.

With mills at Penacook the amount paid Stratton & Co. for flour and grain the last year will equal one thousand dollars; the amount of all grain and mill feeds for the past year will nearly touch the ten thousand dollar notch. The axe handles and other kinds of work will equal one thousand dollars a year.

He is a member of Ezekiel Webster Grange, No. 94, of Boscawen; Merrimack County Pomona, No. 3; Ever-



Methodist Church.

green Lodge, I. O. O. F., Short Falls.

He has been married twice, first to Ella O. Jeffers of Milford, July 16, 1874, by whom he had one daughter, Ella J., born July 10, 1880. His wife died July 21, 1880, aged twenty-five

years. He next married Almeda H. Kimball, of Pembroke, by whom he has no children.

On the morning of June 16, Mr. Fisher's property was burned, with a loss of about \$7,000, and an insurance of only \$2,000. The cause of

this fire was due to the Hawley Box Company conflagration, just across the canal from Mr. Fisher's mills. It is probable that he will rebuild and continue, as such is the general desire of the town. He was doing a fine business, both in his mills and in his store.

special course at the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., and was graduated from the Boston University School of Theology. He entered the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1885, and has served the churches at Contoocook, Sunapee, Bristol, Lan-



Rev. Robert T. Wolcott.

REV. ROBERT THOMAS WOLCOTT, the son of Loran and Mary A. B. Wolcott, was born in Cherry Valley, a village in the town of Leicester, Mass., in the year 1858. He was educated at the public schools, and was a pupil in the Leicester academy, at that time a military school. Later he moved with his parents to Dover, and was graduated from the Phillips Exeter academy, took a

castor, Woodsville, and is now serving the third year at Suncook. He was married in 1887 to Miss Alice W. Walton of Exeter, and has one son, Robert H.

REV. J. M. OLNSTEAD, pastor of the First Baptist church, was born in Novi, Mich., in 1859. He spent one year in Oberlin college, and five years in Hamilton Theological seminary, graduating in 1892. He



Rev. J. M. Olmstead.

afterwards spent four years in Harvard Divinity school, in post-graduate studies. He was settled as supply

for two years at Clinton, N. Y. He was ordained at West Townsend, Mass., in 1893, and served the Baptist church in that place for four years. He was pastor of the Avon, Mass., Baptist church four and one half years. While in West Townsend, Mass., he served on the board of education.

In 1886 he married Ada M. Duncan. Their children are James M. and Gladys M. Olmstead.

REV. PAUL E. BOURNE, the present pastor of the Congregational church, was born in Waquoit, Mass., April 21, 1856. He graduated in 1880 from Faith college, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Bourne is a member of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Golden



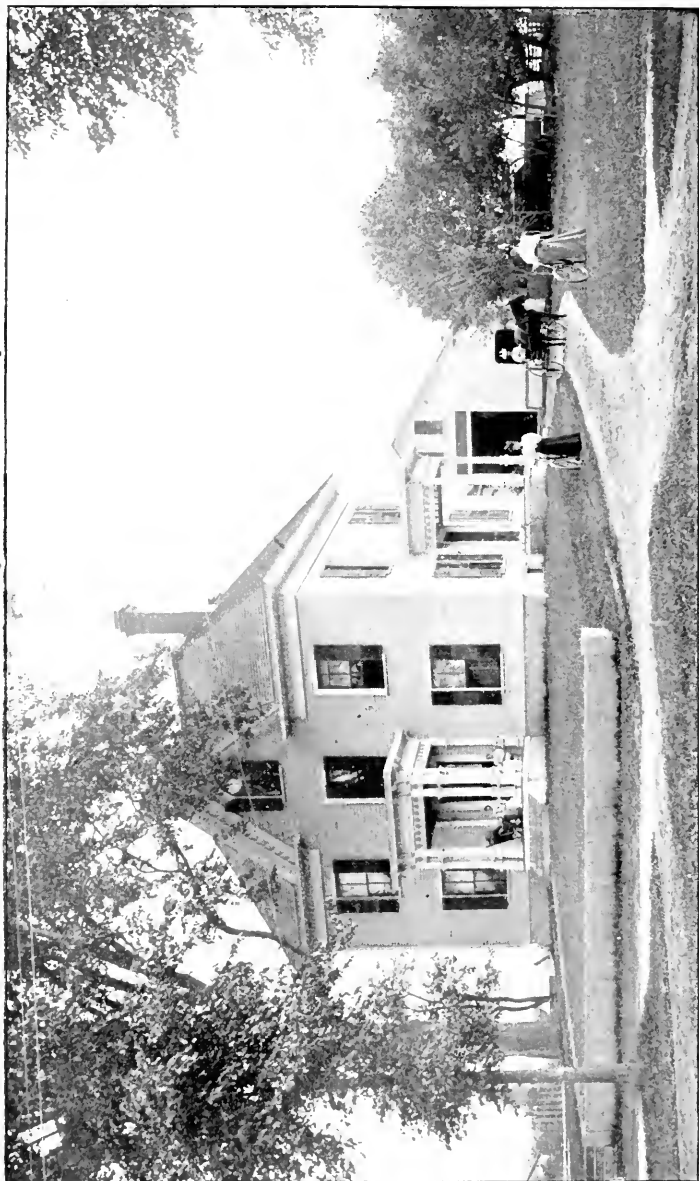
Rev. Paul E. Bourne.



Baptist Church.



Congregational Church.



RESIDENCE OF HON. JOHN G. TALLANT.



Hon. John G. Tallant.

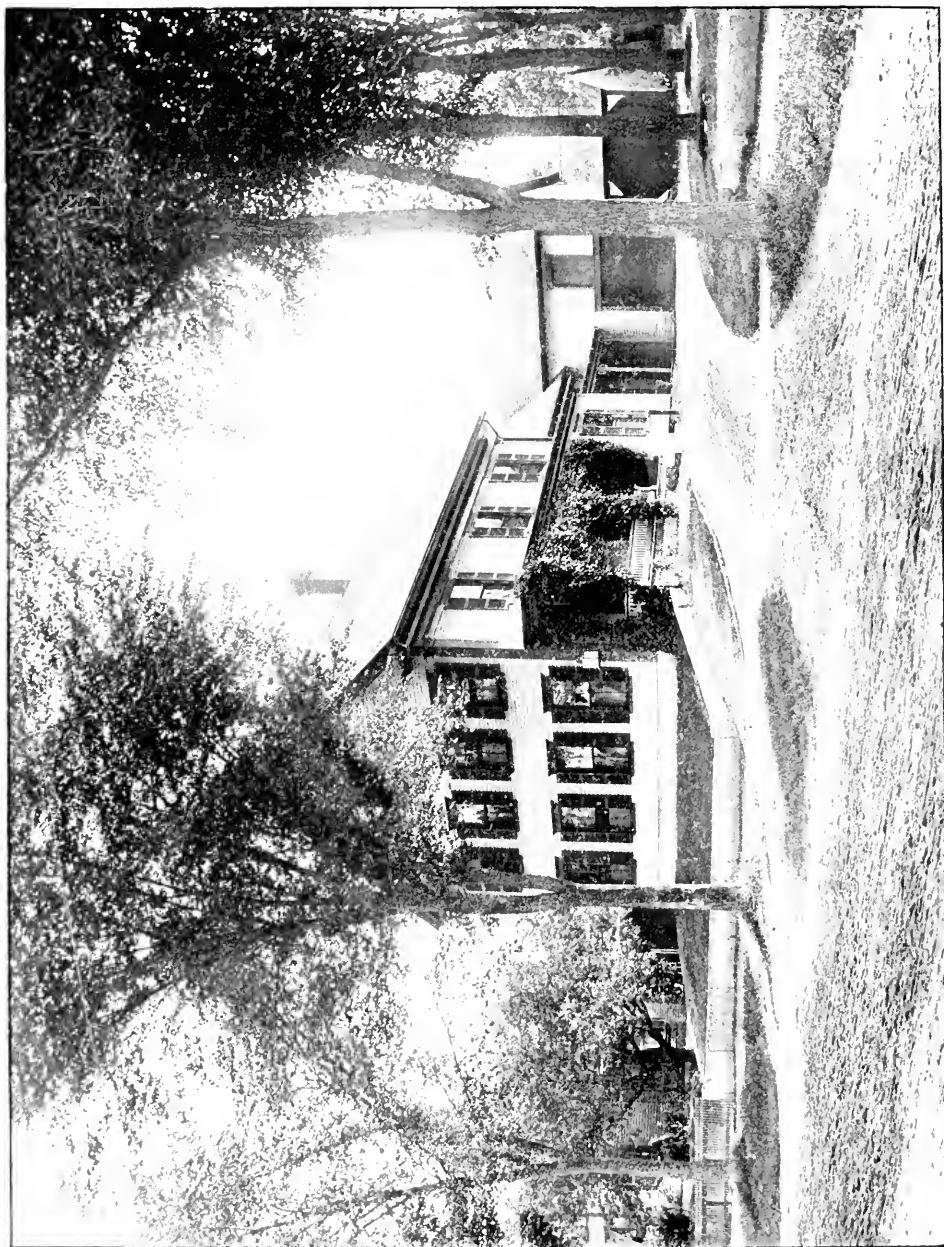
Cross. He married Eliza E. Downing of Kennebunkport, Me., and they have two sons, John D. and Arthur I. Bourne. With old and young alike he is a magnet that never fails to draw, in the pulpit and out of it.

HON. JOHN G. TALLANT is a native of East Concord, a son of the late John L. Tallant, born March 2, 1846. He received a good education in the common schools and New London academy, and entered upon active life as a farmer in East Concord, making the raising of pure bred Jersey cattle a specialty for many years, and taking a front rank as a breeder and dairyman. He removed to Pembroke in 1893, purchasing the fine establishment known as the Albert Langmaid place on Pembroke street, which has since been his home.

In politics Mr. Tallant was formerly a Democrat and as such served as selectman, member of the common council, alderman, assessor, and representative in the legislature for Ward 2, Concord, and also as state senator for District No. 11 in 1891. For the last eight years he has been a Republican, and was chosen a member of the board of selectmen in Pembroke in 1899.

He is an active member of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, and was the first master of Rumford Grange, East Concord. He has also served as master of Pembroke Grange.

In 1892 Mr. Tallant was appointed a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, to which position he has been repeatedly reappointed, holding the same



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE F. MUNSEY, M. D.



George F. Munsey, M. D.

at the present time, and taking a strong interest in the management of the institution.

He has been twice married, his first wife being Addie G., daughter of the late Hon. Aaron Whittmore of Pembroke, who died October 11, 1876, and by whom he had three children. His present wife, whom he married in December, 1877, was Helen B., daughter of Capt. Daniel W. Wilson of New Hampton. His children are Catherine, employed in the New Hampshire State library; Arianna, wife of Bert G. Spaulding, and John L., of Chichester, a graduate of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

DR. GEORGE F. MUNSEY. Among the well-known and skilful physicians

of Suncook is Dr. George F. Munsey, who has a large and steadily increasing business in his profession. Dr. Munsey was born in Beverly, Mass., February 5, 1855, and was educated at Pittsfield academy, Bridgewater State Normal school, Medical school of Maine, and finished his professional studies at the Dartmouth Medical college, graduating in the class of 1878.

He commenced practice at Greenville, remaining there fourteen years, and then came to Suncook eight years ago. Dr. Munsey takes considerable interest in secret and fraternal organizations. He is an Odd Fellow, and a past grand of Howard Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F.; Hildreth Encampment, and Mary Gordon Bart-



Edmund E. Hill, M. D.

lett Rebekah Lodge. He is also a member of Jewell Lodge of Masons and Royal Arch Hiram Chapter. He is a member of the Pembroke Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, and a past master; also a member of the Suncook Valley Pomona, State, and National Grange.

Dr. Munsey is a Republican in politics, and while at Greenville was superintending school committee in 1885, and in 1892 a member of the school board. He is an attendant at the Methodist Episcopal church, and a member of the board of trustees. He married Mary J. Otterson, and they have two daughters, Mary Eva, a sophomore in the Middlebury, Vt. college, and Bertha Annie, a student at the Grammar school.

Unassuming in manner, sympathetic and tender as a woman in the presence of the suffering, he possesses keen intuitive perception, great strength of purpose, and strong self-reliance, qualities which cheer every sick room he enters, inspire confidence and courage in his patients, and have won for him an extensive and successful practice.

DR. EDMUND E. HILL has practised his profession in Suncook for nearly eight years, and has won a wide reputation as an able physician.

He was born in Candia, October 22, 1868. He graduated from Pembroke academy, and from Harvard Medical college in 1893. Dr. Hill has won much esteem for his social qualities, and as a well-read, scien-

tific physician, enjoying an extensive practice in this and adjoining towns.

In his political affiliation Dr. Hill is a Republican. He was a member of the Pembroke school board from 1894 to 1897, and is the county physician for the town of Pembroke. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; present noble grand of Howard Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a member of the United Order of the Golden Cross. He is a regular attendant at the Congregational church. He was married in 1895 to Mary Blanche Walker, daughter of Prof. Isaac Walker of Pembroke, by whom he has had one son, Edmund Walker Hill, born September 17, 1896.

The doctor is a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society and the Centre District Medical Society, and examiner for the New York Mutual Life and various other insurance companies.

DR. CHARLES S. GILMAN. Among the skilful physicians for which Suncook has always been, and still is, noted is Dr. Charles S. Gilman who was born at Lakeport, October 23, 1871. He attended the public schools of Lakeport and Laconia, then went to Tilton where he attended the New Hampshire Conference seminary. After graduating there he went to the University of Vermont at Burlington, where he attended medical lectures; also at Tufts Medical college at Boston, and the Baltimore Medical college at Baltimore, Md. He graduated from Baltimore, April 22, 1896. He studied the practical side of his profession with Dr. W. T. Slayton, of Boston, at the Boston dispensary, at the Maryland

General and Maryland Lying-In hospitals, and at the Baltimore Medical College dispensary. After taking his degrees he located at Lakeport for a few months, and came to Suncook in February, 1897, taking the office of the late Dr. G. H. Larabee on Glass street.

While at Tufts college he was edi-



Charles S. Gilman, M. D.

tor, from the Medical school, of the *Brown and Blue*, Tufts' Junior class annual, and a member of Gamma Chapter of the Alpha Kappa Kappa, a Greek letter medical fraternity. He is a member of the Winnepesaukee Academy of Medicine, the New Hampshire Medical Society, and of Pembroke Grange, also the State and National Granges.

Dr. Gilman has been very successful in his practice in Suncook and vicinity, and has been favored with



The Cottage.

Sunset Home.
RESIDENCE OF ORLANDO B. DOUGLAS, M. D.

Hillholm.

the liberal clientage which his success has merited.

DR. ORLANDO B. DOUGLAS. One of the most public-spirited and busiest of Suncook's medical profession is Dr. Orlando B. Douglas, a native of Cornwall, Vt., born September 12, 1836. Dr. Douglas obtained his pre-

Volunteers, and acting assistant adjutant-general during the Rebellion. He was twice wounded while in the service. Dr. Orlando B. Douglas was president of the Medical Society of the County of New York in 1897, treasurer of the same from 1879 to 1887; fellow of the New York Acad-



Orlando B. Douglas, M. D.

paratory education in the public schools, and then attended Brandon Vermont seminary, and New York University Medical college. For the last twenty-three years he has been practising his profession in New York city at 123 East 36th street. During the last nine years he has spent his summers in Suncook.

The doctor was lieutenant and adjutant of the Eighteenth Missouri

Army of Medicine and treasurer from 1888 to 1898; secretary of the committee on admissions of the academy in 1887; and chairman of the section on laryngology and rhinology in 1888; professor of diseases of the nose and throat in the New York Postgraduate Medical school and hospital, 1888 to 1900; and has been a director and surgeon to Manhattan Eye and Ear hospital since 1877.

He is a permanent member of the Medical Society of the state of New York; member of the New Hampshire Medical Society; member of New Hampshire Association of Military Surgeons; and honorary member of the Vermont Medical Society; member of the American Electro-Therapeutical Association; the American Laryngological, Rhinological and Otological Society; mem-

sonic Fraternity, thirty-second degree.

During his eight years' residence in Suncook, Dr. Douglas has won a reputation as a skilful physician and surgeon, and makes a special study of the nose, ear, and throat, which has brought him much practice in this line. For the past few years the doctor has taken interest in all matters for the advancement of the vil-



Residence of Hon. Edmund E. Truesdell.

ber, and for ten years a director, of the New York Physicians' Mutual Aid Association; member of the American Geographical Society; the American Park and Out-door Art Association; the Indiana Forestry Association; the New York Tree Planting Association; the Linnaean Society and Scientific Alliance of New York; American Association for the Advancement of Science; surgeon of Reno Post, G. A. R.; companion, First class, of the Loyal Legion, U. S. A.; member of the Ma-

lage, and generally finds time from his professional duties to lend a helping hand in any enterprise of this nature in which he is interested.

He first married, in 1864, Mary A. Rust of Orwell, Vt., who died August 31, 1873, leaving one son, Edwin Rust Douglas, M. E. Sc. M., now electrical engineer at East Orange, N. J. His second marriage was September 16, 1875, to Mrs. Maria L. Manson Tiddy, daughter of Rev. A. C. Manson. Mrs. Douglas was an army nurse under Miss



Rufus M. Weeks, M. D.

Dix at Chesapeake hospital during the latter years of the Rebellion. She taught the Freedmen in Florida, and afterward was preceptress of Pennington seminary.

Dr. Douglas became a member of the Baptist church in Brandon, Vt., November 4, 1855. He was at one time prominently connected with the Young Men's Christian Association in Vermont, and was superintendent of the largest Sunday-school in the state. He was also president of the Vermont Sunday-school association, being its father and founder. It has been said of him, in connection with his services in that work, that "his spirit, singularly sweet, guileless, and winning, mingled with a tact and

readiness of resource, made him a valuable organizer." By his patients, his brethren in the medical profession, and his large circle of warm friends, the doctor is much beloved for his qualities of great unselfishness, charitableness, sympathy, and cheerfulness.

DR. RUFUS M. WEEKS has practised his profession here the past twenty-five years, and is recognized as a skilful and proficient dentist, and has acquired a wide reputation for scientific work in his line, which has resulted in building up a large and prosperous practice.

Dr. Weeks was born in Gilford, December 15, 1854. His education was received at the public schools

of his native town, and the Boston Dental college.

In politics Dr. Weeks is a Republican. He is a member of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Hiram Chapter, Horace Chase Council, Mt. Horreb Commandery, Alpha Lodge of Perfection, Ariel Council, Princes of

ISAAC GAGE RUSS, son of John Olcott and Sophronia Sanborn (Gage) Russ, was born in Boscawen, September 2, 1836. He was educated at Fisherville, now Penacook, and New London academies.

He began trade at Thetford Center, Vt., in 1858, and so continued



Isaac G. Russ

Jerusalem, Acacia Chapter of Rose Croix, Edward A. Raymond Consistory, thirty-second degree. Order of High Priesthood, Aleppo Temple, A. A. O., Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and Howard Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Dr. Weeks married Luella B. Hoyt, and resides on Broadway in one of the most beautiful and comfortable homes in the village.

two years. In 1860 he removed to East Pembroke, where he still remains engaged in trade, and in the manufacture of lumber and wood.

He was the first postmaster of East Pembroke, 1869-'70; representative of the town to the legislature, 1871-'72; commissioner for Merrimack county, 1881-'83; and selectman of Pembroke, 1874, 1884, 1889, 1891,

and 1893. He attends the Congregational church, is a firm Democrat in politics, a man of gentlemanly bearing, and an estimable citizen.

He married, first, Semantha R., daughter of Bickford and Jane Lang, June 20, 1858; second, Bettie M., daughter of James and Eliza A.

1864, in that part of the town known as North Pembroke. His parents were lifelong residents of Pembroke, and are now deceased. Mr. Fowler was reared on a farm. He was educated in the district schools, and was a member of the graduating class of Pembroke academy in 1882,



George W. Fowler.

Stevens, November 20, 1867; and third, Ann, daughter of David and Lucinda M. Dickey, August 15, 1875. His first wife died February 1, 1865, and his second, February 13, 1872. By his second marriage he had one daughter, Fronie Gage, who resides with him.

GEORGE WINTHROP FOWLER was born in Pembroke, November 1,

and from Dartmouth college in 1886.

At the present time he is engaged in newspaper work, and is a member of the firm of Fowler Bros., millers and grain merchants, a partnership formed in January, 1900.

Mr. Fowler has been engaged during the past years upon the following papers: City editor of the Bismarck, (Dakota) *Tribune* in 1886-'87; editor



Fowler Brothers' Grist-Mill and Grain Storehouse

of the *Nashua Daily and Weekly Gazette*, 1890-'95; associate editor of the *Manchester Daily Union* since 1895.

In politics Mr. Fowler is an ardent

Democrat. He was chosen a member of the school board in 1886, 1889, 1899. He is a member of the Patrons of Husbandry; Knight of the Ancient Essenic Order; past president



Charles V. Fisher's Storehouse.

of the New Hampshire Coon Club, and a member of the Democratic State Committee.

In 1888 he married Etta Bartlett of Allenstown, and they have two sons, George Sherburne, born November 29, 1890, and Harold Bartlett, June 24, 1898. Mr. Fowler is widely and favorably known as a newspaper man. Nothing was ever contributed by his pen to poison and influence the public mind; on the contrary his news-

in the general court, and was a lifelong Democrat. He was a regular attendant at the Methodist Episcopal church, and a member of the official board, serving as trustee many years. He was for several years, in his younger days, ensign of the town military company.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Sargent purchased the farm of the late Jacob Emery, and that part of the village north of Pleasant street and Broad-



Residence of Mrs. Philip Sargent.

paper work has ever been clean and praiseworthy.

PHILIP SARGENT. The late Philip Sargent was born in Allenstown, August 16, 1822. He received his education at the public schools and Pembroke Gymnasium. He learned the art of brickmaking before he reached the age of twenty-one, and at that age he went into company with his father, and continued the business in a very successful manner until 1896, when he retired.

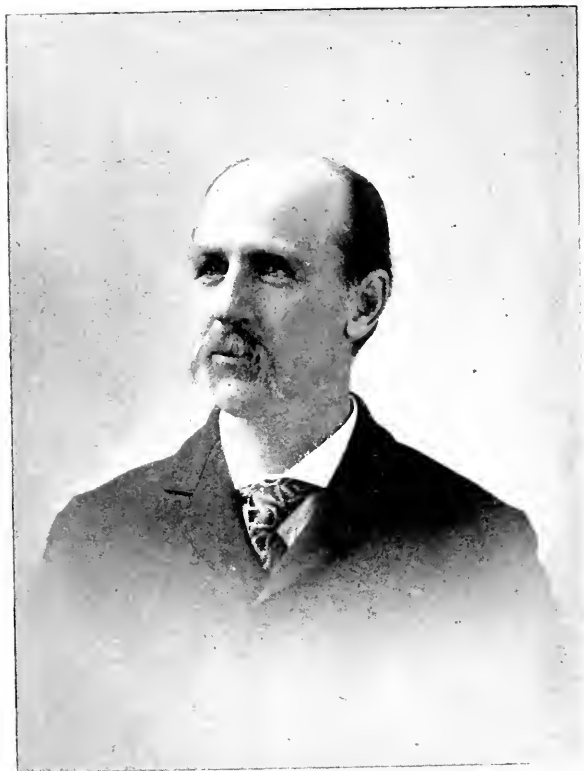
Mr. Sargent represented his town

way was by him laid out in lots, which were sold to individuals, thus making one of the prettiest parts of Suncook village.

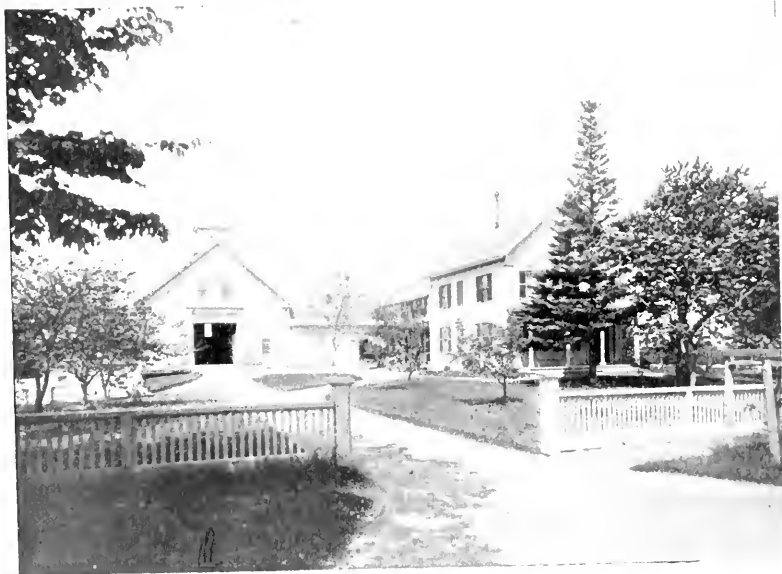
About twenty years ago Mr. Sargent built, on South Main street, a very fine brick residence. The brick used in the construction of the same were made in his own yards.

He married Phebe A. Williams of Pembroke, December 31, 1849.

Mr. Sargent died April 15, 1898, leaving a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Ames.



Frank E. Blodgett.



Residence of Frank E. Blodgett.

FRANK EDWARD BLODGETT conducts the largest wood and coal business in the village of Suncook. His headquarters and office is located at the foot of Front street. The wood and coal business was comparatively new in Suncook a few years ago, and at first was limited, for various reasons. Only a few years ago wood was nearly all purchased of farmers, who hauled it into town during the winter, and waited in the streets for

Mr. Blodgett is a Republican, and was selectman of Allenstown in 1894-'95-'96-'97. He is a member of the Methodist church, and in secret orders is Worshipful Master of Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and a member of Hiram Chapter, R. A. M.

He married Jennie Emery Haseltine, daughter of the late Hon. William Haseltine, and they have one daughter, Harriet Rose, and a son, Philip.



Frank E. Blodgett's Wood and Coal Yard.

customers. To-day a telephone message and Mr. Blodgett will bring the desired quantity of wood or coal at short notice.

Mr. Blodgett was born in Lowell, Mass., March 20, 1858, and was educated in the common schools and the State Normal school at Plymouth, N. H. He came to Suncook ten years ago and started in the wood and coal business, and at the present time is engaged in a large wholesale wood trade throughout New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

GEORGE E. GORDON & CO. Gordon & Co.'s drug store, established in 1877, is recognized as one of the most reliable and best conducted establishments in the pharmacy line in Suncook. Mr. George E. Gordon, the proprietor, is himself a skilful pharmacist, his certificate from the State Board of Pharmacy having been granted after examination in 1884, and he employs thoroughly competent assistants in his establishment. The Gordon drug store carries a large and complete stock of the



George E. Gordon.



Residence of George E. Gordon.

purest and freshest drugs which the market affords, supplemented by patent medicines of almost every kind and nature, including, of course, all of the standard prepared remedies.

GEORGE EVERETT GORDON, the proprietor of the Gordon drug store, and the Suncook news agency, is a native of Suncook, born April 6, 1858. He was educated in the public schools, Pembroke academy, and Bryant & Stratton Business college, and learned the druggist's business at the establishment of Dr. Charles F. Hildreth. After remaining thus three years he established himself in business, and has been very successful in building up a first-class trade in his line.

Mr. Gordon married Lillian E. Morse, daughter of Charles P. and Georgie Morse of Pembroke. In politics Mr. Gordon affiliates with the Republicans, and was a member of the house in 1897-'98; town clerk, 1887-'88, and is library trustee. He is a member of the Masonic lodge of Suncook.

Mr. Wilfred J. Parent is a partner of Mr. Gordon, and is a young man who has a wide circle of friends.

Mr. Gordon is the proprietor of Fairview house, cottage, and stables at York beach; member of a syndicate who owns the Atlantic house, York beach, and is the owner of considerable real estate at the beach and in Suncook.

Capt. Geo. W. Gordon, a native of Pembroke, father of George E. Gordon, enlisted April 22, 1861, re-enlisted May 22, 1861, for three years. He was twice wounded, at Bull Run and Gettysburg, and killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.

CAPT. GEORGE W. GORDON. The

following is taken from Haynes's History of the Second New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry: "Capt. George W. Gordon of Co. I had the top of his head plowed by a Rebel bullet and died within an hour at the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864. He enlisted from Allenstown, and coming to the regiment well versed, for those early days, in military tactics, he was made its first sergeant-major. The Grand Army post at Suncook was named for him."



Capt. George W. Gordon.

Following is an extract from the complete roster of the Second New Hampshire Regiment: "Gordon, George W., Co. I; b. New Hampshire; age 27; res. Allenstown; enl. April 22, '61, for 3 mos.; not must. in; re-enl. May 22, '61, for 3 yrs.; must. in June 10, '61; app. Sergt-Maj., June 10, '61; 2d Lt. Co I, July 29, '61; 1st Lt. Co. D, July 8, '62; w'd. Aug. 29, '62, Bull Run, Va.; app. Capt. Co. I, Sept. 1, '62; w'd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va."



Joseph Wilkins' Block.



George E. Gordon & Co.

PARK H. KELLEY, of the drug firm of P. H. Kelley & Co., is a native of Hooksett, born December 20, 1860. He was educated in the Manchester public schools, and later learned the drug trade. He has been in this business twenty-three years, and before locating at Suncook was in business at Manchester and at Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Kelley married Miss Grace G.



P. H. Kelley & Co.

Thompson, and they have two little daughters, Harriet Warren and Irene, and a son, Harold Park. Mr. Kelley attends the Baptist church, is a Republican in politics, is a member of the Calumet club of Manchester, and the Merrimack-Street Baptist society of that city. He prides him-

Suncook; graduated from Bryant & Stratton's Business college in Manchester, July 1, 1890, and Pembroke academy in 1893.

Since 1896 Mr. Aldrich has been employed during the summer months as head waiter in the following hotels: The Oceanic, Isles of Shoals



Park H. Kelley.

self upon the complete stock of goods which he carries in his drug store. He is a thoroughly expert pharmacist and always employs skillful assistants.

FRANK LEVI ALDRICH was born in Manchester, May 1, 1875, and came to Suncook when eight years old, in 1883, where he has since resided with his parents. He received his education in the public schools of

off Portsmouth; the Hotel Weirs, Weirs; The Oceanside, Magnolia, Mass.; and last season was manager of the Boston & Maine restaurant at Plymouth for Elliott & Adams.

He is a member of Jewell Lodge, No. 94, A. F. & A. M., and Hiram Chapter, No. 24, R. A. M., holding the position of secretary of both societies. He is also a past grand of Howard Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F.;



Residence of J. E. Chickering.

a member of Mary Gorden Bartlett Rebekah Lodge, No. 69; Pembroke Grange, No. 111, and Suncook Valley Pomona Grange, P. of H.; and a member of the Suncook Command-

ery, No. 588, United Order of the Golden Cross. Mr. Aldrich is also a member of the New Hampshire Coon Club, an organization for newspaper men.



Jewelry Store of J. E. Chickering.



Frank L. Aldrich.

While a student at Pembroke academy, at the request of the managing editor of the *Manchester Daily Union*, he commenced his first newspaper work for that paper, and continued for about seven years.

During the past eight years he has been the Suncook Valley correspondent for the *Boston Globe*, and for the Associated Press since June 17, 1895.

While in Florida, during the winters of 1897 and 1898, he was the resort correspondent of several northern papers. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a regular attendant. Mr. Aldrich is the local correspondent for the *Manchester Mirror* and *Concord Monitor*. He was enumerator for Pembroke in taking the census of 1890.



OUR GOD.

By N. F. Carter.

Who is so great a God as our God?—*Ps. lxxvii, 13.*

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—*Is. lxxii, 15.*

My soul, look up, with clear and circling sweep of vision,
On spaces stars with golden splendors intersperse,
And know thou art—I speak with simple truth's precision—
A central atom of the mighty universe!
How know it? Is an utter ending of duration
Impossible to wisest range of human thought?
So also bounding spaces of this vast creation!
Canst thou conceive, or even dream, where space is not?

With all the speed of light forever and forever
Let go your radical lines whichever way you will,
And they shall travel on, and on, and on, and never
Find aught to stay their course—space lies beyond them still!
So roomy space where all the starry worlds are sweeping,
In stable equipoise and fine adjustment, as is need!
Worlds central, world round world revolving, keeping
Good time in one long rivalry of rhythmic deed!

So many, many, from their hidden, far pavilions,
Show shining faces, as the flying seasons pass!
In all, by human estimate, a hundred millions
Encompassed by the piercing ken of eye and glass!
Suns, like our sun, and larger, who shall say revolving
Planets with moons sweep not around them every one,
Making unnumbered millions more to note, in solving
Creation's baffling problem, ere the work is done!

Who made them, gave them motion, keeps them in their courses,
Systems on systems, in eternal harmony?
Who feeds their vestal fires, controls inhering forces
For highest service, in ages now and yet to be?
Who but our God—so great a God—the God of revelation,
Who only has to speak the word and it is done?
His word has given being to this vast creation,
From floating atom to the largest flaming sun!

WASHINGTON.

And who shall say the outer rim of silent spaces,
 Unpierced by any lens yet shaped by human hand,
 Holds not unnumbered other worlds with glowing faces,
 Illumining the vaster stretches of that border land?
 Their numbers baffle all our powers of comprehension!
 The seen are scattered islands of some central sea!
 The unseen, in their circling sphere of far ascension,
 Light oceans with their beacon fires while time shall be!

Bewildered at the thought, O soul, in adoration
 Bow down in presence of such majesty and might,
 And know these countless worlds of this unspanned creation,
 Are without weariness upheld in paths of light!
 A God so great, immensity His presence filling,
 Yet condescending to the lowliness of thine estate!
 What glory in the thought, so great, so good, so willing
 In blessed care and ministries on thee to wait!

With power beyond our finite understanding,
 What, in the range of need, He cannot do for thee?
 The universe itself, at His supreme commanding,
 Shall bring its tribute in sure answer to thy plea!
 Rejoice and be exceeding glad! God is no fiction,
 O living atom kindled into life by breath divine,
 For thou shalt share in time His blessed benediction,
 And in His glory, as a sun, shall sometime shine!

WASHINGTON.

By Luella Clark.

As 'mid the giant peaks that round me rise,
 One stands supreme to draw the gazer's eyes,
 With naked brow serenely towering high
 To rest his shoulders 'gainst the bending sky.
 Friend of the clouds, unmoved in stress of storm,
 Whose beauty time nor tempest can deform,
 The earliest herald of the day begun,
 The last to hold the rays of setting sun,
 So he whose name this monarch bears doth stand
 First as the savior of his native land.
 Dear to each loyal heart his honored name,
 Unshadowed by the lengthening years his fame,
 Strong in the strength of victory nobly won,
 Pure patriot, statesman wise, our Washington.



Hannibal.



Horace.

THE TWO BONNEYS.

A VETERAN OF TWO WARS, AND SOME OF HIS COMRADES.

By John C. Linchan.

FEW men in New Hampshire have had a more varied experience than Hannibal Bonney. For thirty-eight years he has been the proprietor and landlord of the Penacock House in the village of that name. His twin brother, Horace, while in life, was the well-known host of the Ayer House in Hooksett. The brothers were born in Winthrop, Me., February 26, 1815.

This was a notable period in the history of the United States. The infant republic had just finished its second war with Great Britain and had added the name of Jackson to the roll of its distinguished sons. The boys must have inherited the love of a soldier's life, for at the age

of eighteen, to be exact, on September 6, 1833, both enlisted in Boston in the First United States Dragoons, then being organized, for the period of three years. The headquarters of the regiment were at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Shortly after their enlistment they started on their long journey to join their command. It was before the era of railroads, and the route taken, as well as the time required to reach their destination, would seem surprising to-day, sixty-seven years later, when St. Louis is within thirty hours of Boston. They were conveyed with other recruits from the "Hub" in a sloop to Bedloe's island, the future home of the Goddess of Liberty, in New York harbor.

After a sojourn here of four weeks the enlisted men were placed under command of Lieut. Elbridge G. Eastman, a native of Salisbury, and a graduate of West Point, and all began their long journey. A steamboat furnished transportation to Albany. To the two Maine boys the ride up the Hudson was an unexpected treat. A canal boat was taken at Albany, and from there to Buffalo the route was through the Erie Canal, then the great avenue for traffic, in Central New York. At Buffalo, after a few day's delay, a steamboat was again taken, on which they remained until Green Bay on Lake Michigan was reached. Here open boats were secured, and a long, weary, cold ride of twenty days up the Fox river to Fort Winnebago followed.

The weather now was quite cold. The recruits had no overcoats, and but one thin woolen blanket to each

man. Very often they were obliged to get out into the water to pull the boats up and over the rapids, and, as often, to carry them overland, from one point to another, as circumstances required. In this manner they conveyed them from the Fox river at Winnebago some miles to the Wisconsin river down which they floated to Prairie Du Chien where they struck the "Father of Waters." They remained here two days then proceeded down the Mississippi, in the same boats, until they reached Jefferson Barracks, ten miles south of St. Louis, having been two months on the journey from Boston.

Here they found two full companies of their regiment and a detachment of the Sixth United States Infantry, all under command of General Atkinson. They remained here until May, 1834, and, in the meantime, were provided with horses and equipments and drilled daily in the



The Penacock House

various evolutions then in vogue in the old service. At the latter date they were ordered to report at Fort Gibson, Arkansas, in the Cherokee nation, a distance of five hundred miles from Jefferson Barracks. The march across the prairies occupied a little over a month.

They found here six companies of their regiment, the First Dragoons, and seven companies of the Seventh United States Infantry. Gen. Mathew Arbuckle was the post commander. The troops were assembled at this point to operate against the Pawnee and Comanche Indians, who were on the warpath, and who had committed horrible atrocities on many of the defenceless settlers.

In the latter part of June the expedition started for the country of the hostile Indians. The commander was General Leavenworth, for whom Leavenworth, Kansas, was named. The field officers of the First Dragoons were Col. Henry Dodge, later governor of Michigan,—Lieut.-Col. Stephen H. Kearney, later a distinguished officer in the Mexican War, and first military governor of California,—and Maj. Richard B. Mason of the celebrated Virginia family of that name. Among the captains of the dragoons were David Hunter, Edwin V. Sumner, and Philip St. George Cooke, major-generals in the Civil War. Two of the lieutenants were Jefferson Davis, later president of the Southern Confederacy, Philip Kearney, the lamented, also a major-general in the Civil War, and killed at Chantilly, a little more than thirty years later.

The object of the expedition was to meet in council with the hostiles, and arrange, if possible, to have some

of their chiefs selected to meet commissioners, appointed by the United States government, at some point to be named, for the purpose of making a treaty; as thus far nothing of the kind had been effected with the Indians of the extreme Southwest.

The brothers were by this time well known to both officers and men. They were about the same height, of athletic build, as straight as the pines of their native state, well-featured, and resembled each other so closely, that, unless together, it was impossible to tell which was Hannibal or which was Horace. This remarkable likeness existed as both advanced in years. It often served them in time of need. They were possessed of their full share of animal spirits, and their youthful escapades in the army secured for them the names of the "Two Bonneys." Their daring natures and adventurous dispositions often resulted in their being detailed for special service, particularly where nerve, dash, and discretion were required, and when, as it happened, the boyish pranks of one caused the interference of the officer of the day, an "alibi" could always be proven in the person of the other.

The march to the Indian country was of the most fatiguing nature. Many of the men were taken sick. After crossing the Arkansas, Canadian, and Wichita rivers, and the North fork of the Canadian, the command was obliged to halt on the banks of a creek, near the Red river. Over two hundred were prostrated and could go no further; a temporary camp was prepared, and the sick were left here under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney. The balance of the troops proceeded to a

point about twenty miles farther, when General Leavenworth was taken sick, and died the night following. His body was sent back to the camp of the sick men and buried there. The expedition then continued, under command of Colonel Dodge, until the main Indian town was reached, where they found assembled over three thousand of the most fierce and savage of the Indians of the Southwest—the Comanches and Pawnees.

The troops had been decimated by death and sickness so that but four hundred men were able to respond to roll-call when their destination was reached. Arrangements were made here to have the chiefs of the several tribes meet the United States commissioners at the "Cross Timbers," the year following, and the release of many persons, prisoners in the hands of the Indians, effected. Among them was a boy who was taken from a plantation on the Red river. His father had been killed when he was captured. He had been with the Indians over three years. Special instructions had been given the commander of the expedition to secure his release. At first the chiefs denied that he was in their possession, but being informed to the contrary by his friendly Indian scouts, Colonel Dodge persisted in his demand until the boy was safely delivered to him and finally returned to his mother, who had given him up for dead.

The troops then returned to Fort Gibson. Their duties during the campaign had been so arduous and the privations so great that nearly every officer and trooper in the dragoons was down sick on their return.

There were hardly enough well men in the regiment to take care of the sick or bury the dead. Among the officers who died was Lieutenant Eastman of Salisbury.

The brothers remained at Fort Gibson until the expiration of their enlistment. There was but little time for play as the Indians kept them constantly in the saddle, and their adventures in consequence were thrilling and very often hazardous. Few of our day and generation can realize the atrocious treatment given the unfortunate troops when captured by the Indians in those days. All prisoners were subjected to the most inhuman cruelties, but the soldiers of the regular army were looked upon as their special prey, and their sure fate was torture while in life and mutilation after death.

It was no wonder, therefore, when their three years had expired, that the "Two Bonneys" did not care to reënlist. General Arbuckle, who was still in command, admiring their soldierly qualities, on mustering them out, said, "What are you two boys going to do? You are three thousand miles from home; how are you going to get there? There is no conveyance from here, and you must travel five hundred miles through an unsettled country before you reach the Mississippi river; you had better reënlist and remain here."

The two boys (then but twenty-one years old), however, did not comply with the general's request. They had seen all they wanted to of Indian warfare, and, hungering for old New England, took their discharge and started on their long journey homeward. They had purchased two Indian ponies, and on these they

rode, by easy stages, about thirty miles a day, through the Indian nation and adjoining territory, living on game and the contents of their haversacks until they reached Booneville, on the Missouri river, over five hundred miles from the point of departure.

Here they sold their ponies, intending to take passage on a steamboat down the river. They waited three days, and no steamer appearing they purchased a small rowboat, and, taking their traps, floated down to the Mississippi, and along that to Vicksburg, rowing in the day time and at night sleeping on shore. Their provisions they purchased as best they could in the settlements on the river banks by the way. At Vicksburg they sold their boat and took passage for New Orleans on the steamer *General Wayne*. On arriving, their money was exhausted, but, with true Yankee grit, they were not discouraged. Thus far all of their possessions were common—what belonged to one was the property of the other.

They sought employment to earn money enough to pay their transportation home, but failed. One day they ran across a former comrade of the First Dragoons, a sergeant. He told them that Major Lawrence was raising a company of volunteers for the Texan army which was then fighting for independence under Sam Houston and urged them to enlist, one of the inducements offered being the prospect of receiving a liberal grant of land at the close of the war. The temptation to two boys, without money or employment, was great. The result was what under the circumstances might have been ex-

pected. They volunteered and signed to serve until the end of the war. Passage was taken on a schooner by Major Lawrence for his command, and, after a tempestuous voyage of five days, the company disembarked at the head of Matagorda bay. From thence they marched up the Lavaca river, about eight miles, to the camp of the Texan army which was under the command of General Felix Houston, Sam Houston having just been elected president of the Texan republic. The two boys served in Texas over a year, enduring their part of the privations which the brave spirits who added a new domain to the United States were obliged to undergo. While here Hannibal Bonney was a witness of the celebrated duel fought between Gen. Felix Houston and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed at Shiloh during the Civil War in 1862. Hannibal was on guard, when, in the early morn, both of the principals with their seconds went outside the line to the point selected for the fight. Johnston had been chosen to command the army in place of Houston. This was indirectly the cause of the duel. When the war was practically over the Texan army was ordered to Houston, where the men were furloughed for an indefinite period with instructions to report at some future time for duty or discharge as circumstances demanded, also to receive their land warrants in case of discharge.

The two boys returned to New Orleans. The United States was then engaged in a war with the Indians in Florida, and made a bid for the services of the soldiers just furloughed by the Texas government. A com-

pany of volunteers was raised in New Orleans, and the two Bonneys again enlisted, this time for six months, to fight against the Seminoles in the Everglades of Florida, under the command of Gen. Persifer F. Smith.

Their permanent headquarters were at a point about twenty miles up the river from Charlotte harbor. From here the men were sent in detachments through the swamps with two or three days rations, a heavy musket, a woolen blanket, and fifty rounds of ball cartridges each. There was no halt in this service. It was a continual tramp, day after day, without any let up, until darkness came, and then there was no respite for the pickets, because the enemy was ever on the alert, and woe betide the sentry caught napping! Not the least of the discomforts was the mud, often up to their knees, and the water not unfrequently up to their waists. Their term of service expiring, transportation was furnished to New Orleans, where they were mustered out and received their discharge. From thence they returned to Texas. On arriving at Houston they called on the provisional secretary of war, Barnard E. Bee, and demanded their discharge. This, on account of some informality on the part of the "Two Bonneys," was refused. While the controversy between the secretary and the boys was at its height, Gen. Sam Houston entered the room and happening to overhear the conversation, he turned and said, "What is this—did you two boys come away out here from Maine to help us fight the Mexicans?" Hannibal spoke up and said, "General, we enlisted for the war, and now, if the war is

over, we want our discharge, and what was promised us with it."

President Houston then ordered Secretary of War Bee to give the boys their discharge, pay for eighteen months service, and land warrants for twelve hundred and eighty acres each. A little later they returned to New Orleans feeling comparatively rich, and there took ship for New York, from whence they started for Maine, for a happy reunion with relatives and friends.

Their sojourn in Maine was, however, short. Life was altogether too tame in the old Pine Tree state for boys with the experience they had enjoyed for five years; so, both being of one mind and with a longing for their old regiment, they went to New York and reënlisted in the First Dragoons, this time for five years. After a detention in New York of several months on the recruiting service, they were ordered to join their regiment on the Western frontier, being assigned to the company commanded by Capt. Nathan Boone, the youngest son of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky. Both served the full terms of their enlistments and were discharged at Fort Gibson, Ark., on September 4, 1843, after ten years of continuous and active service.

Horace Bonney was for many years landlord of the Ayer House in Hooksett. The love between him and his brother never cooled. His house was noted for neatness and homelike comforts. He died a few years ago, respected by all who knew him best.

Hannibal Bonney purchased the Penacook House, in Penacook, in 1862, and has been since then its

proprietor and landlord. For nearly a third of a century it has been one of the best known public houses in the state, and its reputation has not been confined to New Hampshire. It will rank favorably with the old English inns so well described in the works of Dickens and other British writers. The secret of its success has been the constant care exercised by Mr. and Mrs. Bonney in providing the best in the market for their guests, and in this respect the proof that they have succeeded is the reputation the house has enjoyed since he took charge of it.

His army life ended eighteen years before the Civil War began, and that event was thirty-nine years ago. His last company commander was the son of Daniel Boone, and one of his tentmates was a son of David Crockett. Fifteen years ago an article relating to his experience was published in the *Concord Monitor*. It was copied extensively, and in this way came to the notice of his old comrade, Crockett, who was still in Texas. The result was a correspondence, which ended only with the death of Crockett in 1898. In his comradeship he united the soldiers of the Revolution and of 1812, with many of the leaders of the Civil War on both sides—Gens. Stephen H. and Philip Kearney, Gens. David Hunter, E. V. Sumner, Gens. Sam

and Felix Houston, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was styled the ablest soldier in the Confederate army, and last but not least, so far as notoriety was concerned, Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy. All have departed this life, and with them nearly every one of his army associates.

Before coming to Penacook Hannibal had served on the police force in New York city, and, after his discharge, had been engaged in the hotel business in New York and in Manchester. Horace was engaged in the same business for the greater part of his life. He was at one time a member of the common council of Manchester. Both were connected with the Amoskeag Veterans, either as active or honorary members, for a quarter of a century.

The adventures of the "Two Bonneys," if written in detail, would be fully as interesting as were those of Sinbad the sailor, and far more truthful. Hannibal of Penacook is still in fairly good health. An evening spent in his company, listening to his reminiscences of army life nearly three quarters of a century ago, must be enjoyed in order to be properly appreciated, and after hearing him one is inclined to believe that a "Grand Old Man" lives in the person of the veteran proprietor of the Penacook House.



AN INDIAN STILL.

By Ruth Harmon.

An Indian still !
The rhythm of the seasons sways me,
The shining river's roll betrays me,
The wind 's my will.

A wild thing, sure !
My sister stars beat white rhymes through me,
My mother moon's still journeys woo me,
The woods allure.

Can I stay
And see the spring go by my door,
And see the summer stepping slower,
Pass away ?

Can I rest
And know the berry brighter growing,
And feel the brown brook's life a flowing
Through my breast ?

I only grow
Where forest ferns are upward fringing,
And pink and green the sun is tinging
Worlds below.

The city palls,
The meadow and the mountain need me,
My brother bird, the eagle, leads me,
Wood-dove calls !

Spontaneously
To pulse and beat in fine vibration,
With throb and thrill of all creation,
Let me free.

No more to bide
The laughter of these nature-scorners,
The measure of a room's four corners !
Ah, the tide

Of rhythms wide,
That swing and sway in loving leisure
The seas and trees in mighty measure,
I 'm South wind's bride.

THE BATTLE IN THE GORGE.

By Willis Edwin Hurd.

FOR the greater part of twenty-four hours there is dusk or intense darkness in that lonely gorge. Only the hermit and the hunter penetrate those dim solitudes, for it is here that the mountain grizzly and the rattlesnake hold high carnival, and the mountain goat poises over the precipices in his sure-footed flight. Whenever the prospector comes it is the lone explorer daring the unknown dangers in the gloom.

Behind a great pile of boulders, yet holding a commanding view of the valley at midday, is a natural seat in the ledge where it seems as if the hand of man in some remote time had carved an armchair for some kingly retreat. As you sit there, at your feet rolls the crystal tide of some brisk torrent wending its way to the open meadows, where the Comanche warrior smokes in his tepee, and the wild bison roam free as the wind, untouched by the sweeping lust of civilization.

Sitting there in that hollow rock one may allow his imagination a free play through the weird fastnesses and untamed surroundings. Here, long ages before might have wandered the huge monsters of the prehistoric world, twisting and tumbling in their Leviathan gambols amid the caverns of the deep sea, and fighting to the death—as lord against lord—their disputed the supremacy of their

rivals in the sea-fern bowers where roamed their natural prey.

But imagination is not the only king who holds sovereignty over this grand isolation. Away to the right, beyond the pile of boulders, the attention is arrested by a loud snort and a curious shuffling sound, attesting another presence, and one whom Nature has placed in his rightful habitation. Just around a spur in the dark cliff a huge grizzly ambles his ungainly bulk along an uncertain foothold in the midst of the torn rocks. He picks his way with care, looking from side to side as if expecting a hidden danger, and now and then sniffing curiously at the cracks in the splintered mass.

Off down the gorge a few rods below lies a fallen tree, twisted and broken, yet fresh as though it had fallen but yesterday. Toward it the bear seems making his way, his eager eyes often roaming in that direction. Twenty or thirty feet up the trunk, which is scarred as if by a lightning bolt, is a hole, around the rim of which is a little cloud of insects buzzing in and out as though yet angry from their late disturbance. It is a bee's nest, and bruin is bent upon a feast. Yet from the uneasiness in his gait it is evident that some disturbing fear hovers about his movements. And it surely is not the bees of which he is afraid.

Suddenly the hungry beast spies

a suspicious looking object stretched out upon a rock. He utters a grunt of mingled fear and anger. At the sound the object moves, draws itself into a coil, and gives vent to a warning hiss. It is, then, the rattlesnake of which he is afraid—not of this one alone—but of hundreds of others that lie in these gloomy crevices. Experience, perhaps, has taught the gray marauder that they are an enemy not to be despised, and he quickens his shuffle as he arrives at the danger point. It is here that the snake dens are the most frequent and the venom boils in the reptiles at any disturbance.

The coiled snake is a fearful thing to behold. Its jaws are distended. Its eyes snap dangerous fire. The forked tongue plays like lightning from between those terrible fangs. Ill fares the living creature receiving contact from those needle points. Bruin makes a detour of the rock that suffers the presence of his formidable enemy intending to come back into the path again, and then thrust his nose into that luscious, melting honey.

The tail of the rattler vibrates its warning whirr. In answer faint hisses and other ominous sounds proceed from the loose boulders around. The bear catches a perception of the movements of snaky bodies over the rough bottom of the gorge. It is but a rustle, yet it is the rustle of death. His uneasiness increases, but the temptation ahead overcomes his wisdom. His great fore-foot lifts again to the front. It drops upon a loose flat slab of gneiss that tips a little with his weight. Instantly sounds the note of warning, and an ugly, diamond-shaped head

darts with remorseless activity, imbedding its awful weapons of defense in the foot of the intruder.

The mighty grizzly utters a roar that seems to shake even the solid walls of the cañon. That unfair attack fills him with a burning desire for revenge. Shaking the paw that felt the prick he lunges to the right as the reptile glides away and plants his claws in the head of that writhing body.

Ugh, the checkered, crawling things are now all around him. There is no choice but in battle or ignominious flight. But what matters it now to run? The poison is rankling with the fierce impulse, and bruin thinks only of pursuing the battle to the end.

The air is filled and heavy with a sickening odor. Fearful hisses rise in a full, sibilant chorus, while the warning whirr of the rattle sounds strange and ominous, where the straggling rays of sunlight slant feebly from the cliff above in a vain attempt to flood with light the semi-gloom.

The last scene of the tragedy is at hand. The mountain monarch, as though realizing that his final moments are fast spending, leaps frenziedly into the coiling, squirming, hissing mass. Clumsy no more, his feet fly back and forth, tearing, bounding, parrying, all in the grand effort of defense, with the equally powerful motive of revenge.

Hundreds of snakes, cold and abhorrent, swarm from the crevices. They attack fiercely, lunging and biting, in spite of the havoc created in their midst by the plucky foe. Sundered reptiles lie all about, ghastly and hideous in the gloomy

belt of the onslaught. But the gray old hero is covered with his foes. They cling to his face. They dart, and bite, and fall. The numbness of death is in his limbs, but still he battles on, waging to the last the fruitless war against insurmountable odds. From his jaw the tongue hangs black and swollen. Panting, and with closed eyes, he staggers and falls. A few convulsive shivers, and all is still, save where the irritated hordes send out their slowly dying notes and then disappear in the secret places of their lairs.

From the heavens come long, loud sighs of regret, and a furious thunderstorm washes the last traces of blood from the awful scene, where on the morrow the carrion birds will leave but the bleaching bones as evidence of the conflict.

AN ISLAND.

By Laura Garland Carr.

The dull red sands of Breakley Beach¹
 Run a long arm out in the bay
 That tries to clutch but cannot reach
 A little isle some rods away.
 At times the arm new length will gain
 But rising winds and tides restrain.

The pretty island, all serene,
 Gives little heed to this advance,
 With close kept robes of emerald green
 It smiles in calm indifference.
 For, though the space a wave might leap,
 The sands can only creep and creep.

This was my fancy as I lay
 Among the dunes upon the sand,
 Watching the lights and shadows play,
 Hearing the long waves beat the strand,
 While sad-voiced beach birds came and went,
 Choosing their food in sweet content.

Nested amid this island's green
 Was one small cottage, low and wide.
 Its curling line of smoke was seen
 When boats came home at eventide,
 When fishing boats came slowly in
 And sea-gulls raised their homing din.

Lowly, distinct, but far away
 The picture comes and comes to me :
 That little island in the bay
 And that long arm pushed through the sea—
 Silent, intent—though grain by grain—
 Sure in the end its prize to gain.

¹ Breakley Beach is on the northern side of Prince Edward Island, directly across from Charlottetown.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

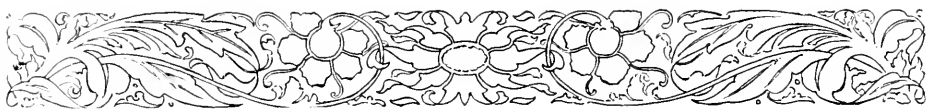
By Alice P. Sargent.

Your face smiles on me from the
Pictured card, with the same
Dear look of old : your soulful eyes
Search out the highest good in me.
Oh, now no days are drear—there 's nothing hard
While *this* is here to daily cheer me on,
I care not if the very world turns cold,—
Your face can be the light—the sun,
For there the warmth and sunlight never dies.

AT THE CONFSSIONAL.

By Mary M. Durgin Gray.

A poetess a golden pen was given,
(A busy housewife filled with many a care)
Not in her desk she keeps it, through her hair
With silver streaked 't is thrust ; one saw it there
And questioned why she put it to such use.
Her lips compressed, by a deep sigh were riven :
She strove to speak ; at last with tears profuse
She cried, "Alas, this is my one excuse
(Tho' it may seem like Scriptural abuse)
I will confess to you, my friend, that pen
A demon seemed, to wreck my hopes of Heaven.
Oft with seductive smile and oft again
It beckoned me to stop and wield it when
To yield were sin ; its emissaries then
(Giving no peace unless at once expressed,
Compelling thoughts) swift through my brain were driven,
Until at last, tho' urgent duties pressed,
(Seeking to still that clamorous unrest)
I've grasped it though remorse lurked in my breast
And sat me down, surrendering to its sway
While broadest meaning to those thoughts were given.
Thus had I sinned ; but, penitent, one day,
With stern resolve I took the pen away
From all its wonted haunts ;—then did I say,
Satan behind me get ! tempt me no more :
Yearnings, away !—let *Duty* be my law ;
With worms I'll grovel—only *birds* may soar."
Thus she confessed—Poets may she be shriven ?



THE INTRODUCTION OF GRAMMAR AT THE CROSS ROADS.

A TRUE STORY.

By Eva J. Beede.



IT was early in the winter of 1820, and Abner Johnson, a student from Dartmouth college, had come to the Cross Roads where he was "keepin' of the skule an' boardin' 'round."

The school consisted of some fifty pupils, of all sizes, from the big boys and girls on the back seats, who were as old as the master himself, and could cipher in the rule of three, down to the A, B, C class on the lowest benches near the fireplace.

The master wanted to introduce a new study, called Grammar, but some of the "deestricht fathers" gravely shook their heads, and thought it a waste of time and money, so a meeting was called at the schoolhouse, one evening, for the purpose of discussing the matter.

First they raked open the coals in the fireplace and put on a big birch stick, then Lijah Marston, who was chairman of the school committee, produced from his pocket a tallow dip which he lighted at the fire then held downward on the teacher's desk until a little pool of tallow was formed, and in that he stood his candle.

Then the meeting was opened and each man given an opportunity to express his views.

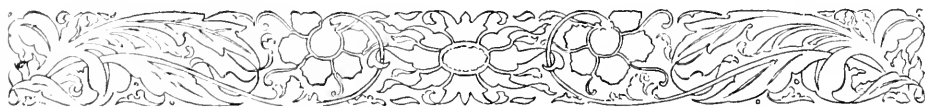
"I dunno nothin' 'bout this 'ere Grammar," said Deacon Wetherby, "but I'se out t' the corner terday, an' I heerd 't they wuz a hev'in' ou't 'n the skule there."

"In my opinyin," spoke up Si Judkins, "the three R's, readin', 'ritein', an' 'rithumtic 's book larnin' 'nough."

Jacob Smith, however, remembering that the new teacher had seen his daughter Hannah home from the singing-school the night before, said, "'s fur 's I'm consarned, I'm fur leavin' o' the marter t' the 'discreeshun o' the marster."

Ebenezer Atwood was decidedly opposed to the "new thing," as he called it, "Fur, said he, "what 's th' use on't? They may hev their book afore 'em, an' they can't make a sled by it."

Nevertheless, after a long discussion, Ebenezer's prejudices were overcome, and Si Johnson's opinion changed, and the "deestricht fathers" voted to allow the master to teach Grammar in the school at the Cross Roads.



LOCHABER NO MORE.

By Ethel F. Comerford.

A gleam of dawn and a sunrise sky
O'er a field where the slain are sleeping ;
The end of dreams of days gone by,
And the grim hand of vengeance reaping.

The wind across a stricken land
On its harp a requiem playing ;
And gently now the little band
For the Gordon's dead are praying.

A gloomy veldt on the Afric shore,
And the Scotch pipes sadly sighing
The solemn dirge—Lochaber No More—
O'er the graves where the brave are lying.

A soldier's farewell, and a tear
Down the piper's cheek falling ;
They turn, heartsick, death's nameless fear—
Then away ! The battle's calling.

Far off within the Scottish land,
To the sense of loss awaking,
Beside the door I see her stand,
And the woman's heart is breaking.

The sunset gleam lights up the shore,
And a crimson glow tints the hillside ;
Her heart's sad dirge—Lochaber No More—
And the gates of grief they open wide.

THE WAYSIDE KING CUP.

By Nettie L. Stevens.

Dear little blossom, beside the dusty road,
Lifting thy yellow cup toward the sky.
I will not leave thee here alone,
Though some, unheeding, pass thee by.

I know a peaceful valley far away,
Where fields are yellow with thy wondrous gold,
And so I prize thee, for the memories sweet
Of that dear place my heart will ever hold.

PERHAPS SO.

By Mary J. Richardson.

Think the brightest and best, think the happiest,
Go back to the first glad days you know,
Count them all over into the now ;
Then stand 'neath the opaline air overhead,
And gaze with the gaze of the blest.
Is this that we see in that far-away gleam,
The marvelous island of rest ?

Perhaps so, perhaps so.

Oh, the gospel of love in that island above !
Reach into your heart's choicest treasure !
Turn back to the sweetest things you know,
They are there in the joyfullest measure !
God's measure which cannot help overflow !
For always and always is not our ideal,
That which is naught if it be not the real ?

Perhaps so, perhaps so.

Then, oh, for the story, oh, for the glory,
Of love-light that looks from afar !
Oh, for the hand-clasp whose faintest of pressure
Shall kindle a radiance far brighter than star !
He gives nor repents Him ! all brightness and beauty
That once has been ours,
Shall it not be ours still in that island afar ?

Perhaps so, perhaps so.

WHEN YOUR LIPS ARE TOUCHED WITH SONG.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

When your lips are touched with song you should never think of wrong,
But fight for truth and honor 'til you die.
You should battle bravely on with the sword of duty drawn,
And your standard ever lifted to the sky.

When your lips are touched with song, all the joys of earth should throng
Around you, and the waves of gladness beat
Like an ocean, vast and wide, bringing in upon its tide
Many treasures to be scattered at your feet.

When your lips are touched with song, sweetest memories belong
To the valiant soul who earnestly aspires ;
Yours should be the fount of youth and the deathless shield of truth,
And beyond, the fellowship of heavenly choirs.

NECROLOGY

HON. MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Mellen Chamberlain, one of the best known citizens of Massachusetts, died at his home in Chelsea, June 25, aged seventy-nine years.

He was born in the town of Pembroke, June 4, 1821; was taught in Pembroke academy and the Literary institution at Concord, where his father moved his family when Mellen was fifteen, and entered Dartmouth college in 1840, being graduated in the same class with Rev. Dr. Alvah Hovey, Harvey Jewell, A. A. Ranney, and John H. George. Mr. Chamberlain taught school at Brattleboro for three years, then went to Dane hall at Harvard and studied law, serving also as librarian: and was admitted to the bar and opened a law office in Boston in 1849. He married and made his home at Chelsea, and had served the city in several places; he was representative to the general court in 1858 and 1859, being a member of the special committee on the revision of the statutes; and he was in the senate in 1863 and 1864, in the latter year chairman of the judiciary committee.

From 1866-'78 he was a judge of the municipal court of Boston, and during the last eight years chief justice of that court. Judge Chamberlain's historical studies, and his great interest in collecting in England and elsewhere abroad, as well as at home, manuscripts relating to American history, were well known, when, in 1878, he was chosen librarian of the Boston public library, and he held that post in the old Boylson-Street building until 1890, when the impaired health of advancing age caused his resignation. He had spent the years since in his favorite pursuit. He wrote many papers relating to this, most of them for the Massachusetts historical society, of which he was a member, and among them may be mentioned "John Adams, the Statesman of the American Revolution," "The Authentication of the Declaration of American Independence," "Daniel Webster as an Orator," "Constitutional Relations of the American Colonies to the English Government at the Commencement of the Revolution," "The Genesis of the Massachusetts Town and Town Government," "Josiah Quincy the Great Mayor," and "Landscape in Life and Poetry." Judge Chamberlain was a corresponding member of several historical societies, a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1858 Dartmouth gave him the degree of LL. D.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON.

William A. Richardson, long prominently identified with the hotel business in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, died at his private residence in Littleton, June 15.

Mr. Richardson was a native of West Concord, Vt., born in January, 1846. He commenced active life in the hotel in that place, and was subsequently proprietor of the American House in Lancaster, and later, for a number of years, of the Union House in Littleton. Subsequently he had the Stewart House at Island Pond, Vt., the Union House at Littleton, for a second time, the Parker House at Woodsville, the Sherbrooke House at Sherbrooke, Canada, and the Windsor House at Windsor, Vt. At the time of his death he was proprietor of the Windsor, Sherbrooke, and Parker Houses, and personally was managing the last mentioned.

Outside of his hotels he had many business interests. At one time he was manager of several blocks in Littleton, was one of the founders of the Driving Park Association of that place, and was afterwards one of its directors. He was active and prominent in secret societies, being a Knight Templar, an Odd Fellow, and a member of Canton Albin, Patriarchs Militant. Politically he was a staunch Democrat. In 1881 he represented Littleton in the legislature, serving with Harry Bingham. He was a delegate from the Second Vermont district to the convention, which, in 1884, nominated Grover Cleveland for president. Mr. Richardson was a man of much public spirit and great liberality, and was personally very popular. He leaves a widow, a daughter, and a son.

HARVEY P. HOOD.

Harvey P. Hood, of Derry, prominently known as the head of the milk contracting firm of H. P. Hood & Sons, for many years, died at his home, June 17, from apoplexy.

Mr. Hood was born in Chelsea, Vt., in 1823, and worked on the home farm there till twenty-three years of age, when he went to Boston, and was engaged in the bakery business for two years, when he sold out and bought a retail milk business, which he conducted nine years. Disposing of this he bought a large farm in Derry, and engaged extensively in agriculture, continuing the same and engaging, later, in the collection of milk for the Boston market in which line he developed a business unsurpassed in New England, his three sons, Charles, Gilbert, and Edward, having been associated with him for several years past.

Mr. Hood was a valuable and highly respected citizen of Derry. He had represented the town twice in the legislature, had been director of Derry National bank twenty-five years or more, and was a prominent member of the Central Congregational church, to which he always contributed very generously. One of his most recent gifts to this church was the sum of \$500 for the purpose of purchasing and fitting the rooms in the Association Hall building.

In 1850, Mr. Hood married Miss Caroline Laura Corwin, daughter of John and Clarissa (Thompson) Corwin, of Tunbridge, Vt. Early last May Mr. and Mrs. Hood passed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage in a quiet and unostentatious way at Hotel Tuileries, in Boston, where they had been during the past winter. The widow and six children survive. The children are Gilbert H., of Derry; Mrs. Laura Johnston, of Manchester; Mrs. M. N. Smith, Charles H., and Edward J., of Boston, and Miss Clara, of Lawrence, Mass. One brother, Gilbert, of Lawrence, also survives.

ALFRED A. COX.

Alfred A. Cox, born in Center Harbor, November 6, 1825, died in Enfield, June 20, 1900.

Mr. Cox was the son of Thomas and Hannah (Cate) Cox. In 1846 he married Susan C. Stearns of Deerfield, and they had five children, two now surviving: Mrs. Leora Huse of Somerville, Mass., and Miss Ida A. Cox of Enfield. Mr. and Mrs. Cox removed to Enfield in 1860, where Mr. Cox was interested in the shoe business, and erected the building which, for many years afterwards, was occupied as the post-office. Here he established the manufacture of boots and shoes, employing about twenty hands in the shop and putting work out in adjoining towns employing about fifty more people. He continued this until 1864, when he engaged in the lumber business, and later, with A. H. Hayes of Enfield, and W. A. Batchelder of Lynn, Mass., in the manufacture of flannel in the old Mascoma mill. He was for years a partner in the firm of Parker, Cox & Co. of Laconia, employing one hundred hands in the manufacture of shoes. He represented Enfield in the legislature in 1865-'66; was senator from 1881-'83, and sheriff of Grafton county for four years. Mr. Cox was colonel on the staff of Governor Cheney. For twenty years he was very active along political lines as a member of the Republican party. During the war of 1861-'65 he was active in securing volunteers. The later years of his life were more quietly passed, his health gradually failing.

E. W. LOCKE.

"Father" E. W. Locke, the famous ballad singer, who died at his home in Chelsea, Mass., June 11, 1900, was a native of the town of Stoddard, born January 1, 1818.

He was a blacksmith apprentice in early life, but became a school-teacher, and also taught vocal music at evening singing schools. He first became noted as a campaign singer in 1860, having been brought into prominence by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts in such connection. In 1862 he made the acquaintance of President Lincoln and was sent to the front to make and sing songs for the soldiers. His war songs were more numerous than those of any other writer, and many of them are still popular, and brought good financial returns that ministered to his personal comfort in the later days passed in his pleasant home at the foot of Powder Horn hill in Chelsea.

TRUE J. PERRY.

True J. Perry, born in Hopkinton, June 30, 1835, died at Manchester, June 15, 1900.

Mr. Perry was the youngest of eight children of William and Azeneth (Pressy) Perry, and was educated in the public schools and at Pittsfield academy, where he was a classmate of the late Chief Justice Lewis W. Clark and Hon. John G. Sinclair. He followed teaching for some time, and was superintending school committee in his native town. Subsequently he studied law in the office of Col. John H. George, but abandoned the profession and retired to a farm in Amherst.

He married Annie L. Piper of Hopkinton and removed to Manchester about

thirty years ago, where he continued to reside till his death, acquiring a competency by business operations. Politically he was an earnest Democrat and a good worker in the party ranks, though never seeking office of any kind.

REV. J. M. DUTTON.

Rev. J. M. Dutton, who died at Newport, Vt., June 17, though born in the state where he died, was essentially a New Hampshire man, as he was educated and did most of his life-work here.

Born in Craftsbury, Vt., April 14, 1847, he fitted for college at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1873. He studied theology at Yale seminary, graduating in 1876, and the month following was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Lebanon, where he remained nine years. Subsequently he was for six years pastor of the Congregational church in Somersworth. Later he was for seven years with the Central church in Newtonville, Mass., when he went to the church at Newport, Vt., a year ago.

ALONZO DOLBEER.

Alonzo Dolbeer, son of Joseph S. Dolbeer, born in Epsom, June 23, 1844, died at Northumberland, Pa., June 10, 1900.

Mr. Dolbeer's early life was spent in railroading, in which he filled many important positions, having been for some years superintendent of motive power for the R. & P. railroad at Rochester, N. Y. Subsequently he managed the Bois Steel Works at Scranton, Pa. He also became known as a writer for magazines and periodicals upon topics connected with his business. In 1868 he married Clara Elliott of Northumberland, Pa., by whom he is survived, with two daughters. John H. Dolbeer of Short Falls is a brother of the deceased.

ALONZO ALLEN.

Alonzo Allen, born in Croydon, February 1, 1838, died in that town June 13, 1900.

He was educated at the common schools and Kimball Union academy, and taught school for several terms. He enlisted August 19, 1861, in Co. E, Fifth Regiment, N. H. Vols. under Captain Ira Mc L. Barton, and did valiant service until seriously wounded at Fair Oaks, June 1, 1862, being discharged in September following. He was postmaster in Croydon eighteen years and town clerk sixteen. He also represented the town in the legislature in 1896.



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BIRTHPLACE OF REV. MARY BAKER EDDY, BOW, N. H.

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THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF LITTLETON.

By Jane Hobart Tuttle.



THE Spirit of Progress had labored with kindest thought for her children. A work of years it had been. Broadcast she had scattered the seeds of improvement and change in hope of the fruition of a higher and nobler civilization. Warm and earnest was her invitation, and mankind, admitted to her domain, received the most loyal of welcomes and wandered at sweet will among the infinite by-paths of invention and research.

Graciously the Spirit of Progress smiled upon them. Bright was the hope within her heart at the seed-sowing; radiant her faith, for all the world was to progress and a new and beautiful word was on the tongues of men—evolution! It was the watchword of the Spirit of Progress, the magic wand to inspire and bless.

So the years passed, short and fleeting, like a dream in the night, and, with the fleeting, knowledge grew and waxed strong; wisdom held her radiant own; aims broadened; and over it all with the magic wand of evolution in her hand and ambition

in her heart stood the Spirit of Progress, watchful and alert.

She saw all the good that had come, all the gains accomplished, and the victories bought, and her soul was glad, yet, with the gladness there was a feeling of dissatisfaction, and contentment stood aloof.

The world was good and gloriously fair, and yet more and more restless grew the Spirit of Progress and the ideals looked far away and unattainable. Then, as in a vision, she learned, and, in the learning, wisdom came and walked beside her, and the lesson was of infinite value.

In the great garden that had witnessed many a fruitful harvesting, she sowed yet another seed, and it sprang up and flourished, root and branch, and grew to a height and beauty that made the entire garden a place of exceeding fairness to the sight.

Out into the world spread its radiating power, its fragrance and its beauty, and its influence was great. Many an old evil fled abashed; conservatism was banished; ideals grew; the tunes of the world were keyed to

finer harmonies; broader grew the purposes of life; law and liberty were greater friends; love and knowledge greater comrades; and the heart of the Spirit of Progress was more at rest than it had been for many a day. "It is my gift," she said, "to the twentieth century—the gift of the Woman's Club, whose aim is ever toward the stars."

' What is a Woman's Club? A meeting ground
For those of purpose great and broad and strong,
Whose aim is toward the stars, who ever long
To make the patient, listening world resound
With sweeter music, purer, nobler tones.
A place where kindly, helpful words are said
And kindlier deeds are done; where hearts
are fed;
Where wealth of brain for poverty atones,
And hand grasps hand and soul finds touch
with soul.
Where victors in the race for fame and power
Look backward even in their triumph hour,
To beckon others towards the shining goal.
This is a Woman's Club, a haven fair,
Where toilers drop an hour their load of
care."

* * * * *

Against the wall of an obstinate New England conservatism the waves of that unrelenting progressive spirit known as the Woman's Movement, beat with irresistible force.

Surmounting the barriers, or dashing them aside, it leaped with surprising celerity over traditional customs and prejudices, submerged them in a whirlpool of triumph and swept in its impetuous course from mountain to coast, penetrating even to the northern parts of New Hampshire, where it perhaps encountered the most rabid conservatism of all.

Its Scylla and Charybdis were conservatism and man. If Scylla was dangerous, Charybdis was more so, for conservatism is cranky, and man is crankier.

Both put strong vetoes on the Woman's Movement. "I am afraid of it," said Scylla, and perchance Charybdis said so too.

Objectors forgot the coming generations, forgot that "on the mind of woman depends the wisdom of man;" forgot to take the forward look; but despite opposing forces, the tides rolled on unchecked, and the gavel in woman's strong and tender hands, wielded power and struck a note that was destined to echo with an unceasing reverberation.

Oh, those objectors! What a hurricane they raised, and how powerless they were! What fun they had at the expense of the "woman's fad," and what sarcastic remarks were leveled in the direction of the projectors.

The objectors had their day and it was short; the projectors had their day and it has been long, and the end is not yet.

In those earlier days ere modern ideas had permeated the atmosphere, when women were content to bask in the sunlight of domesticity, when contentment presided at the fireside, and the yearning for broader views and larger outlooks had not sprung into the breast to the dethronement of old ideals, the sewing circle was the chief medium of intercourse among New England women.

"Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she."

A cord of satisfaction stretched around the little circle shut in by a horizon beyond which desire did not pass.

Happy, friendly hours, when placid, interested, domestically-inclined women gathered in some village "living-room" and sewed seams

and gossiped over the affairs of the neighborhood without a thought of the sceptre of intellect which sister women would wield in later years, when needle would give way to gavel, and "seam and gusset and band" to the writing of papers and the exchange of ideas vitalized with the current of electrical modern thought.

The years passed and silently, but steadily the time approached when "divine discontent" descended at the fireside, the cord of satisfaction snapped in twain and ideals changed. The spirit of the times had reached the country town!

In the month of December, 1889, when sewing circles had taken a back gallery seat in the theatre of the woman's sphere, when the ring of hands plying needles had become but a memory, a bright woman, of Littleton. Mrs. Delia Bingham Mitchell, the wife of Hon. William H. Mitchell, well known throughout New Hampshire as a prominent member of the legal fraternity, became imbued with the club idea. It floated in embryo about in her brain for a while, took substance, and finally was imparted to several other women of the town, for "in the multitude of counselors there is safety."

The evolution of the idea quickly followed with the result that a new star dawned in the intellectual firmament of the little town amid the northern hills.

The club woman,

"She with all the breadth of woman,
She with all the breadth of man,"

had placed her important foot within the limits of the town and would hereafter keep pace with the modern spirit of progressive culture and ad-

vancement. Some one has said that a "woman is a good idea spoiled," and the cynic adds, "Spoiled when she became a club woman."

In every country town such a radical departure from the ordinary would occasion comment and criticism.

When fifteen of her brightest and most cultured women stood forth and boldly proclaimed "We are going to



Mrs. Delia Bingham Mitchell.
President and Founder Friday Club.

form a 'woman's club,'" Littleton held up her aristocratic head in surprise.

Aristocracy is always cast in a conservative mould, and conservatism raised a protesting voice against new departures. Its cry was ever

"Ring out the new
Bring back the old."

In these latter days it is hard to realize the flood of adverse sentiment which set forcibly against such a movement. Laughter and ridicule these pioneers had to bear, not to



Miss Anna Brackett.
Vice-President Friday Club.

mention the charge, made over and over against them, that they were decidedly too exclusive, this last accusation springing from the fact that the membership was limited.

"Support a literary club in Littleton!" said a scoffer, "why, it would die a natural death in three months. You might carry on a musical club but a literary club never."

"My lover lies dead, and my heart is sad,
He was killed by a professional fad."

Such was the doleful plaint in the light of a prophecy. Only a fad whose frills and furbelows would soon go out of fashion and be forsaken by its supporters! This was the universal cry.

To-day these same scoffers are confronted with the existence of four women's study organizations, all flourishing, all infected with the spirit of the times.

"Literature gives woman a real place and proper weight in society,

but then they must use it with discretion; if the stocking is blue, the petticoat must be long." In Littleton, the stockings may be blue, but the skirts are far from being bicycle skirts, and the modern type of "blue-socking" is more delightful than disagreeable. The pioneer of the four women's clubs was first known as the Saturday Club, a name which after a year's retention was changed to the Friday club. The purpose of



Mrs. Corinda Cunningham Bingham.
Secretary and the first President Friday Club.

the club from its inception has been the mutual improvement of the members through the medium of thought, study, and discussion.

During the eleven years of its existence it has advanced to a worthy standing among the clubs of the state. It is a club that sparkles with brilliancy when all is told, and yet with the glitter there is gold and behind the outward aspect is a solidity that stamps the organization as a substantial force in the onward

march of the women's movement. The courses are noted for their thoroughness in subject matter, and the members pursue a line of broad research that calls for hard and conscientious study. For three years the club studied the cities of London, Venice, and Florence. Then came two years with Rome alone, the city of the seven hills.

"From the very soil of ancient Rome
You shall grow wise and walking live again
The lives of buried people."

Two years of painstaking research were given to French history. The members then adopted the subject of Germany which was destined to cover one year's study. At the end of that time, however, the club deciding "He is yet an unsolved problem," chose the same topic for another year's work. Since May, 1898, the members have been devoting the line of pursuit to Spain and the Netherlands.



Mrs. Clara Longley Edson.
President Colonial Club.

"Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love on the mid sea that moans with memories and the untraveled ocean's restless tides."

The officers of the club are: President, Mrs. Delia Bingham Mitchell; vice president, Miss Anna Brackett; secretary, Mrs. Corinda Cunningham Bingham; treasurer, Mrs. Cora Eaton.

The second club to launch its bark on the waters of Littleton clubdom was the Colonial Club. Five years leavening by the existence of the Friday Club had somewhat altered the condition of things and prepared the way for new ventures. Littleton's second club offspring could read its title clear when it came into being, and its birth was under auspicious circumstances.

Mental culture! Sociability! Further education of women! These three and all are equally great in the religion of the club woman. It is this trio of expressions which is incorporated in the constitution and by-laws of the Colonial Club, as suggestive of the aim and purpose of the organization. In numbers the club is the largest in the town, and it forms a brainy coterie of women, who are all infected with the modern idea of broader culture for their sex. Along these lines they work, and in their six years of study, they have, by systematic and patient research, brought the club ideal to a high standard of intellectuality. The motto of the body is "Progress and Unity."

The country of Mexico, "an ambitious marcher in the procession of the nations," has been studied, the topics embracing a comprehensive review of the history of the country, from the time of conquest to the present day. The club has also given profitable



Mrs. Annette Parker Silsby
Vice-President Colonial Club.

time and study to Colonial history from the time of the early Mound Builders through the administrations. At the present time the subject of French history is the topic receiving attention.

In connection with the historic résumé has been treated the music, art, and literature of the country under discussion. Current Events are a feature of each meeting, and affairs of the political world, as well as the general topics of the day, are brought before the members for discussion and individual opinion. The club has this year joined the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

In its possession is a most curious gavel which was presented it by Mrs. Ella Moody of Somerville, Mass., who was formerly one of the most prominent and active workers in the organization. The handle of the gavel is made from bark taken from the pews of the Old South church,

while the head is fashioned from a cornice moulding of the Hancock House. Every alternate Thursday the ladies of the club are rapped to order by this historic relic.



Miss Bessie Tuttle Moffett.
President Nineteenth Century Club.

The following are the officers of the club: President, Mrs. Clara Longley Edson; vice-president, Mrs. Annette Parker Silsby; secretary, Mrs. Mary Wallace Clapp; treasurer, Mrs. Carrie Parker Abbott.

Four years passed by ere "divine discontent" again descended upon the women of Littleton to imbue them with the spirit of intellectual broadening. This time it was on the younger element of the town that the fever of disquiet had its sublime effect. Nineteen young women banded themselves together in the month of January, 1898, pledging heart and brain to the "fellowship of intellects." The brilliant Friday Club, the stately Colonial Club had found followers. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery." These nineteen young

women have taken the name of the Nineteenth Century Club, and during their two years of life have made rapid progress along historical and literary lines of advancement. They have adopted purple and gold as the club colors, and have taken as a motto "*Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum.*" (No footsteps backward.)

The first year was decidedly informal in nature, the club studying without the aid of year book or systematic outline of topics. Features of America engaged attention during the months of the club's "maiden effort,"*this subject being followed by the "Islands of the Atlantic," a subject at that time receiving com-

of the familiar couplet, the club combines with its programme of papers and readings a brief half hour of discussion of current topics.

Its officers are: President, Miss Bessie Moffett; vice-president, Mrs. Lenora Perry Cooper; secretary, Mrs. Lillian Sanger Green; treasurer, Mrs. Tina Albee Smith.

In point of years, the Historical Club is the youngest club in town, dating its organization from February 28, 1899. It is a lusty child, and the growth it has made in the one brief year of existence indicates for it a prosperous future.

Clubs not only study history, they make history, but this new club of Littleton has been an organization for so short a time that its annals are unwritten. It has sixteen active members at the present time, and they are all earnest, up-to-date club women, ambitious to keep abreast of the times.



Mrs. Lenora Perry Cooper.
Vice-President Nineteenth Century Club.

ment and thought from pulpit and press, and therefore remarkably profitable for club study.

It has been said that "Study gives strength to the mind; conversation, grace," and following the sentiment



Mrs. Lillian Sanger Greer
Secretary Nineteenth Century Club.



Mrs. Hattie Rollins Renfrew.
President Historical Club.



Mrs. Elizabeth Simpson Wilkins.
Vice-President Historical Club.

During its year of study the early history of America has been the topic pursued by the club whose investigations included the period of the Mound Builders, Indian life, and the practices and events of Colonial days.

Mrs. Hattie Rollins Renfrew is the energetic president; Mrs. Elizabeth Simpson Wilkins makes a good second as vice-president; while the secretary and treasurer are, respectively, Mrs. Emma Prouty Kinne and Mrs. Hattie Hastings Cutting.

Standing forth luminously amid these sister clubs, with as high an ideal, if based on a different line of purpose and aspiration, is the musical club of Littleton. For years the "happy art" has been Littleton's specialty; music was her darling protégé; at its altars she kindled her most glowing fires; there she brought her best gifts. She is to-day known as the musical town of northern New Hampshire.

There is no class of artists that require broader and deeper culture than musicians, for the brain conception rules the hand power, and the



Mrs. Hattie M. Q. Bingham.
President and Founder Martha Dana Shepard Club.

higher the ideal of the brain, the diviner the strain.

With this thought in mind, one of Littleton's enterprising women, a member of the great host that throng the ranks of musicians, bethought herself that an organization for the aid and advancement of young musicians would be a beneficial institution for the town, as well as for the individual.



Miss Grace Applebee.

Secretary Martha Dana Shepard Club.

Mrs. Hattie Quimby Bingham was the instigator of the idea, and the founder of the club whose members, some fifty in number, comprise her pupils in instrumental music. Her heart and soul are wrapped in music and all young people who are striving to attain the musical goal find in her a willing and kindly friend.

Since the founding of the club Mrs. Bingham has each year been chosen president, and, through her able management, the organization has



Miss Edith Bellows.

Vice-President Martha Dana Shepard Club.

grown to be a power in raising the musical ideals of the town. Any one joining the club pledges herself to endeavor to keep the ideal high by the use of good music, standard music, and classical music.

The club is called the Martha Dana Shepard Club, in honor of one whose name is a household word in the musical circles of New England. Mrs. Shepard is a lifelong friend of Mrs. Bingham, who received from the former her first instruction in music.

Despite the countless duties and encroachments upon her busy, active life, Mrs. Shepard yet has time to bestow thought upon her faraway namesake. Her interest is deep-rooted and has taken practical form in the presentation to the club of many useful gifts, as the expression of her good will and encouragement.

Several years ago, at the time of the Annual Musical Convention, at which for thirty years Mrs. Shepard presided as accompanist, the club

tendered her a reception at the home of Mrs. Bingham, which was the most brilliant social affair in the club calendar.

With its forceful leader, who, in musical ability is in the front rank of New Hampshire musical artists, the club promises to hold regal sway and in undisputed sovereignty, turn the musical standard to finer issues, and thus fulfil its mission of leading onward to that "far off divine event" when materialism and unappreciation of "God's best gift to man" shall have vanished.

Littleton, present, is a prominent club factor. And Littleton past?

One finds a record written on the scroll of the years, and "honorable mention" must be accorded her.

Far back in the sixties it was essentially a Woman's Movement that anti-slavery agitation called forth. It was a woman who was the chief promoter of the Anti-Slavery society formed here in those critical and troublous times between sixty and seventy.

Mary Kilburn Coffin, the wife of Edmund Carleton, a prominent New Hampshire lawyer, and a woman of rare character and personal attainment, was the most prominent anti-slavery agitator in the section, and through her influence and aid the Littleton society was founded, one of the earliest to find a foothold in the state.

Later it was a woman's organization that was the means of the incorporation of a town library, the requisite funds being secured through the aid of fairs and entertainments, involving labor and thought on the part of the projectors.

Even earlier than this, woman's

brain and heart were enlisted in a cause that produced a woman's society incorporated under the name of the "White Mountain Cemetery Corporation."

The beautiful "Silent City" of the dead, where Littleton's sons and daughters sleep the last sleep, is entirely due to the work of women. They purchased the land; they procured the hearse, and built the receiving tomb; they made improvements, alterations, enlargements, and to them is the praise and the glory as long as the rays of the departing sun kiss tenderly the grassy mounds beneath which lie the faces long un-kissed.

Who shall say that the new transcends the old?

Who dares state that the Woman's Club, modern, progressive, alert, is ahead of those earlier organizations whose mission was neither intellectual nor literary?

Fully as important was the aim of those early-founded organizations, and the good they accomplished has been permanent.

The great word in the modern club is self. It is self culture! Self-improvement! Self-advancement!

The aim of the earlier women's organizations of Littleton was wholly outside self.

Charity made its abode with them and benevolence was the guiding star which pointed the way to the improvement, the culture, the advancement of, not self, but others.

Thus it is to-day with the Rebekahs, the W. R. C., the W. C. T. U., all of which are represented in Littleton.

Their aim is benevolent; self is eliminated! Happy state!

If the woman's study clubs and these organizations could be grafted on one great tree, the combination would drive away all cynicism and scoffing at the Woman's Movement forever, for the result would be a splendid commingling of head and heart. "The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better." When this sentiment enters into the spirit and life of a woman's club, the club will have traveled a long way on its journey to the Ideals.

A kindly and fraternal fellowship exists among the Littleton clubs. They are united by the mystic bond of sisterhood, and their motto is not competition, but in every sense coöperation that finds expression in social intercourse and club reunions.

Each club notes in its calendar "gentlemen's night" and "all things come round to him who will but wait." It may be "idle time" but it is by no means "idly spent."

These affairs are always brilliant occasions, when club women drop the serious and indulge in the frivolous; when "Charybdis" comes to be entertained, and goes away vowing never to utter another word derogatory to the charming organization known as a woman's club. Was it the effect of the Welsh rabbit or the oyster a la Newberg?

The scoffers (God bless them all), are growing fewer!

They no longer quote Mr. Bailey of Texas as saying "Women are not fitted by nature to become good parliamentarians," for they have discovered that woman in the dignity of a chair is decidedly at home, and the

hand that rocks the cradle can just as gracefully wield a gavel.

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffett,
As president of a club,
She was the presider:
'T was worse than a spider,
And her heart went
Rub-a-dub-dub.

This condition existed in the palmy days of club life. Woman to-day puts the motion without a tremor, with a heart at normal temperature, and a voice strictly in control.

Wherever is founded a woman's club, there is signed, consciously or unconsciously, as the case may be, an Emancipation Proclamation. Emancipation from the old horizon to the larger vision! Emancipation from the narrow range to the broader outlook! Emancipation from aimlessness in study to consecration of purpose! from stagnation of thought to the unfolding of undreamed-of faculties; from the sunrise of conservatism to the afterglow of progress!

Such has been the meaning of the club movement to the women of Littleton. Such is the meaning to-day, and the mission and the ideal are still developing.

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

"The world is hollow and my doll is stuffed with bran, and I want to go into a convent." If such a wail enters into the life and spirit of the woman of the twentieth century, let her seek the haven of the woman's club and find therein her cure and her salvation.

THE OLD HOME.

By Cyrus A. Stone.

Home of my childhood, to thee, to thee, I lift my longing eyes,
To thy scenes of shifting light and shade, thy forests and valleys fair,
As a weary pilgrim looks away to the shores of Paradise,
And counts the rolling waves of time that will bear him safely there.

Long years, long years, through alien lands my restless feet have strayed
In pathways bright with hope and joy, or dark with grief and pain.
I've seen life's fairest flowers in bloom, I've seen its blossoms fade,
And now in pensive thought I turn to the dear old place again.

I wonder how much that I once have known, is fondly lingering there.
Is the quaint old homestead standing yet, and the trees so grand and tall?
Are the garden walks, by skilful hands, kept ever fresh and fair?
Is the red ripe apple hanging still, high over the orchard wall?

I wonder if still the cowslips grow far down in the meadow lands,
Does the winding brook go singing on, as it did in the days of yore?
Do the rippling wavelets of the lake still break on the shining sands,
And tell the story of their loves to the ever listening shore?

Does the same old forest pathway lead through tangled wood and vine,
Across the lot, and o'er the ridge, and through the shady dells,
'Mid clover blooms, and buttercups, and fields of columbine,
That sway and swing in the summer breeze, their frail fantastic bells?

And where are the voices sweet and clear, that sang the songs of old?
Have they died in echoes faint and far, through hollow wood and glen?
Have they fled forever from our lives as a tale that is quickly told,
And will they nevermore return to our yearning hearts again?

I stand alone in the busy throng and dream of bygone years,
And call to mind the cherished forms of those I used to know
Who are resting now forever free from toil and grief and tears,
'Neath the low green mounds by the riverside where churchyard daisies
grow.

Let me rest with them when my work is done, and I lay me down to sleep
In some quiet spot where violets bloom, and weeping willows wave,
While the watching stars above my dust, their silent vigils keep,
And the cool gray shadows of the hills shall fall across my grave.

MRS. ELLEN POTTER NICHOLS.¹

By J. E. Pecker.



THE large emigration of young men from New Hampshire in pursuit of larger fields of activity elsewhere, has been going on for so many years that the subject does not now attract public attention so much as formerly. The matter, however, is given a fresh interest from time to time as one learns of the personal successes achieved by our absent sons, some of them, perhaps, wanderers like Jason in search of the Golden Fleece. This desire, or perhaps one might well say eagerness, of our young men to leave all in search of more alluring fields and brighter skies, has had, especially during the last fifty years, a counterpart in many young women in the Granite state, who have been equally restless and unsatisfied with the outlook at home, and who, imbued with an ambition just as praiseworthy and honorable as that of their brothers, have bid adieu to the family at home and gone to beckoning scenes in other states or in foreign lands.

If the writer should enumerate all of the latter class whom he has personally known during the last half century, who have sought dame Fortune away from the associations of their childhood days, and should relate the varying achievements that have illumined their pathways, it would require more than one number

of this magazine in which to record the same. I cannot recall any extended spheres of female labor in our great cities in the far South and West, or in the distant mission lands of the orange and palm, where New Hampshire women have not been



Mrs. Ellen Potter Nichols.

found toiling in the best interests of humanity. Some of those who have won success have returned to their old homes, but by far the greater number are permanent residents abroad, or, their life's work finished, have been gathered into the bosom of Mother Earth.

Among the many women who have

¹ Mrs. Nichols, who had been ill for some weeks, died on July 6, at the home of a relative in Canterbury, after this article was put in type.

gone out from our state in an effort to better their condition, I recall no one who has shown more persistency in overcoming obstacles, more ambition to make for herself an honorable name and career, more untiring industry in her varied sphere of labor, or who has exhibited a more sublime faith in that "God of our Fathers," whom she was early taught to love and revere in her New England home, than Mrs. Ellen Potter Nichols, who was born in East Concord on July 15, 1832. She belonged to one of the oldest and most prominent of the families that aided largely in the development of Concord. Ephraim and Richard Potter, with their sister Elizabeth, emigrated from Ipswich, Mass., in 1771. Their ancestors were among the early settlers of New England, and they traced their family back to Robert Potter of Coventry, in England, who emigrated to America in 1630 and located at Lynn, Mass.

Richard Potter, who was the great-grandfather of Mrs. Nichols, together with his brother Ephraim, located on the shore of Turtle pond, on the east side of the Merrimack river. They were both ardent patriots and their names were signed to the Association Test, in 1776, and Richard served under General Sullivan on Winter Hill. The latter died in 1828, leaving two children, Lydia and Joseph, the latter being the grandfather of Mrs. Nichols. The third child of Joseph, Hon. Jacob A. Potter, was the father of the subject of this article. He was born on July 22, 1798, and during a long and useful career became known as one of Concord's most honorable and influential citizens. He was reared and resided

during his entire life upon the farm which was taken up by his great-uncle, Ephraim Potter, and the honors and distinctions that came to him were the results of a well directed and patient industry. After leaving the district school he attended several terms at Pembroke academy. He was not only a mechanical genius but he early developed an artistic talent. He invented a blind-catch and fastener, and an instrument for cutting profiles of the human face. Notwithstanding his many private and public duties he became a professional portrait painter, and the productions of his brush included numerous creditable pieces. His likeness of Capt. Jonathan Eastman, Sr., is now in the possession of the New Hampshire Historical Society. It is interesting to recall the fact that Judge Potter, as he afterwards became known, was the leader among those who started to build a cotton factory in East Concord, at the time the original Sewall's Falls Locks and Canal Company began operations in that part of the town, but the failure of the corporation in the financial panic of 1837 stopped an enterprise which at one time promised to make the east side of the river an important manufacturing place. Judge Potter filled the offices of selectman and city alderman, and was an associate justice of the court of common pleas of Merrimack county, from December 10, 1844, to his resignation in 1853. In 1826 he was married to Miss Sophronia Moore of London, a descendant of Thomas Moore, who came from an English family of intelligence and ambition. Judge Potter taught school in the district in London in which the Moore family re-

sided, and fell in love with Sophronia at first sight, and made up his mind that he would marry her. The first horse and carriage owned in Loudon were among the possessions of the Moore family. Judge Potter died on April 28, 1865.

From her father Mrs. Nichols inherited decided tastes for learning and art, and from her mother the womanly refinement and graces of character that distinguished her in all the relations of life. She was very ambitious to study, and the development of her intellect was early manifested. Before she was twelve years of age she became much interested in her father's work as a painter, and she besought him so earnestly to allow her to paint that finally he said to her one day, "Nellie, I will give you what instruction I can, and besides you shall have the best teachers I can find." Her father's kindness seemed to open a new life for her, and her ambition was to be not only an artist, but a scholar. After attending the public schools of Concord she entered the Gilmanton academy, then one of the best known institutions of its class in New Hampshire. She was a student there during the entire course, and was graduated with other members of her class in 1850. While at Gilmanton she won a high rank in her studies, giving especial attention to painting and music, and devoting considerable time to ancient and modern languages.

After leaving that academy, she, for a time, continued her art studies under private instruction, and then accepted a situation as an instructor in the Young Ladies' Home School at Worcester, Mass. The branches

she taught there were painting, music, Latin, French, and higher English. She was very successful as a teacher, and remained in that position about five years, when, desiring rest and change, she returned to her home in East Concord. After taking a vacation she taught about a year in the village schools of that place. In 1857 she went south as a private tutor, and two years later, at Florence, Ala., she became acquainted with Dr. William Kogar, to whom she was subsequently married. Not long afterwards Dr. Kogar was killed while an officer in the Confederate army, and Mrs. Kogar returned to her New Hampshire home. She then resumed teaching in Concord and vicinity, which she continued with her accustomed popularity and success, until June, 1870, when she was united in marriage to Prof. Joseph Hull Nichols of East Had-dam, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols immediately took up their residence in East Orange, N. J. Mr. Nichols had intended to practise law in that state, but abandoned that plan and accepted a responsible position with the American School Apparatus Company. He devoted himself mainly to designing and patenting school apparatus. For twenty years he was closely engaged in modeling maps of sections of the United States. After remaining three years at East Orange, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols removed to Phillipsburg, in the same state.

At the latter place Mr. Nichols erected a beautiful home where he and his wife passed many happy years. Their residence was one of the most romantic and picturesque in

that place, being located on a hillside in the valley of the Delaware river, opposite Lafayette college. The house was connected with extensive grounds, on one portion of which the owner erected a building which he called his factory, and where, at times, he devoted himself, almost without rest and sleep, to various inventions connected with his professional work, several of which his life was not long enough to complete.

Mrs. Nichols resumed painting, fitting up a cosy studio in her own home which was in keeping with the flowers, fruits, and idyllic scenery with which it was associated. Subsequently, at the request of friends, she established an additional studio in Easton, Pa., on the opposite side of the river from her home, where, besides her own personal work, she gave instruction to a limited number of students in crayon, water color, and oil painting. While her studies embraced quite a wide field of subjects it was to landscape work that she gave the greater portion of her time. She particularly excelled in oil and water colors, and the high character of her work drew to her numerous students from the best families in Phillipsburg and Easton. Good judges of art were of the opinion that her highest success was in flowers and landscapes. During President Arthur's occupancy of the White House at Washington, she executed a commission for him which attracted much attention and elicited wide admiration. It was a work in oil on velvet, the representation being a bird of Paradise imbedded in a bank of callas and ferns. The design was for drapery

in the president's private library in the White House. While engaged on this work Mrs. Nichols resided in Washington, where she was a guest at all of the president's card receptions, and was also given unrestricted freedom to visit the White House gardens and gather whatever floral emblems she desired for use in her art work. Mrs. Nichols's stay in the national capital covered nearly an entire winter season, and while there she was the recipient of many courteous attentions from government officials and personal friends. After her return to Phillipsburg she received from President Arthur a box of the rarest flowers that were cultivated in the White House conservatories.

Another of the noted pictures which Mrs. Nichols painted in oil was a study from nature of the Old Man of the Mountain, upon a canvas thirty-six by thirty inches. This is now in the art collection of a wealthy gentleman of Illinois. In the Flemington gallery in a New Jersey city is one of Mrs. Nichols's pictures that is greatly admired. This is an English hunting scene painted from an imaginary study. In portraiture she has executed numerous likenesses all of which have also helped to give her an enviable reputation in the art world. Perhaps one of her happiest efforts in this direction is a crayon, free-hand portrait of Charles Sumner in the possession of her niece in Winthrop, Mass.

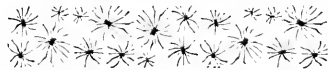
The production, however, from her skilful brush which has been the most generously complimented by critics is a picture in oil of an ancient house and its landscape surroundings, which is now in the Elm-Croft

library in her native village. Mr. U. D. Tenney, the famous artist, said of this picture,—“The scene is charmingly and accurately delineated throughout. The perspective is perfect. The painter had evidently studied the works of the Barbizon school. The picturesque roadway extending past the old mansion to the extreme distance is finely executed; the foliage in the middle ground is broadly and faithfully drawn. The lights in the foreground suggest warmth and sunshine, and add to the many pleasant associations of an old home, blessed to succeeding generations for a century.”

During her long residence in New

Jersey, Mrs. Nichols has become a conspicuous lady in circles outside of art. In the literary field she has acquired fame as a prose and poetical writer and essayist, and has written and delivered numerous addresses on themes connected with the social and religious life of the people in Phillipsburg and Easton. In public gatherings in behalf of charity and similar work she has been indefatigable in her labors, aiding largely in the successes achieved.

Mrs. Nichols is a member of the First Presbyterian church in Phillipsburg. Mr. Nichols died in the autumn of 1898, and was buried in the Potter family lot in Pine Grove cemetery in East Concord.



MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

O'er many lands I've wandered,
 And sailed from sea to sea;
 I've seen the sunlight glisten
 On waves of Zuyder Zee;
 But mid strange scenes and pleasures,
 And whereso'er I roam,
 There's no place to me so pleasant
 As my old New Hampshire home.

I've dreamed in grim old Holyrood,
 In Windsor's stately halls;
 I've seen the wondrous paintings
 On the Louvre's gleaming walls;
 But not in hall or castle,
 'Neath shining spire or dome,
 Have I found the sweet contentment
 Of my old New Hampshire home.

Sweet are the clust'ring olives
 Among the hills of Spain ;
 And fair the blooming orchards
 Of Normandy and Maine ;
 But not in cot or homestead
 Beyond the swelling foam,
 Can you find the cosy comfort
 Of my old New Hampshire home.

Bright are the streams of Hellas
 Girt with their woods of pine ;
 And gay the Tuscan vineyards
 'Neath purple Appenine ;
 But fairer than the landscapes
 Of sunny Greece or Rome,
 Are the hilltops and the valleys
 Of my old New Hampshire home.

Oh, warmly falls the sunlight
 O'er Bagdad's domes of snow ;
 And rich the fields of roses
 Where Pharpar's waters flow :
 But sweeter grow the violets
 By merry brooklet's foam,
 And fairer is the sunlight
 Of my old New Hampshire home.

New Hampshire ! O New Hampshire !
 I love to think of thee,
 Gazing o'er vineclad mountains,
 Or lulled by tropic sea ;
 And my heart will always hunger
 While foreign lands I roam,
 For the comforts and the blessings
 Of my old New Hampshire home.



HON. LEONARD WILCOX.¹

By Gen. Henry M. Baker.



THE epoch of the country lawyer was the first half of the nineteenth century. Then business had not been concentrated in large cities and important railroad centres as now, but each locality, though in association with other sections of the same or adjacent states, became a self-reliant community with its full complement of men of every profession, trade, and employment. There were few public libraries in the United States and those were nearly all in the larger cities. In our state there were less than a score of them, and a majority of those were connected with educational institutions. Not until the second year of its last decade was our state capital enlivened by the whistle of the locomotive, and not until near its close was the railroad extended to White River Junction. Then a daily newspaper was seldom seen, interviews were unknown, and topics of state and public policy were announced and generally determined by those in official station. Then, more than now, the successful public man led his party, formulated its platform and explained and enforced it before the people. Now each educated man practically has an equal opportunity to determine the justice and propriety of public questions with those elected to decide them

officially. Thus the responsibility of government rests more closely upon the whole people, and political wisdom consists more than ever before in following the public pulse-beat. The people are nearer to practical self-government than at any age of the republic.

With so few libraries and newspapers, and such limited facilities for communication and conference, our people became self-reliant and resolute. They did their own thinking and frequently reasoned to wise conclusions in a way now scarcely possible. They generally approached a subject in a state of mind more nearly that supposed to be the normal condition of a first-class juror than our more complex civilization will permit.

Under such limitations the country lawyer became not only a convenience, but was a necessity. Ordinarily he had an education superior to that of his townsmen and clients, and was supposed to be a man of encyclopædic knowledge in the community. He was the natural leader in the town,—directed its affairs, and held its offices. If a true man he soon acquired the unhesitating endorsement of his local clientage, and ever after held the unvarying patronage of those to whom his daily life seemed a part of their own. If studious, honorable, and energetic, he

¹A paper read before the Grafton and Coös County Bar Association at Woodsville, N. H., March 21, 1900, by Henry M. Baker.

soon won for himself not only the respect and confidence of his townsmen but the esteem of his county and frequently of his state.

His environment was favorable to study, and with the few books he owned or borrowed he had an intimate acquaintance. So far as his knowledge extended it was positive, and he could usually give a satisfactory reason for the opinion he expressed—one founded upon the fundamental principles and authorities of his profession. The intricacies and forms of common law pleading and practice were known to him in all their details. He had time to study them and master the principles upon which they were supposed to be founded, and so intent was he upon the acquisition of such knowledge that for years the profession seemed not to question seriously the value of the technical learning with which the forms for the administration of justice were encumbered. Though the forms were artificial and burdensome, and for securing justice useless, yet to reflect upon the wondrous theories and conclusions of Littleton and Coke, and the more practical instructions of Chitty and Tidd, could not fail to produce an enlarged capacity for deep thought, prompt analysis, and logical deduction. Building upon such ground work, and sustained by the unwavering devotion of one's townsmen, success is assured. No failure can be permanent which does not sacrifice the good-will and confidence of friends and neighbors. In our profession, as elsewhere, character is the only foundation: the rock upon which one can safely build. That secured and maintained, all else is within the reach of the lawyer ac-

cording to his individual capacity. Local office and public employment naturally follow and they fitly discharged produce enlarged capacity and opportunity, and yield increasing honor. Such has been the record of many a lawyer whose career began in a country village where the streets are few and the population so limited that an acquaintance with each person is not only possible but expected. Such an acquaintance is even now permitted to some members of the bar in our state. Its value as an element of success cannot be overestimated. The country lawyer is among the most worthy of all good men and no one can wish to see him disappear from the professional field. He is a benefactor of his town, the county, the state, and his fellow men.

I am to speak to you at this time of such a man whom you have deemed worthy of commemoration.

Leonard Wilcox, son of Jeduthun and Sarah Fisk Wilcox, was born in Hanover, N. H., January 29, 1799. His father was born in Connecticut of sturdy Quaker stock and was a saddler by trade. Several years after the elder Wilcox attained manhood, he removed to New Hampshire and soon began to read law with Benjamin J. Gilbert at Hanover. When admitted to the bar in 1802 he opened an office at Orford where he remained until his death in 1838.

It is a tradition that he was a well-read lawyer, especially equipped as a special pleader; that he had an agreeable voice, fluency in speech, and skill in the logical arrangement of his arguments. It is certain that he was the leading lawyer in his locality. He was successful also in politics. He represented Orford in

the legislature for three years, and was a member of the United States house of representatives during the thirteenth and fourteenth congresses. His political and legal careers, both distinguished and honorable, were checked by increasing deafness. He retired to his farm and devoted himself for years to agricultural pursuits. He was twice married and the subject of this paper was the sole offspring of the first wife. She is said to have been a lady of fine qualities.

Of such an ancestry Leonard Wilcox was born. From it he inherited a strong analytic and logical mind, scholarly tendencies and an aptness for the legal profession. Of his boyhood little is known. His family removed to Orford when he was a child. There his boyhood and mature years were passed. As he graduated with high rank from Dartmouth college when he was only eighteen years old, it is presumed he was studious and thoughtful, of good mind and retentive memory. I can find no contemporaneous account of him at this time, and his classmates and instructors are all dead. He read law with his father, who must have been an excellent preceptor, requiring diligent application and exact thought, and was admitted to the bar of Grafton county at the May term of 1821 held at Haverhill. At once he opened his office in Orford, presumably with his father, and soon found ample clientage.

The young lawyer in a country village, if at all worthy of his profession, is not only consulted about town affairs, but they are officially entrusted to him. Mr. Wilcox was no exception. For many years he

was chairman of the selectmen of Orford.

As early as 1828 he was elected to represent his town in the legislature, and was reelected twice consecutively. He was again elected in 1837, making four years of service in our popular branch of legislation. He was a member of its judiciary committee and prominent in its proceedings. His reputation as a well-read lawyer of sound judgment and excellent ability was such that he was appointed a justice of our superior court of judicature, June 25, 1838. He was then only thirty-nine years of age. At that time the selection of so young a man as a justice of our highest court was unusual and a compliment to him both flattering and burdensome. When Mr. Wilcox took his judicial oath, Joel Parker, whose learning is the admiration of the profession and whose brilliancy and service are recognized everywhere, was the chief justice of the court. The associate justices were Green and Upham, and soon after John J. Gilchrist, who became chief justice upon the retirement of Judge Parker and later the first chief justice of the United States Court of Claims.

They were worthy associates and inspired the young judge to earnest work and deep thought. His whole life had been a preparation for the new duties to which he was summoned, and he met them with courage and success.

The first case in which Judge Wilcox rendered an opinion was that of *Bassett vs. Harkness* (9 N. H. 164). No great law point was involved, but the case is worthy of consideration at this time as it furnishes the keynote

of all his judicial work. It appears that the parties had voluntarily agreed in writing to submit their differences to referees whose report should be made to the county court and judgment entered accordingly. The report being filed was recommended for specified reasons to the referees who filed a second report to which exception was taken upon the ground of gross partiality arising in the fact that one of the parties had private interviews with the referees after their award had been made which led to an increase in the award. The motion was to set aside their report. Judge Wilcox said, "And while on the one hand, such reports should receive a fair and liberal construction, and not be set aside for subtle and technical exceptions, so, on the other hand, courts of law should be vigilant, that injustice be not done by the mistakes or misconduct of referees," and held that "the same partiality must ever make them unfit judges of that matter between those parties." During his whole judicial career he never varied from the strict impartiality he required as the test of fitness in this case.

Another of his early cases was that of *Charlestown vs. Hubbard*, Admr. (9 N. H. 195). The plaintiff was the town of Charlestown, and the defendant was Hon. Henry Hubbard, who held every office of importance not judicial which the state could confer.

This cause is more notable on account of the parties to the record than because of any great principle enunciated in its decision. Yet it seems to have been the first in our courts to affirm the legal basis of

charitable relief. The court said, "It is a gift, and cannot be reclaimed, so, in the eye of the law, of the relief afforded to a pauper. It is a charity and a gift to relieve present distress, and it would seem quite unreasonable that the town should have the right to commence a suit against their pauper, arrest his body, and throw him into jail which is the necessary result, if furnishing the relief creates a debt."

Here we see the trail of that ancient horror—imprisonment for debt. Had it been then abolished, the decision would probably have been the same, but strong equitable reasons could have been advanced why the town should be reimbursed when the pauper became wealthy or died, leaving an estate from which the expenditures in his behalf could be paid.

The case of *Tilton vs. Tilton* (9 N. H. 385) has probably been cited and approved more times than any other decided by Judge Wilcox. It was a case in chancery and involved the power of a court in equity to decree the specific performance of a parol contract for a sale of lands when such contract had been performed in part and further, the power of the court to correct upon parol evidence an error or mistake in a deed or other written contract, if shown clearly to exist.

This is a case which must have appealed strongly to Judge Wilcox's sense of justice. He admits that the case is not wholly without difficulty, but his opinion nowhere wavers. He says, "It is no objection to the power of a court of equity to decree a specific performance that the contract is proved only by parol testimony." Again he says, "In our

opinion, a court of equity is competent to correct and reform any material mistake in a deed or other written agreement, whether that mistake be the omission or insertion of a material stipulation, and whether it be made out by parol testimony or be confirmed by other more cogent proofs. And the same rule applies to contracts within the operation of the statute of frauds." And adds, "This principle is apparently at variance with a well-established rule of evidence, observed equally in courts of law and of equity, and resting upon the most satisfactory reasons, that when the parties have reduced their agreement to writing the written instrument is the only admissible evidence of the terms of that contract and is not to be controlled, added to, altered or varied by parol. Fraud is, however, an exception to the rule, and so in our judgment, is a case of mistake clearly made out. For it would be a reproach to the jurisprudence of the country, if it were not in its power to relieve from the consequences of a mistake unequivocally established. But the mistake must be made out in the most clear and decided manner, and to the entire satisfaction of the court, and especially must the proofs be clear and convincing when the mistake is denied in the answer."

Judge Wilcox never gave stronger proof that in his judgment the fundamental purpose of the courts should be to defend the right and administer justice, and that no technical rules or even so-called established principles should be permitted to prevent their decrees from enforcing absolute justice between litigants, thus maintaining the confidence and security of

the people, than in the opinion from which I have just quoted somewhat at length. Though educated in all the intricacies of special pleading, and taught to revere precedent and authority, he would not permit either to cloud his absolute sense of justice or his determination to enforce it. It is the crowning glory of the judiciary of our state that it is guided by such principles and enforces them by steady hands, brave hearts, and clear heads. The non-professional citizen understands every decision based upon evident right, and so often as the courts enforce it they strengthen the respect for law and authority in every community.

In his next case, that of *Libbey vs. Hodgdon*, principal, and *Portland Stage Company*, trustee, Judge Wilcox held that a foreign corporation may be sued in this state whenever under our laws effective service can be made upon it or its property. At that time the courts in Massachusetts and New York held that under their laws no writ could be served against a corporation in another state. The decision in this case was a distinct advance in the application of just legal principles to new conditions. Without such extensions of legal right either by the courts or by statute it would be impossible to transact the interstate business of the present time. In the modern complex system of business transacted by corporations extending their operations into many states, no other doctrine could be sustained with any justice to the individual or even with safety to the state. Are we not even now looking for some other judge to indicate to us some right legal process by which corpora-

tions, foreign and domestic, may be restrained and kept to the discharge of their appropriate duties without interference in the business of others or an attempt to control the functions of the state? Will it not be a reproach to the jurisprudence and legislation of the country if the courts are not vested with some power by which they may curb selfish combinations hostile to the interests of the state, and destructive of the commercial freedom and prosperity of the individual?

No case decided by Judge Wilcox ever led to so much discussion and difference of opinion as that of *Whipple vs. Walpole* (10 N. H. 130). It has been approved three times in this state, questioned once, and overruled, at least, twice. In other states the legal conflict has been waged with varying results. In the courts of the United States no case involving like facts seems to have arisen, but the general principles stated by Judge Wilcox have been generally upheld.

That part of the opinion relative to the competency of evidence is stated in this language: "A witness may testify as to the market value of property at any particular time and place, for that is a matter of fact and not of opinion."

Notwithstanding the adverse criticism this doctrine has evoked, I am satisfied it is right and will prevail everywhere eventually. It is nothing but the statement in legal language of that common expression, "An article is worth what it will bring." How there could be any more certain measure of value than an actual sale of a like article under ordinary business conditions, it would be hard to say. Or how a jury com-

posed of men from every business or of no business by having an article or a horse described to them, no matter how particular and minute the description may be, could determine more accurately the real value of the article or horse than is expressed by actual sales at the place in question seems incomprehensible.

But those who insist that the jury shall, unaided, determine its value through a description of the article or animal, its size, age, characteristics, etc., secure at best nothing but the consensus of opinion of men frequently not qualified by education or experience to render a valuable opinion at all. Who can doubt that the actual transactions of skilled men in the ordinary routine of business are more valuable and accurate? The recorded transactions of boards of trade and of stock are accepted as the measure of value in every civilized and commercial community. What sensible judge or lawyer would prefer to have a jury assess the value of the stock of the Western Union Telegraph company five years ago to-day upon a detailed description of its quality, length of wire, franchises, property, and business that year, than to put in evidence as practically conclusive of value the price at which it was sold at the New York Stock Board the very day stated? Who can doubt that testimony of actual sales rather than the finding of a jury, though informed by collateral evidence and description, now welcomed in many jurisdictions, will soon become the universally accepted practice of the courts of our country? Every year we come nearer in our legal practice to the recognized and approved ways of business men, and

that movement is worthy of commendation and acceptance. Judge Wilcox took a forward step in advance of his brother jurists and of his time, but both the bench and the bar will soon be abreast of his progressive thought. All honor to the pioneer in movements toward wise conclusions and in action toward their practical application.

But there is another phase of Whipple *vs.* Walpole that has led to more discussion and dissent than the ruling as to the competency of the testimony just considered. That is, that exemplary damages may be given against a town which through its duly qualified officers has been guilty of *gross negligence* in not keeping a bridge on its public highway in such condition that loss of life and property would not naturally result from its ordinary use by the traveling public. Both life and property had been destroyed by the failure of the bridge upon which the accident occurred.

Upon this point Judge Wilcox said, "The principle being thus established, that in actions for torts to the person and to personal property, the jury may give *liberal* and *exemplary* damages, in their discretion—damages beyond the actual injury sustained, for the sake of the example—the only remaining inquiry is whether the present case was proper for the exercise of that discretion? And upon this point we entertain no doubt. This is an action on the case; and brought for the neglect of a duty in which the public at large have a deep interest. Towns are bound by law to make and repair bridges. Upon these structures we necessarily intrust our property and

our persons, and by a neglect of this duty the lives of many are endangered. In this very case, in consequence of the neglect of the defendant, three individuals were suddenly destroyed, and others exposed to most imminent peril. If, then, the defendants had been guilty of *gross negligence*, we think the jury were not bound to be very exact in estimating the amount of damages, and that they might, in their discretion, give the plaintiff exemplary damages."

Whatever may be our view of the law of this case, as just quoted, no one will assert that Judge Wilcox wavered or failed to meet the issue presented to him. The opinion is clear and its terms comprehensive.

As our business and social relations become more varied and complex, our civilization more refined and inclusive, the more we are compelled to rely upon municipal protection and control. The efficiency of town and city officers becomes each year a more personal and important subject to each one of us. The comfort and health of our homes, our security at home and on the streets, the protection of our property, and the enjoyment of our civil and religious rights, are, in the first instance at least, largely dependent upon the local government which controls the township or the municipality. It is *our* government in a very peculiar and exact sense. We are responsible for it, and no citizen ought and no good citizen will attempt to shirk its responsibilities. It is the representative by direct authority of every man, woman, and child within its confines. Its acts are those of each citizen, and no one can escape

his liability under them, and there is no power to reverse its action except by and through the exercise of the authority vested in each voter, or by an appeal to the courts for the exercise of their common law or statutory jurisdiction.

The whole question of municipal reform, when reform is necessary, rests upon one of these controlling factors in self-government. The municipality then is the direct agent of the people and should be subject to all the general limitations and responsibilities which restrict and direct the individual. If then it is right to assess exemplary damages against the individual citizen, why should it not be proper and legal, when a municipality is at fault to the extent of gross negligence, for a jury to give exemplary damages "for the sake of example" against the aggregate individuals known as a city or town?

Unless a municipality can be punished by exemplary damages there seems to be no way to compel its right behavior towards the public except through the more disagreeable process of indictment and fine. The neglect of a town may not be malicious in an individual sense, but the general public may suffer through the neglect of town officers to an extent that could not be enlarged or intensified by personal maliciousness. If the voters of a town continue such officers in power, why should not the town in its corporate capacity be held to suffer even to the extent of exemplary damages for the gross neglect of those who maladminister its affairs?

In approving a verdict for such damages, was not Judge Wilcox the

true friend of the people, enforcing to the extent of his power the rights of the governed and the responsibility of those in official station? It is true that he has been overruled and the doctrine of this case denied. I am not oblivious to the great learning and unquestioned integrity of those judges who have destroyed the value of *Whipple vs. Walpole* as an authority in this state, but their argument appears to me to be based far more upon expediency, technicality, and modified statutes than upon the fundamental principles enunciated by Judge Wilcox.

That the doctrine of "exemplary damages" may be carried too far and be made the vehicle of oppression and hate there is no doubt, but under the control of a wise court there would be slight danger of that result. The sufferers from such an accident as that under consideration in this case will seldom receive full compensation for their losses by ordinary damages as usually assessed by a jury. The innocent victim of inexcusable neglect is more entitled to the favor of the court than the individual or town through whom "the offence cometh." Yet it is probable that there is an increasing hostility in the judiciary of both federal and state jurisdictions to the allowance of exemplary damages against individuals as well as municipalities, and that many members of the bar unite in that movement; but if that practice is to be maintained, I am confident the trend of judicial thought will yet sweep around to those simple propositions which made the case of *Whipple vs. Walpole* one of the prominent ones of our jurisprudence. Whether that time be near or far I

trust we all shall keep in mind the true purpose and use of government which is the greatest possible good to the largest number, and guard with jealous care every safeguard of our personal and civil rights.

This duty is especially incumbent upon our profession. We are the natural and responsible watchmen upon the towers of liberty and justice.

Years of study and hard work in his profession and on the bench had made their impression upon Judge Wilcox. His physical strength was unequal to the activity of his mind and by reason of illness he resigned his judgeship, September 29, 1840. From that time until the first of March, 1842, when he was appointed a United States senator by Governor Page to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Franklin Pierce, I have been unable to learn anything of his career. Probably he was at his home in Orford regaining his health and performing such professional duties as he was able.

His colleague in the senate was Hon. Levi Woodbury, who had been judge of our superior court and speaker of our house of representatives, governor, and senator in congress for a full term, then secretary of the navy and secretary of the treasury, and was again a United States senator and soon to be a justice of the supreme court of the nation by the appointment of President Polk.

He presented Mr. Wilcox's credentials March 7, 1842. Mr. Wilcox being present immediately qualified, and took his seat in the senate.

Judge Wilcox entered the senate under many disadvantages. He had

no congressional experience, and no acquaintance with public men or national affairs beyond that common to those of his station and ability. His tenure of office was temporary, and unless elected by the legislature to succeed himself, his term of service could not exceed four months. His predecessor was personally popular, of well-known ability, and especially qualified for the work of legislation. His immediate colleague was one of the leaders of the senate which included such brilliant men as Bayard, Benton, Buchanan, Clay, Chittenden, Calhoun, Clayton, Graham, Choate, Berrien, Mangum, and Silas Wright. On the other hand, Mr. Wilcox brought to the senate the experience gained in an unusually long service in our legislature and the equipment which made him a successful judge.

Mr. Wilcox was a Democrat and a party man. His votes were in accordance with the policy of his party. He believed its principles were correct and patriotic, and hence did right to uphold them. One of his earliest votes was against a bill authorizing the banks in the District of Columbia to receive and pay out depreciated bank paper until the banks in Baltimore and Richmond should resume specie payments.

Soon after he voted to retain in the federal treasury the proceeds of the sales of public lands instead of distributing them to the states. The intent of this bill was to obviate a necessity for an increase of the duties on imports.

At this time the credit of the United States was very low, and he voted to pledge the proceeds of the sales of public lands to secure the

treasury notes and other obligations of the government issued and to be issued; and two days later voted not to sell or issue the securities of the United States at less than par.

The same day he voted to strike out from the pending bill authorizing the extension of the existing loan and increasing it the section which made its certificates of indebtedness transferable by delivery as well as by assignment on the books of the treasury.

Mr. Wilcox seems to have been in favor of economy and of making the credit of the government as secure as possible. He was also in favor of indemnifying General Jackson for the fine of \$1,000 imposed upon him by the courts in Louisiana, in 1815, while in the discharge of his official duties. He desired the passage of the resolution providing for an investigation to determine whether or not the government of the state of Rhode Island was republican in form, and favored a later resolution which asserted the right of the people of that state to establish a new government, or modify the old one if its republican form be maintained and denied the right of the federal government to interfere relative thereto.

When the bill fixing the number and apportioning representatives in congress under the census of 1840 was under consideration, he proposed that each state should have a representative for each 50,648 of its population, instead of the ratio of 70,680, which was adopted, and opposed the second section of the bill which required the states having more than one representative to be divided into districts of contiguous territory equal in number to the representatives to

be chosen. This was the beginning of the district system. The *Congressional Globe* reported his opposition as follows: "Mr. Wilcox objected to the clause under discussion on the grounds of unconstitutionality. He also objected on the ground of the inexpediency of interfering with the states without any direct necessity. He had further objections; it was, that if this bill was passed with such a clause, it would be an incentive to such state as it would profess to exercise control over, to resist its execution, and it would thus lead to a collision with the general government without any means on the part of the latter, to maintain its own law. He did not see any necessity or propriety for this interference. He thought it was an unconstitutional exercise of power and he would vote to strike out that section when that question came up." He kept his word, opposing the bill to its final passage. None of the direful events he feared ever followed, and now no opposition to the district system exists.

When our legislature met in June, 1842, it elected Mr. Wilcox to fill out the term of Mr. Pierce and Mr. Charles G. Atherton for the succeeding full term. On the 13th of June, Mr. Wilcox's credentials were presented, and he again took the oath of office.

Upon the consideration of the tariff bills, he voted against an increase of rates and in favor of ad valorem rather than specific duties. He steadily opposed any modification of the celebrated Compromise act.

He resisted the bill conferring upon the supreme court of the United States the power to regulate the prac-

tice of the district and circuit courts and to make and prescribe regulations for those courts as to the taxation and payment of costs. His opposition seems to have been based upon the idea that such authority vested in that court the power of legislation upon those subjects. He also voted against the extension of the power of the United States courts in matters of habeas corpus; the incorporation by congress in the District of Columbia of the National Institute for the Promotion of Science and in favor of bringing in a bill to repeal the Bankruptcy act. He voted against the enlistment of negroes in the naval and marine service except as servants, and against bringing in a bill to reduce the term of residence necessary to naturalization from five to two years. He voted in favor of a joint resolution to amend the federal constitution so as to limit the terms of office of the judges of the supreme and inferior courts of the United States. The *Congressional Globe* does not give this resolution in full and I am able to state only its general purpose.

He also voted in favor of the occupation and settlement of the Oregon territory, which was one of our early acquisitions and extended our boundaries from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

He was assigned to the committees on military affairs and on patents. His entire period of service in the senate was less than a year, and at no time did he have an assured tenure of office of quite nine months including the time congress was not in session. No one can become prominent in the councils of the nation through such service. He showed

good judgment and commendable modesty in not attempting to make himself prominent.

Mr. Wilcox was a loyal Democrat, and voted with his party in favor of state rights, a low tariff, and sound money. So far as the yeas and nays disclose his votes they are found with only one unimportant exception to have been the same as those of his active and experienced colleague, who, in some matters, was regarded as the leader of his party. After the resignation of Henry Clay, Mr. Woodbury was the best equipped senator in all matters pertaining to the finances and the tariff.

At the time Mr. Wilcox was in congress there was no verbatim report of its proceedings. The *Congressional Globe* furnished only an abstract of them made by unofficial reporters who seldom gave a speech in full or in the exact words spoken. The details of public business and that which is now known as running debate were frequently unreported. Hence, just what part Mr. Wilcox took in the practical affairs of the senate cannot be ascertained. Its journals show that he reported several bills from the committees of which he was a member. None of them was of any considerable national importance.

It is evident from the whole available record that Mr. Wilcox was conscientious and faithful in the discharge of his senatorial duties, and that viewed in the light of his brief tenure of office and inexperience in national affairs, his career as a senator was honorable and praiseworthy. That it was satisfactory to the people of our state is certain.

At the close of his brief service in

the national senate Mr. Wilcox returned to his home and resumed the practice of his profession. I do not find anything of public interest in his life at this time, or that he held any office until December 7, 1847, when he was appointed circuit justice of the court of common pleas. He remained in that court until June 26, 1848, when, upon the promotion of Judge Gilchrist to chief justice he was again appointed a judge of our superior court of judicature. Judge Wilcox was as active during his second term of service as during the first, but his later opinions have not provoked so much discussion or such a diversity of judicial expression as those we have considered. They cover a variety of subjects requiring the consideration of many branches of the law, thus testing the versatility and learning of the judge. He was so well grounded in general legal principles and ordinary practice that it would be difficult to decide in which section of the law, as administered here fifty years ago, he was superior.

He was generally liberal in his rulings and willing to aid in securing justice by amendment of the pleadings or by any action which he thought within his legitimate control, but firm and unyielding when called upon to decide upon any principle or rule of law which he regarded as established. The case of *Wheeler vs. Nurse* (20 N. H. 220) fully illustrates this phase of his character. It appears that Nurse had rented a certain number of sheep of Wheeler at one pound a head, and agreed to return them in one year from date. That at the expiration of that time the defendant

did not return the sheep or pay the pound per head, and that Wheeler sued him *in assumpsit* alleging that the value of the sheep was \$31.25, and that the defendant promised to receive the sheep, keep them one year, and return them, or the same number of sheep, and as good, and pay the plaintiff also one pound of wool for each sheep.

The plaintiff offered to show by parol evidence that at the time the contract was made, his construction of it was that he was to have twenty-five sheep returned to him, and so informed the defendant, and offered to prove that there is a custom or usage among farmers that the same number of sheep of equal quality is to be returned. The court below refused to receive such evidence, and gave judgment for the defendant. Upon appeal to the supreme court Judge Wilcox gave judgment on the verdict and said, "By the terms of the contract the defendant was to return the same sheep which he received. He had no right to return other sheep of a like quality. . . . As to parol declarations, it is too clear for argument that they cannot be received to qualify or add to the written contract. . . . Where the terms of a contract are express and certain, usage cannot be received to give a different effect to the contract from what its terms clearly import; because whatever usage may exist, the parties may contract as they please. They may disregard the usage altogether, and it is to be inferred that such is their intention where the language is fixed, certain, and determinate in its character." That Judge Wilcox clearly and firmly announced the literal law of

this case, all will agree, and also as the case was submitted, that no other decision could be rendered under our usual law practice, but, in the case itself, there was a total miscarriage of justice, and to my mind a misapprehension as to the clearness of the contract involved. If the contract, as stated in the case, had been fully considered in all its parts it would have been found not to be complete in itself or free from doubt. Various questions would have arisen and without the determination of them justice could not be done. If one or more of the sheep die within the year, whose should be the loss? Wheeler owned them, but Nurse had them in possession and was responsible for them, and the court held that he must return the identical sheep he received. Would the return of a dead sheep be a substantial compliance with the contract, or would the contract have been held invalid *pro tanto*, or would testimony of usage in such cases be permitted rightfully to determine the liability of the parties? Again, Wheeler was to receive from Nurse "a pound a head." What did that mean? Was it a pound of mutton or a pound of wool? How could these questions be determined beyond dispute except by proving by parol evidence the custom or usage in such matters of the farmers in the locality where the case arose? In what marked contrast does it stand to the case of *Tilton vs. Tilton* already considered and commended? In that case the court relaxed its strict rules of practice and enforced justice—in this one it actually sustained the wrongdoer who failed to perform his contract and denied justice because the gen-

eral rule of law is for wise purposes that a plain valid contract is the best possible expression of the intention of the parties to it. *Qui hæret in litera hæret in cortice.*

Courts are established to administer justice, and every time it fails there is a loss of confidence in them. Our whole judicial system rests upon the approval of the people who have generally correct views of right and wrong in the abstract, but who do not know how to account for failures in producing right results in the determination of causes. Hence such cases as that of *Wheeler vs. Nurse* unexplained are an injury not only to the immediate parties to them but to all to whom the facts are known and to the courts themselves. Happily they are few in number and every year less likely to occur.

The limit of this paper will not permit the consideration of other of the cases decided by Judge Wilcox. While on the bench of the superior court he rendered reported decisions in nearly sixty cases. For clearness of expression, correctness of statement, and the enunciation of sound legal principles his opinions will compare favorably with those of his associates. Though twice appointed to the bench of our highest court his period of service was brief. Under the first appointment he served from June 25, 1838, to September 29, 1840, and under the second one from June 26, 1848, until his death, June 18, 1850,—only a little more than four years in all. His health had been uncertain for years but his death was not expected so soon. He did not complete his fifty-first year. His life had been a busy and useful one. The bench and bar joined in tributes

to his memory and life. The resolutions of the bar said, "We entertain a deep sense of the many estimable and excellent qualities possessed by our friend and former associate as a man and as a citizen: of his learning, ability, and fidelity as a counselor; of the many high qualifications which he possessed for the judicial office which he held, cautiousness, patience, learning, impartiality, and, above all, and over all unbending integrity."

Mr. Justice Woods responded for the court and paid a high tribute to the learning, ability, and character of their late associate. He said, "All the judges had great confidence in the judgment of Judge Wilcox. In discussions of difficult questions as a general rule he convinced his associates that his conclusions were right." The resolutions were adopted and entered upon the records of the court.

Of the many personal tributes to his memory and virtues I will give only an extract from that of Hon. Harry Hibbard. He said, "I had known him long and well; had been associated with him in different relations, respecting various affairs. During all this time I had known him but to appreciate and esteem with ever-increasing regard the clearness of his understanding, the accuracy of his learning, the soundness of his judgment, and the steady integrity of his heart."

All authorities agree that as a stu-

dent he was diligent and exact, that as a man he possessed good natural ability, practical good sense, honesty, patriotism, a kind disposition, combined with a desire to be helpful, an energy beyond his physical strength, and a religious conviction which was evident in his daily life; that as a lawyer his deep learning and integrity gave him many clients whom he served faithfully, preparing their cases for hearing with excellent judgment, presenting the evidence in their behalf with skill and sustaining it with an array of authorities the best at his command; that as an advocate he was not equal to his ability in other respects, his voice being weak, and at times his words lacking vitality and power through indistinctness, and that as a judge he was learned, without passion or prejudice, courteous to all, and especially helpful to the young men of the profession to whom a kind word from the bench means so much; that he was patient in hearing, careful in examination and investigation, conscientious in deciding, and strict in the enforcement of the orders of the court.

His life, as years are counted, was brief, but it was full of service to the community in which he resided, to his state, and to the nation. His career was an honor to himself and helpful to the people. Such men are the bulwarks of freedom and the stability of the state.



SUMMER.

By George W. Parker.

To wander 'neath the leafy bower ;
Pluck from its stem the fragrant flower ;
Sail o'er the lake with gentle breeze ;
Ride through the forest and the leas.

To angle by the shady brook ;
The mottled trout take from the hook ;
To bathe on ocean's silvery strand,
With salt sea breezes gently fanned.

To climb yon towering precipice,
Or thread the path by dark abyss :
By torrid day or starry night,
The gladsome summer gives delight.

“ OLD HOME WEEK.”

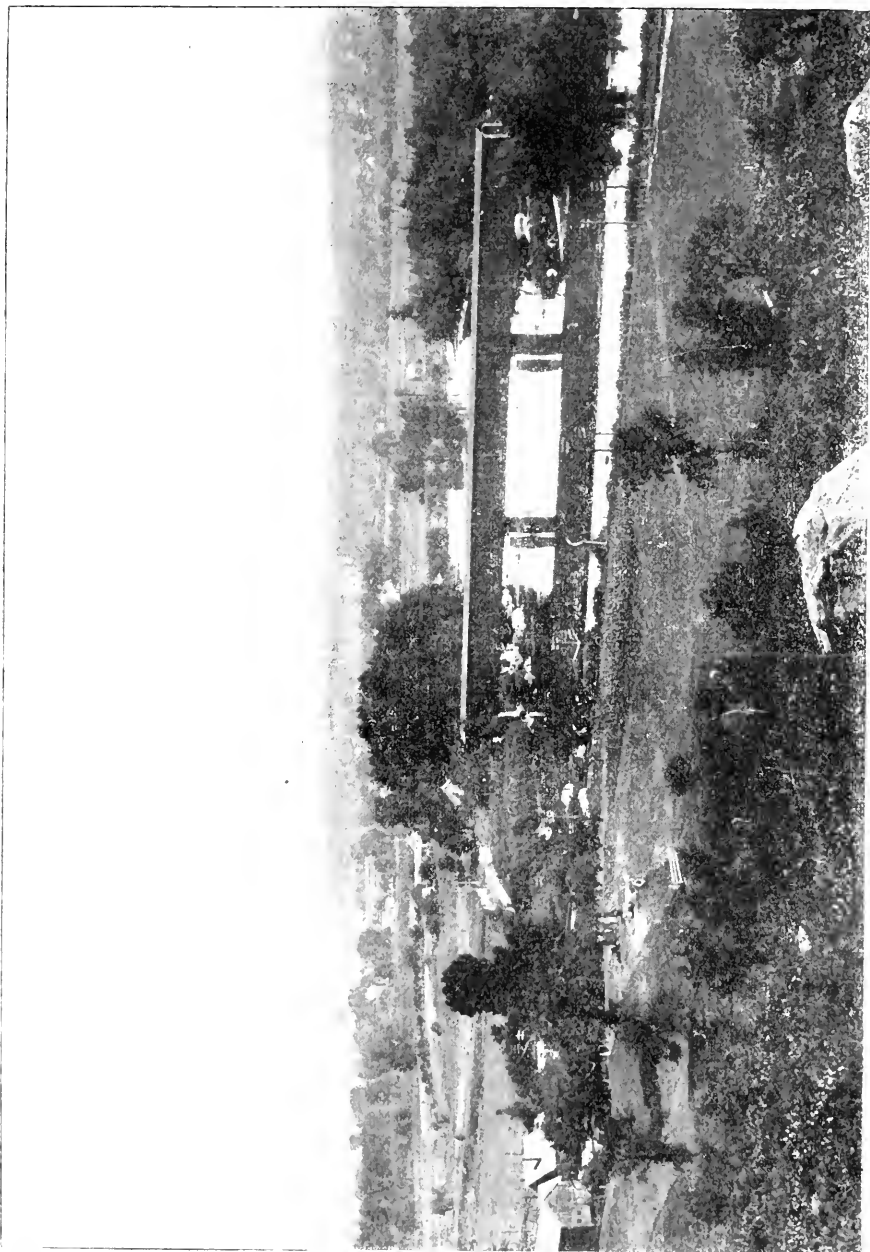
By Mrs. Nancy M. Paul.

Roll on, oh, radiant sun, roll on,
Shine on, bright sun, shine on ;
Oh, speed the lingering hours away
To bring once more the festal day
With “ Old Home ” joy and song.

Bloom on, oh, beautiful flowers, bloom on,
Fair flow'rs, sweet flow'rs, bloom on ;
With richest perfume fill the air,
And scatter fragrance everywhere
To greet the “ comers ” home.

Ring on, ye silvery bells, ring on,
Sing on, sweet birds, sing on ;
From out New Hampshire's granite hills
Ten thousand little rippling rills
Will join you in the song.

Smile on, oh, angels above, smile on
Our Old Home Week, smile on,
While every voice its song shall raise
To heaven in gratitude and praise
For th' “ Old New Hampshire Home ! ”



MERRIMACK RIVER AND BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD BRIDGE AT BOW JUNCTION

BOW AND ITS PEOPLE.

By H. H. Metcalf.¹



ADJOINING the Capital city—on the south, and so closely allied therewith in interest that it may almost be regarded as a part thereof—as much so, indeed, in everything but name as the sections known as East and West Concord—is the town of Bow. So close is the relationship, in fact, between Concord and Bow that there was a long time in the early history of the two, that it was practically impossible to determine what was the territory of one and what of the other, on account of the conflicting nature of the grants under which they respectively held charters, the one from Massachusetts and the other from New Hampshire, a considerable portion of each being covered by the grant of the other.

A history of these conflicting grants, the controversy growing out of the same, and the final adjustment thereof, would be entirely beyond the scope of this brief article, but the same is well embodied in a comprehensive address upon "The Bow Controversy," prepared with great care by Hon. Joseph B. Walker of Concord, and delivered before the New Hampshire Historical Society some two years since, which address should be rendered accessible to the public by being printed in the proceedings of that society.

The original grant of Bow was

made by Gov. John Wentworth, with advice of council, May 20, 1727, to Jonathan Wiggin and others, the same covering a territory nine miles square, which embraced the larger portion of Penacook (now Concord), as granted by Massachusetts in 1725, and the territory south thereof, to below the mouth of the Suncook river, the same lying on both sides of the Merrimack, the southerly portion being also included in or including the Massachusetts grant of Suncook, made in August, 1728. Unavoidably, in the course of time, there was a serious conflict of rights and titles under these grants by two different governments, covering practically the same territory, the details of which cannot be entered into in this connection. Suffice it to say that the territory now embraced in Concord was created by the New Hampshire general court, a parish by that name, May 25, 1765, the portion east of the Merrimack and south of Concord having been erected into the parish of Pembroke (or Pembroke as it was then known), November 1, 1759. Subsequently, in 1804, another tract of land was set off from Bow to Concord, and one to Pembroke at the same time, and another to Allentown in 1815.

The town of Bow, as now constituted, contains about sixteen thousand acres, being bounded on the north by Concord, on the east by the

¹The writer is indebted for many facts to the historical sketch of Bow, by Harrison Colby, in the "History of Merrimack and Belknap Counties," published by J. W. Lewis & Co., Philadelphia, in 1888.

Merrimack river, which separates it from Pembroke, on the south by Hooksett, and on the west by Dunbarton. The land on the Merrimack, which borders the town for about five miles, is generally excellent, and occupied by thrifty farmers. The balance of the town is largely hilly, and somewhat rough, but the soil responds generously to cultivation, and the people, who are generally devoted to agriculture, are among the most prosperous and contented in the state. Fogg's "Statistical Gazetteer of New



Town House.

Hampshire," issued in 1874, says: "There is no town in the state in which the people are better provided with this world's goods than Bow. The soil alone produces to each man, woman, and child, \$200 annually. They have deposited money in the savings banks enough to give every ratable poll in town \$530 each, or to give every person in town \$175."

We are unable, from any records or data at hand, to state, when, where, or by whom the first permanent settlement within the present limits of the town of Bow was made,

but by the first enumeration of the people of the province of New Hampshire, made in 1767, the total population of Bow was shown to be 187. The first town-meeting of the inhabitants was held in the dwelling house of William Robertson, on the 11th day of March, 1767, on which occasion Samuel Rogers was chosen moderator, William Robertson, town clerk, and Samuel Rogers, Ephraim Moore, and Samuel Welch, selectmen. At this meeting it was also "Voted to build a meeting-house by subscription," which was subsequently done, and at a meeting, held in the meeting-house in 1770, it was "voted to pay Mr. Wooster thirty dollars for preaching this year." A like appropriation for the same purpose seems to have been made the following year, when, as appears from the record, it was also "Voted *not* to raise money to hire a schoolmaster this year," which would seem to indicate that at some previous time this had been done. In 1772, however, the town voted thirty dollars for preaching and thirty dollars for a town school, showing that the people had come to regard the claims of education and religion as standing upon an equality.

In 1773, according to a census taken by order of Governor Wentworth, Bow contained 308 inhabitants. At the annual meeting in the following year it was "Voted that the meeting-house be on the Hill, where it now stands, and not at the Centre," and it was also "Voted to give Mr. Fessenden an invitation to settle with us in the ministry, giving him one thousand pounds, Old Tenor, in Lands for his settlement, besides a yearly salary of forty pounds, and to

advance his salary as the town grows able, and chose a committee to treat with him." This Mr. Fessenden is supposed to have been settled in Bow about three years, the church being composed of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Baptists.

At a town-meeting held January 12, 1775, to see if the town would elect some one to go to Exeter to "set" with the Provincial Congress to choose delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in May following, it was "Voted not to send a man, but voted to buy a town stock of ammunition," which fully indicated the patriotic spirit of the people. At a meeting on the 11th of May of the same year, however, it was voted to send Benjamin Noyes as a delegate to the Fourth Provincial Congress at Exeter on the 17th of the same month, and it was also voted "to drop school and highway rates for the year."

For several years after 1775, Bow and Dunbarton were classed together for the election of a representative, and in 1776, Capt. Caleb Page of Dunbarton was the representative for the September session, and John Bryant of Bow for the December session of the Provincial Congress. It was in this year that the New Hampshire Committee of Safety requested the selectmen of the various towns to require all males above twenty-one years of age to subscribe to what was known as the "Association Test," promising to oppose with arms to the utmost of their power, at the risk of life and fortune, the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American colonies, which test was subscribed to by sixty-three men of Bow. Bow furnished

forty-eight soldiers for the patriot cause during the Revolution, the first on the list, and among the most conspicuous, being Aaron Kinsman, who was commissioned a captain in Col. John Stark's regiment, March 2, 1775.

From 1794 till 1813 Bow and Allenstown were classed for the election of representative, but beginning with the latter year Bow elected, alone, its first representative, who also served for several subsequent years, being Samuel Clement. The population of the town, as shown by the census of 1810, had come to be 720, and, as the records show, eight persons in town were then licensed to keep public house and sell spirituous liquor.

As early as 1779, the matter of a new meeting-house had been under consideration, and it was voted that year to build a new one at the centre of the town. Nothing was done, however, and in 1785, the old house having become unfit for use, it was "Voted to raise 500 dollars in labor and lumber to build a meeting-house on the Hill, where the old one stands," and a committee was appointed to provide the material. The work did not proceed, however, and the next year it was voted to find the centre of the town and locate the house there, and a committee was appointed to fix the location. Still nothing was accomplished, and the wrangle over the site, between those favoring the "Hill" and the "Centre" continued till 1792, when it was voted to reconsider all former proceedings concerning the matter, and a committee of impartial non-residents was selected to fix the location. This committee reported in favor of the old site on the "Hill," which

report was accepted, and the building erected accordingly, the construction having been bid off by Eliphalet Rowell for £60, 12s., lawful money. It was many years, however, before the meeting-house was completed, and it was not until 1805 that a minister was engaged, Rev. Thomas Waterman having been then employed to preach one year from the 1st of May. No money had been

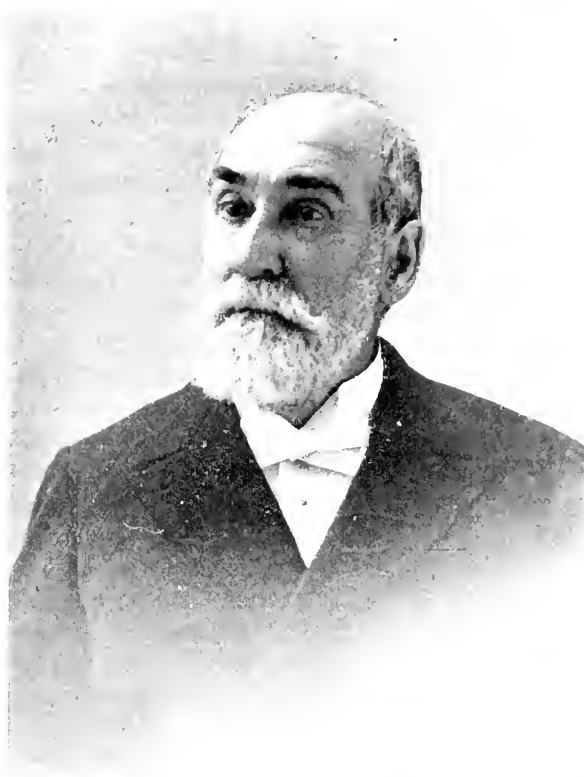


Baptist Church.

raised in town for preaching since 1781, up to that time.

Meanwhile highways had been built and extended through the town, school districts had been established, and schoolhouses built. The first public celebration of the Fourth of July within the limits of the town was held in 1810, when the citizens of Bow, Concord, Pembroke, and Dunbarton assembled at the residence of Benjamin Noyes for the purpose, where there was speaking, a procession, and dinner.

The Baptist church was the first church organized in the town. It appears, indeed, that there was a Baptist church in Bow previous to the present organization, which finally became extinct. The present church was organized in 1816, the first pastor being Rev. Henry Veasie, who died while in office, in 1825, greatly lamented. He was the first school inspector in the town, of whose election any record is made, having been chosen such at the annual election in 1823, and voted a salary of nine dollars for this service and the care of the meeting-house key. Mr. Veasie was succeeded by Rev. Simeon Chamberlain, who remained until March, 1830, and was succeeded by Rev. William Boswell, who continued some three years, the present house of worship having been erected in 1833, near the close of his pastorate, at a cost of about \$1,600. His successors were Revs. Henry Archibald, James W. Poland, N. W. Smith, S. S. Leighton and Franklin Damon, the latter continuing for eighteen years—the longest pastorate in the history of the church. Mr. Damon was very highly esteemed in the community, and left a strong influence for good in both church and town. His successor was Rev. B. H. Lane, a young man, fresh from his studies, who was ordained here. Revs. J. L. Whittemore, J. P. Chapin, O. W. Kimball, and Franklin Merriam succeeded in the order named. Then the present pastor, Rev. Samuel Woodbury, came from Newton, N. H., and was settled over the church in May, 1886, remaining three years, when he went away, but, after an absence of five years, returned and commenced his second pastorate,



Rev. Samuel Woodbury



Baptist Parsonage.

which has since continued. During his absence the pulpit was supplied by Rev. D. L. Crafts, Rev. Silas Deane, and H. E. Brady, a student of Newton Theological Institution.

Mr. Woodbury's pastorate has been longer than any other except that of Mr. Damon, and the church has prospered under his ministration, though never large in point of membership. The present deacons are Manley Clough, Betton F. Smith, and Winthrop O. Ballou. The church has a fund of some \$5,000, the income of which enables them to support a pastor, by paying a moderate salary. A good parsonage is owned by the church—the gift of the late Dea. Obed Gault.

REV. SAMUEL WOODBURY, pastor of the Baptist church in Bow, was born in Newburyport, Mass., September 28, 1840. He pursued his studies at Brown university, and Newton Theological Institution, graduating from the latter in 1864. He was ordained to the ministry at Orleans, Mass., in December, 1864, and has filled pastorates in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, aside from his service at Bow, where in his two pastorates he has spent nearly ten years, and accomplished excellent work not only in the religious field, but as a citizen and member of the community.

The highest point in the population of the town, as shown by the census returns, was reached in 1830, when the inhabitants numbered 1,065. Twenty years later there were 1,055; in 1870, the population had decreased to 745, and in 1890 it was 725.

Politically the town was strongly Democratic up to within the last few years. In 1828, the vote for presi-

dential electors stood, Democratic, 153; Whig, 35. In 1852 it was, Democratic, 140; Whig, 12; Free Soil, 27. In 1892, Democratic, 118; Republican 80; scattering, 7. The first Republican majority given in town was in 1896, when the Republican electors received 123 votes to 59 Democratic, and 11 scattering. This evidenced a remarkable political overturn, since at the gubernatorial election, two years before, the Democratic nominee received 119 votes, to 76 for the Republican, and 8 scattering. At the last election, in 1898, the Republicans cast 120 votes, the Democrats 89, and there were 7 scattering.

Citizens of Bow have not figured prominently in public and political life to any great extent. The town has furnished no governor of the state, cabinet officer, or United States senator, and but one member of the national house of representatives—Henry M. Baker, who served from 1893 to 1897. The town has furnished no member of the executive council, and but two state senators—General Baker and Walter Putney, a member of the present senate.*

During the War of the Rebellion the town manifested its patriotism in a marked degree. The total enrollment of citizens liable to military duty was 114, and the town's quota under all calls, 52; yet the number of men furnished was 60, being 8 more than the total number called for. At the head of the list in rank and distinguished service was Augustus B. Farmer, whose record is as follows: Mustered in Company B, Second N. H. Regiment, June, 1861; promoted to first sergeant, February, 1862; wounded June 3, 1864; mustered out June 21, 1864; reënlisted as

first lieutenant in Company A, Eighteenth Regiment, September 12, 1864; promoted to captain, April 4, 1865; mustered out June 10, 1865.

The most distinguished citizen of Bow, and the only resident of the town to hold high public office at any time, is GEN. HENRY M. BAKER, who was born in that town January 11, 1841.

Henry Moore Baker is a son of the late Aaron Whittemore and Nancy (Dustin) Baker, and comes of a distinguished and patriotic ancestry. His great-grandfather was Capt. Joseph Baker, a Colonial surveyor, who married Hannah, only child of Capt. John Lovewell, the noted Indian fighter, who was killed in the Battle of Pigwacket, May 8, 1725. His wife as the heir of her father, Captain Lovewell, received a share in the lands awarded the survivors and heirs of those engaged in the fight, and settled, with her husband, in Lovewell's town, or Suncook, afterwards Pembroke, previous to 1740, where he became a prominent citizen, and was at one time a member of the Provincial Congress at Exeter. His son Joseph, the great-grandfather of Henry M., married Marion Moore, a descendant of the Scotch Covenanters, and settled in Bow, reclaiming from the forest land which is now a part of the Baker farm in this town. This Joseph Baker was a soldier in the War of the Revolution and on the Committee of Safety for the town of Bow. Another of General Baker's ancestors, his paternal grandmother, was a descendant of the celebrated Rev. Aaron Whittemore, the first minister of Pembroke, while on his mother's side he is a descendant of the famous Hannah Dustin. His father

was Aaron W. Baker, a leading citizen of Bow, and a man of sterling worth, highly esteemed by his fellow-townsmen. He was a successful farmer, having been reared on the homestead where his father, James Baker, died, leaving him, the eldest of six children, only twelve years of age, with, necessarily, a life of earnest toil before him. After attaining manhood, he aided his younger brothers and sisters in securing an education, and finally bought out the other heirs and became the owner of the homestead, which he greatly improved, and to which he made extensive additions. He married, March 10, 1825, Miss Nancy Dustin of Concord. They had four children. Francis M., born February 8, 1826, who died April 13, 1838; Rufus, born March 8, 1831, who died February 15, 1861, John B., and Henry M., the subject of this sketch, who attended the common schools of his native town, Pembroke and Hopkinton academies, the New Hampshire Conference seminary at Tilton, and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1863, and receiving the degree of Master of Arts three years later.

Immediately after graduation he commenced the study of law under the direction of the late Judge Josiah Minot of Concord, continuing the same in Washington, where he received an appointment as clerk in the war department in 1864, being subsequently transferred to the treasury department, where he remained for several years, meanwhile pursuing his legal studies and attending the lectures of the Columbian Law school, from which he graduated with the degree of LL. B., in 1866,



GEN HENRY M BAKER

being admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the District of Columbia the same year. After leaving the government service General Baker was actively engaged in his profession for many years, being admitted to practice in the supreme court of the United States in 1882. He has been concerned in much important litigation, bringing to his work great industry, perseverance, and research, and securing in many cases profitable financial results for his clients, and naturally for himself.

While his professional and business affairs have held him in Washington a large portion of the time, he has always holden his residence in his native town, where he has constantly voted and paid taxes, living until recently upon the old home farm, which has been in the family for more than a century, and which he has improved in various directions. His regard for his native state has always been deep and earnest, and he has never lost an opportunity to sustain the honor of New Hampshire by act or voice.

In politics he has ever been an aggressive Republican, and a liberal and active supporter of his party cause in every campaign for many years past. In 1886-'87 he served as judge advocate general of the State National Guard with the rank of brigadier-general. In 1890 he received the Republican nomination for the state senate in what is known as the Merrimack District and was elected by a vote considerably in excess of that cast for the gubernatorial candidate of his party in the district. He took an active part in legislative proceedings in the senate, serving as chairman of the judiciary committee,

and of the joint special committee on the revision, codification, and amendment of the Public Statutes.

In 1892 he was the Republican candidate for member of congress in the Second district, and was elected by a safe plurality, though the Democrats had carried the district at the preceding election, and was reelected by a largely increased plurality two years later, retiring at the end of four years' service in conformity with the established custom which has operated to minimize New Hampshire's influence upon national legislation so far as service in the lower branch is concerned, by retiring members just as they become well trained for effective service. During his first term in the house he served on the committee on agriculture, and in the second he was a member of the judiciary committee, and the committee on election of president, vice-president, and representatives in congress, being chairman of one of the standing sub-committees of the former. He made several speeches during his term of service, which were published and extensively circulated, and came to be regarded as one of the best-informed and argumentative debaters of his party in the house.

General Baker is prominent in the Masonic fraternity, being a Knight Templar and a noble of the Mystic Shrine. He is also a member of the New Hampshire Club of Boston, of the New Hampshire Historical Society, in whose work he takes a deep interest, and to which he has materially contributed, and of the Sons of the American Revolution. He is a member of the Pembroke Academy and Dartmouth College Alumni associations, and is also president



RESIDENCE OF GEN. HENRY M. BAKER.

of the same. He has been for several years a member of Bow Grange, and is also a member of Merrimack County Pomona Grange.

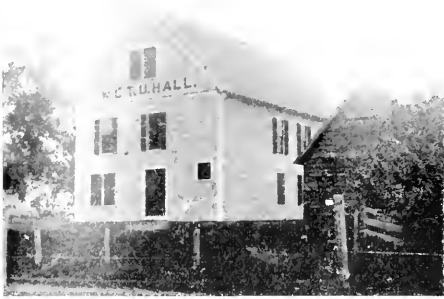
A few years since General Baker became interested in the development of the water power at Garvin's Falls, the only power of importance within the limits of the town, and one of the best on the Merrimack river in point of fact, which had never been utilized at all, until 1883, when a pulp mill was erected there by Brown, Moore & Co., and operated quite extensively for several years, the town having voted the year previous to exempt from taxation for a term of ten years manufacturing capital exceeding ten thousand dollars. The old "Bow canal," constructed in the early part of the century to facilitate navigation at this point, and which still remains intact, was utilized for the company's purposes. From some cause or other operations were suspended a few years later, and soon after, as has been suggested, General Baker, realizing the value and importance of this power, interested himself therein, and set about the organization of a company to further its development. This company, of which he was president, was known as the Garvin's Falls Power Company, and finally sold its interest to the New England Electric Light Company, which a few months since consolidated with the Manchester Electric Light Company.

It may be remarked right here that the power at this point is vastly superior to that at Sewall's Falls, the fall in the river being twenty-eight feet here against fourteen there. Had the money invested at Sewall's Falls, by Concord capitalists and

others, been expended in improving Garvin's Falls instead, a good factory plant might have been established, and unfailing and unlimited light and power have also been secured for Concord and points below at the same time.

The only other water power of any consequence in Bow is that on the Turkey river at "Bow Mills," in the northerly part of the town, some two and a half miles south of the state house in Concord, which is now largely owned by General Baker. He owns the old grist and sawmill, formerly known as Brown's mills, and, still earlier as Dustin's mills, the same having been the property of his maternal grandfather, Ebenezer Dustin. Below this is another power which runs a sawmill, owned jointly by General Baker and Mark Upton. Still lower down the stream are a shingle mill, planing mill, etc., owned by Mr. Upton. Turkey river is fed by Turkey and Turee ponds, and furnishes a good power during the larger part of the year. There is a favorable location here for the establishment of some light manufacturing industry, furnishing employment to a goodly number of people.

Bow Mills is a small settlement containing a few dwellings, a store, post-office, schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, etc. It has no church, but a convenient hall, owned by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, furnishes excellent accommodations for all public gatherings. This hall was erected in 1892, at a cost of something over \$1,600, and is now paid for, the debt of the Union being now only about twenty-two dollars. Lectures and concerts are held here, under the auspices of the Union,



W. C. T. U. Hall.

and the hall is also occupied by Bow Grange, which was instituted Sept. 29, 1892, with thirty-three charter members and D. N. Morgan, master. It is in a most flourishing condition at the present time, with over one hundred members, Charles H. Morgan now being master.

At present this hall is also used by the Methodists for public worship Sunday afternoons, forenoon services



Methodist Church.

being held by the same denomination at the Methodist church, located toward the southerly part of the town, in the section known as the "Bog." There has been a Methodist society in town for some sixty years, and in the early part of its history, in 1842, it gained much strength from a great revival, under the ministry of Rev. James Pike. Elder John Hook, in his early days, also held revivals here, and Revs. Sullivan Holman and Jedediah Abbott were among the preachers heard by these people. Rev. Henry Kandler is the present minister in charge, looking after the interest of both congregations.

Among the best known of the industrious and thrifty farmers for whom Bow is noted, is John B. Baker, elder brother of Gen. Henry M., and son of Aaron W. and Nancy (Dustin) Baker, born on the Baker homestead, April 6, 1834. He was educated in the common school and at the old Pembroke "Gymnasium," and engaged in agriculture on the home farm, devoting himself particularly to dairying, which he pursued with marked success up to 1892, when he removed to a small but productive farm, purchased by his brother, General Baker, near the Concord line, formerly known as the Oliver Bailey place, of which he has since had the management, together with valuable outlands, General Baker also making his home here.

Mr. Baker is a Republican in politics and a Universalist in religion. He has served as town treasurer and represented Bow in the legislature of 1897-'98, serving as a member of the committee on revision of the Statutes.



John B. Baker



Residence of Andrew Noyes.



Hon. Walter Putney.

He is an active and interested member of the Patrons of Husbandry, having joined Hooksett Grange before the order was established in Bow, and withdrawing subsequently to join Bow Grange, in which he has served as overseer.

November 14, 1865, Mr. Baker united in marriage with Miss Sarah Jane Locke. They have had two sons, the younger dying at the age of thirteen. The elder, Rufus H., born March 16, 1870, is a graduate of the Concord High School, and of Dartmouth College, class of 1893, and is now a practising attorney-at-law in Concord. He married Grace L. Tuck of Concord, and they have two children.

HON. WALTER PUTNEY, the only resident of Bow, aside from General Baker, to be elected to the state senate, is a native of the town, a son of David and Mary (Brown) Putney, born July 26, 1845. He was educated in the common school and at Hopkinton academy, and has always pursued the avocation of a farmer, in his native town, being among the most prosperous and successful of its many thriving agriculturists. Politically he is a Republican. He has held various town offices and represented Bow in the legislature in 1895, being the first Republican elected in town. In 1898 he was the candidate of his party for senator in the Ninth district, and was elected by a 760



Warren C. Saltmarsh.

majority over William O. Folsom of Henniker, Democrat, and serving on the committees on agriculture, claims, elections, and labor.

Mr. Putney is an Odd Fellow and a Patron of Husbandry, being an active member of Bow Grange. He married Ida F. Cilley, and they have three children,—Maude L., Alice N., and Richard C. Putney.

In the southerly part of the town, well down the river toward Hooksett, is the old Noyes homestead, now occupied by Andrew Noyes, a typical, old-time, all-around farmer, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Buntin) Noyes, and a descendant of Rev. James Noyes who came from England in 1634, and settled in Newbury,

Mass., where he was pastor, and died in 1656. John Noyes, born in 1744, built the house which Andrew now occupies, and the elm trees around it were set out more than a hundred years ago.

Mr. Noyes was born March 3, 1823, and has always resided on the old farm. He married Saluria, daughter of Hiram and Martha (Sargent) Colby of Bow, November 1, 1849. They had one son, Hiram, born October 18, 1851, who died February 27, 1893. Mr. Noyes has always been a Democrat in politics. He served as a member of the board of selectmen in 1862, 1863, and 1867, and represented the town in the legislature in 1885. He is a member of



John H. Burroughs

Friendship Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F., and of Hooksett Grange, P. of H.

Still farther down the river, near the Hooksett line, is the home of another enterprising, prosperous farmer, WARREN C. SALTMARSH. Mr. Saltmarsh is a native of Hooksett, a son of Gilman Saltmarsh, born January 15, 1847. He removed with his father to Bow in 1854, and has since resided in town. His father died April 25, 1899, and his brother, Orren C. Saltmarsh, resides on the homestead.

Mr. Saltmarsh is an active Republican and interested in public affairs. He has served as supervisor of the checklist in Bow five years, four years as selectman, as collector, town treas-

urer four years, member of the school board nine years, and represented the town in the last legislature. He has been twice married,—first to Amelia E. Chase, of North Stockholm, N. Y., by whom he had three children,—Perry E., who died at three years of age; Fred W., American Express agent at Suncook, and Ernest W., assistant freight agent at the same place. After the death of his first wife he married Miss Julia A. Gault of Bow.

Residing in the northwest corner of the town, or North Bow, are two brothers, John H. and Edwin P. Burroughs, who rank well up among the prosperous farmers who know how to make their business "pay."



Residence of John H. Burroughs.

JOHN H. BURROUGHS, third son of Alfred and Mariah (Corning) Burroughs, was born in Londonderry, June 13, 1845, and removed with his parents to Bow, at the age of three years, where he has since had his home with the exception of sixteen

years, when he was a resident of the adjoining town of Dunbarton. He married Miss Helen M. Baker, daughter of Luke Baker, of Dunbarton, and they have had born to them four children,—Sherman E., now a lawyer of Manchester; Evelyn,



Residence of Edwin P. Burroughs



The White Farm—Jersey Herd.

who married Frank H. Sargent of Milwaukee, Wis.; J. Russell, a civil engineer, now employed by the Boston & Maine railroad, and Martha Grace, who resides at home. Mr. Burroughs and his family are members of the Episcopal church at North Dunbarton. In politics he is a Republican. He has served his town several years as selectman, member of the board of education, and as representative in 1893-'94. He is a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Concord.

EDWIN P. BURROUGHS was born in the house where he now lives in 1859, and educated in the district schools. He has always resided at home, and has made extensive improvements upon the place which was originally the old Cavis farm, built in 1806. It now embraces 220 acres of land lying partly in three towns, but mainly in Bow.

He has made a specialty of dairying, and keeps a fine herd of from twenty to twenty-five Jerseys and Holsteins. Mr. Burroughs married Hattie, daughter of Charles and Emma (Tucker) Green of Hopkinton, and they have two daughters, Bessie and Shirley.

One of the best-known farms in Merrimack county is the White farm in Bow, made specially notable by the successful breeding and dairying operations of the late HENRY K. WHITE, son of Daniel White, who was born September 21, 1832, and has always lived thereon. This place is on the highway leading from Concord to Manchester, one mile south of Bow Mills, and embraces 150 acres of land, reaching to the Merrimack at Garvin's Falls, with a substantial set of buildings. Mr. White established a superior herd of pure-blood Jerseys, and their product, in the form



REV. MARY BAKER EDDY.

Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.

of "White's Jersey Cream," has come to be an article of prime necessity in many households. Mr. White died last December, and the farm passed into the possession of his nephew, D. WALDO WHITE, son of David and Charlotte (Page) White, who was born in Concord, June 30, 1864, graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of 1887; was for eight years superintendent of construction and electrician for the Concord Street railway, and is now engaged in the flour, hay, and grain trade in Concord, at the old Frank Coffin stand. He holds his legal residence in Bow, and was chosen moderator at the last biennial election. He is a Republican in politics, a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of Bow Grange, of which he is a past master. He married Eva M. Colby, by whom he has two daughters, Una Goodell and Irene B.

Upon an eminence, southeasterly from Bow Mills, is CAMP WEETAMOO, the home of the "OUTING CLUB," of

Concord, a young ladies' organization formed for the laudable object of promoting out-door recreation among its members. It commands a beautiful view of the city of Concord and a wide extent of surrounding country.

In the years to come the town of Bow will undoubtedly be mainly noted as the birthplace of that remarkable woman, MARY BAKER EDDY, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and author of the text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," daughter of Mark and Abigail Baker, who was born within its limits, on what is still known as the Baker farm, July 16, 1821, a comprehensive sketch of whose career and work, by Judge S. J. Hanna, appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for October, 1896. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist among men as to the merits or demerits of the remarkable system of religious philosophy of which she is the recognized author, there is no question as to its wonder-



Camp Weetamoo, the Home of the Outing Club.

ful influence, commanding as it has parts of the world, and whose ranks the recognition and adherence of vast are rapidly increasing from year to numbers of intelligent people in all year.

THE DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By Jessie C. Chamberlin.

How falls thy thought in rounded perfectness
Among our ragged earth-irregularities,—
No sawing edges rudely jagging through,
No angry angles, no extremities,
No contradicting curves! It holds its own
Amid our wayward lines, all tenderly,
As soft as dewdrop, yet as firm as pearl.

A spheric truthfulness is thine, that fills
All sides of thought proportionately round;
A sympathy that, soluble to tears,
Resolves our frozen facts to forms of love;
While all thy cosmic comprehensiveness
Is moulded, by a moderation meek,
To satisfying symmetry of soul.

Fell not in such sufficing fulness, once,
The ancient manna from the Hebrew skies,
Supplying to the hungry wants of men
The orbéd sweetness of fulfilled desire?

SUGGESTIONS ON BOYS' READING.

By Raymond D. Hazen.



THE subject of boys' reading is one that has been given but little serious attention until recently, and now the impulse in the right direction is coming from the public school rather than from the home. New ideas in pedagogy are accomplishing much in forming the reading habit in boys who would otherwise have failed to acquire it, and in providing them with a good grade of reading matter. But the scope of the teacher, at best, is limited. The

opportunity of the parent is vastly superior to that of any teacher however enthusiastic, as the most of a boy's reading is of necessity done at a time when the teacher's influence can be but little felt.

The reading habit, the value of which no one will dispute, must be acquired in youth, if at all. Admitting frequent and conspicuous exceptions, this rule is, nevertheless, generally true. It is an equally general proposition that the taste for superior literature can be most

easily acquired between the ages of ten and sixteen. Further in this connection it should not be overlooked that there are many good books which can only be thoroughly enjoyed by boys under sixteen. There are tales of romance and adventure that thrill the boyish heart with a pleasure he can not find in later years, try as he may. Such books are a boy's rightful heritage and he who fails to know and appreciate them is cheated of his birth-right. Such a book is "Ivanhoe." It is read and enjoyed, to be sure, by adults, but not with the fascination and keen relish of a boy whose illusions are as yet undisputed and to whom the glamour of life is more real than the real.

Do not, however, aim too high at first lest you miss the mark entirely. A boy can not with profit be forced into reading books he does not like. Great care must be taken to suggest only such books as will interest, and never to force a book, however meritorious in itself, on a boy who cannot enjoy it. For under these circumstances he will soon regard reading as a task, instead of in its true and proper light. Many a boy who might have acquired the reading habit to his own great later pleasure and profit has been estranged from it by being given books he could not appreciate.

I know a lady of unusual education and culture, active in the literary life of her community, who, anxious to benefit the boys and girls of her town, invited them to her home and gave them a very excellent talk on the choice of books. Her audience was made up of boys and girls from ten to sixteen years old.

She gave them a talk that would undoubtedly have been highly beneficial to mature men and women. At the close she gave each of them a neatly printed list of books that she especially recommended them to read. I remember the names of Shakespeare, Thoreau, Isaak Walton, and several other justly celebrated poets and essayists. Unless I am greatly mistaken there was not a novelist on the list. By questioning some of these boys later I became convinced that her advice had been of little practical value. To use a figure of Lord Macaulay's upon a different subject, "She drew a good bow, but like Acastes in Virgil, aimed at the stars and therefore, though there was no lack of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was, indeed, followed by a streak of dazzling radiance but it struck nothing."

As a child cannot learn to walk at once but goes through the intermediate stage of creeping, so we must not expect children to attain the heights of literature at a single bound. They must rather "mount the ladder round by round." Reading is not a natural but an acquired habit. Better for a boy to read dime novels, detestable as they are, than to never read at all. For a taste for reading once acquired, a taste for good reading may be developed. I once knew a boy, who, at sixteen, had never read a book in his life, notwithstanding the efforts of his parents who had repeatedly procured for him books that would have interested most boys. Even Poe's "Gold Bug" failed to hold his attention to the conclusion, but he read "The Adventures of Sherlock

Holmes" with avidity. A taste for reading once formed, a great deal is accomplished, though much care is required to raise the standard of books without lessening the interest in them.

There are many so-called boys' authors, boys' books, etc., and while I would not disparage such books or authors yet I think there are books not written especially for boys that nevertheless interest them more, and are more beneficial in their influence than these "juveniles." I have known but few boys who did not prefer a stirring tale like Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," or "Deerslayer," to the adventures and achievements of any ordinary youth. Unreal as the former stories are in some of the authors' conceptions, they are not so repugnant to a boy's common sense as the glaring unrealities of the latter.

Though a trifle too full of description to quite suit youthful taste, Cooper is a delightful author for boys. In addition to the books I have mentioned I would add "The Pathfinder," "The Pilot," and "The Spy." The latter has considerable historical value. Some people would have boys read nothing but books of an historical character. In this they certainly err. Because meat is a nutritious and well-nigh necessary article of diet we do not think of living on meat exclusively, so in reading we require the entrees and even the desserts of literature.

I do not believe any boy was ever harmed by reading "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn,"—do I hear some reader sarcastically say "and 'Peck's Bad Boy?'" I should most certainly repudiate such an amend-

ment. These books differ radically in character. Mark Twain's boys are invariably manly, generous, kind-hearted, and truthful, as they understand truth. Few writers have understood boys as Mark Twain does and few authors have portrayed more real, wholesome boys than he. I would much prefer one of Mark Twain's boys with all his faults to one of the Little Lord Fauntleroy type. I think he would make a better man. For what is a man worth if he be not manly? However, I would not place much real constructive value on such books. They are serviceable because they are extremely interesting to every real boy, and, judiciously mingled, contribute to variety.

Scott has written many books that interest boys. If I were to mention one or two where all are preëminently good I should say "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and "Quentin Durward." A good many boys like "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" when fairly into the action of the poems. Boys generally prefer adventures to love stories, and this is well though I should not go to the extreme practised by our greatest juvenile paper of leaving out entirely this department of fiction. Few boys will stick to Dickens's "Copperfield" or Thackeray's "Esmond." This is a great pity as they are two of the finest types to hold before any boy's mind, and the influence of such books cannot but be extremely beneficial.

The Henty books have a certain sort of merit. They are calculated to interest boys and their historical setting makes them of value. Among the really valuable books we must

not overlook those two excellent stories by Thomas Hughes, "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." Much has been said but too much cannot be said of their fine manly tone and wholesome morality. Stevenson is an excellent boy's author. I pity the boy, if such there be, who does not exult in the thrilling adventure of "Treasure Island." Jules Verne and Rider Haggard are fascinating authors, but of doubtful value. "Allen Quartermain" and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" are, perhaps, not harmful in themselves, but are so highly colored as to render less imaginative books dull. A result to be seriously deplored.

Although a boy's taste should be carefully cultivated yet there is a certain individuality of taste, a natural bent of the mind that we should develop and be extremely careful not to destroy. That is, if a boy shows special interest in the books of any good author, let him read all of that author's publications that he will, even if he be neglecting for the time other standard authors. If the vine be too closely trimmed it will not thrive.

These hints do not prescribe any

regular course of reading or of books, but rather authors and principles. No rigid, inelastic course could be successfully laid down for boys as boys' minds are not all run in the same mould.

The books I have mentioned are such as appeal to boys' hearts and imaginations and hold up to their admiration examples of courage and manliness. There are many books of this sort, among many I would mention Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys," Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolboy," Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and the "Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter. These are, to be sure, in no sense classics, though "Lorna Doone" holds a considerable place in literature. It is not natural for a boy to have sufficient maturity or mental development to enjoy "Sartor Resartus," "Faust," or even "The Autocrat." I think I should be distrustful of a boy who did. I know I should pity such abnormal precocity. Rather let him begin with the books suited to his years and understanding, and if his reading be judiciously guided, in later life he will find little in literature which is beautiful and enduring that he cannot appreciate and enjoy.

SWEET SLEEP.

By Hervey Lucius Woodward.

When the day is far spent
And the night is at hand,—
When the soul is oppressed
As if bound by a band,—

When the shades of the night
Fall refreshingly down,
And the whip-poor-will's cry
Is heard thro' the town,

Then in rapture I gaze
On the bright blue above,—
Then I flee to sweet sleep
With the speed of a dove.

A NIGHT IN AN ASYLUM.

[Copyright by the author.]

By John Lenox Pender.



EARLY in December, in one of the closing years of the last century, John Hay arrived in Boston, fresh from the little city of Baymore, which nestles snugly on the bold and picturesque shores of the Pine tree state, where he had passed the greater portion of his life.

He was twenty-five years of age and a powerful young fellow, equipped for his battle with life, in a large city, with good health, a fairly liberal education, and a fair amount of brains, but with very little ready cash in his pocket.

He was one of a large family of children, whom his parents, by dint of a hard struggle, had managed to help to a college course. After graduating at Dartmouth he had returned to the home of his boyhood and engaged in newspaper work in which he had been quite successful, and this, in connection with outside enterprises, had proved highly remunerative.

But young Hay had the failing of being good-natured, and utterly unable to say "no," so he had fallen in with a fast crowd and been a hail-fellow-well-met, with the result that when in a fit of pique he had thrown up his comfortable and lucrative position on the Baymore *Daily Leader*, and struck out for the city, he had,

after settling his debts, a very small sum.

On his arrival in the city he speedily settled himself in a room at a south end lodging house, paying more for it than the state of his finances really would allow, and after purchasing a meal ticket at a cheap restaurant, he began comfortably to look about for something to do, thinking in his ignorance of the city that this would be very easy to procure.

He first tried the city dailies, but speedily found that, while he had been looked up to in Baymore as a great and shining light in the journalistic field, his fame had not preceded him to Boston, and the papers were overwhelmed with applications from really good men out of work.

On one paper he was promised a position as space writer at an early date, but he had not money enough with him to keep him until that time. So, that avenue closed, he scanned the "Help Wanted" columns of the *Globe* and *Herald* for several days, in the hope of finding some position for which he was fitted, but without success.

He had begun to despair when on picking up the *Herald* one morning he ran across an advertisement reading as follows :

Wanted—A young man as companion to an invalid in a sanitarium. College graduate or trained nurse preferred. Liberal compensation. Apply to QZ, Herald office.

This was not exactly in Hay's line, but he was by this time reduced to a condition, both in mind and pocket-book, that he was willing to grasp at anything that gave promise of a living.

He replied to the advertisement, stating his qualifications for the position, and the next day received in return a letter in feminine hand writing asking him to call at a number on Commonwealth avenue at two o'clock that afternoon.

He kept the appointment, and on presenting his card was ushered into the presence of a very pleasant looking old lady.

She told him that the invalid was her son, that he was a little queer on some subjects, and it had been thought best to have him cared for at the sanitarium kept by Dr. S—, which stands in one of the pleasantest of Boston's suburbs.

He seemed to please the old lady by his conversation, and in a very brief space of time found himself engaged as companion to her son at a compensation so large that he was surprised at its generosity, and was instructed to report at the asylum at four o'clock that afternoon.

He was punctual to the minute, and found the sanitarium to be a large and handsome building, although somewhat gloomy-looking, built of granite, with spacious grounds around it, encircled by a very high iron fence, over which it would be a physical impossibility for any one to climb.

He ascended the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by an attendant to whom he stated his business and was admitted, although Hay fancied that the man smiled

rather peculiarly at him. However, he was young and strong, and so far in life had not known what fear was, so he flattered himself that even should it chance that his patient was a dangerous lunatic he could handle him.

However, he did not have much time to think the matter over as he was conducted immediately to the private apartments occupied by the invalid, and was shown into the presence of Mr. George Van Ryke, which he had been told was the name of the unfortunate.

The guide retired immediately, locking the door behind him, and Hay was left standing gazing at a man who had arisen from an easy chair at their approach, and who evidently had been engrossed in reading.

Van Ryke was apparently young, not more than five and thirty, and had a pleasant, intelligent countenance very like that of his mother. The only striking features about him were his eyes, which were of a deep brilliant green, and his hair, which was very long and thick and perfectly white.

He stood silently looking Hay over while he explained that he was the companion engaged by his mother for him; then he motioned him to be seated and resumed his own chair.

He sat silently for some minutes, a period which Hay improved by gazing about the apartments and observing their arrangements. There were three rooms, the large one in which they were at present, and which it was evident was used as a sitting- and lounging-room, and two smaller rooms, which were handsomely furnished as bed-rooms. All

were furnished in excellent taste, although in magnificent style, and reminded Hay more of rich bachelor's quarters in the city than of apartments in an insane asylum, so pleasant and homelike were they.

Hay was recalled from his musings by his companion who was speaking in a singularly pleasant and well-modulated voice. He questioned Hay in regard to himself and seemed well satisfied with the replies he received. Then in return he spoke of himself and told his new companion that he was a graduate of Harvard, and had later pursued his studies in Germany.

They were interrupted in their conversation by the advent of two ample waiters who brought in an excellent supper, to which both did full justice.

After the meal was over and the dishes carried away again, Van Ryke took a well-seasoned brier pipe down from the rack over his head and passing another to Hay invited him to join him in a smoke, which he did gladly.

They passed a very pleasant evening together, during which the invalid astonished his companion with his wide range of knowledge on all subjects. He was an enthusiast on art and well posted on all of the ancient and modern masters. He was also a linguist of no mean distinction, and had evidently traveled in all quarters of the globe. He was well informed on all of the leading and vital questions of the day, and in addition to these proved himself to be a thorough musician, and entertained Hay with selections on the various musical instruments with which the room abounded, winding up by singing a solo in a rich bari-

tone voice and accompanying himself on the piano.

In the thorough enjoyment of his society Hay almost lost sight of the relations they held to each other, as his companion proved to be one of the most charming of men. The fact was only called to his mind once during the evening, when Van Ryke turned suddenly to him after an interval of silence and abruptly queried, "Do you think me mad?"

Hay was about to respond that he certainly had not that appearance, when he continued: "I am not insane although they say I am. I am simply an advanced student many years ahead of the present generation. While electricity is still in its infancy, with Edison, Tesla, and Marconi carrying on their puny experiments, I have followed it out to the end, and have discovered what the rest of the universe will not know for fifty years to come. Yet I have taken a fancy to you and will share with you the knowledge which I have only acquired after years of patient research."

With these words he abruptly changed the subject and struck off into a discussion of one of the economic questions which was then attracting much attention throughout the country, and regarding which he expressed some very original and bright opinions as to its solution, and in following his line of reasoning with interest Hay speedily forgot his strange words.

At length he signified his intention of retiring, and indicating one of the bed-rooms he informed Hay that it was to be his chamber. The latter entered it, closing the door, and then more from force of habit than from

any fear of his companion, locked it with key and bolt, with both of which it was provided.

He was speedily undressed and between the sheets of what seemed one of the most luxurious of beds, and fell asleep almost immediately. His repose was both sweet and dreamless, until he had been in bed about two hours as near as he can judge, when he awoke with a start and became suddenly conscious of another presence in the room. Then he beheld standing at his bedside, in dim and shadowy substance, the image of his companion, the insane man. His expression was still kindly as in the afternoon, and when Hay was thoroughly awake he said :

"I told you I would reveal to you a portion of my secrets, and I have come to fulfil my promise."

Hay glanced at the door. It was still locked and bolted, and he remembers dimly wondering how he had entered the room, but felt absolutely no fear. In a moment he stretched out his hand towards Hay. As he did so a blue flame seemed to dart from the end of his forefinger towards Hay. The latter was conscious of a slight shock, and in an instant was up beside Van Ryke in the room as dim and shadowy as himself.

He was conscious of a joyful lightness and involuntarily glanced towards the bed. There he saw himself again in substance, but looking cold and corpse like.

"Now then," said his companion, "you can see for yourself that I have attained the knowledge of how, by the aid of electricity, to separate the spiritual from the material body, and in this shape I have explored all

parts of the universe. To-night I am going to take you a short journey that you may see for yourself also some of the mysteries that I am called mad for trying to explain to the world."

As he spoke the walls seemed to fade from around them, and to Hay it seemed that they were sinking down with incredible speed into the bowels of the earth, which opened below them as they descended and closed above them. At last, after going an interminable distance, it seemed, very swiftly, they came out into a vast open space in which the glare of light blinded Hay momentarily and the heat was almost intolerable, although they hovered near the edge of the cavern.

When he was able he gazed about him and beheld a scene which defies description. In the center of the huge amphitheatre was a vast burning lake which was fed by a myriad of loathsome looking monsters, with great red, hairy bodies, who from time to time scraped off from the roof and sides of the cavern great quantities of rocks and earth with long handled rakes and shoveled it into the fire, which devoured it with insatiable greed as though it were so much dry pine wood.

All around the burning lake were seated row upon row of shadowy beings like themselves, but of more grotesque shape it seemed to Hay, and the cries of anguish and agony from this vast concourse as the heat scorched and shriveled them filled the cavern, and their lamentations were painful to listen to, seeming to ascend, as they undoubtedly did, from the eternally damned.

As Hay hovered on the outskirts

of the circle he was struck by the familiar appearance of one of the persons in the rear row, and as he gazed he recognized it to be the spirit of a departed church deacon from Baymore, with whose hypocrisy he had been cognizant long before his death. The smallness and meanness of his miserable soul was now apparent in all its true inwardness.

"My friend," at length spoke his companion, "you have had a brief glimpse of the eternal punishment. Is it enough? Then come."

As he concluded speaking they seemed again to be flying through space, this time upwards, and shortly they again entered Hay's chamber. Here Van Ryke extended his hand. Again the blue flame. Then blankness.

When Hay awakened it was daylight and he was lying very comfortably in bed, but with very vivid recollections of the events of the night.

He arose, performed his ablutions, and dressed, thinking seriously all the while. Then he unlocked and opened the door leading into the sitting-room. Van Ryke was seated in his easy chair reading. He arose and welcomed Hay with a smile, but neither referred in any way to the experience they had passed through.

Breakfast was soon served, and after eating it Hay informed his companion that he had made up his mind to give up his position. Van Ryke showed no surprise but seemed somewhat disappointed. He did not, however, press him to stay, but summoned an attendant, and Hay was speedily in the presence of Dr. S—.

He explained to the latter that he did not care to continue in his ca-

capacity at the sanitarium. The doctor was not at all surprised. In fact he told Hay that every companion engaged for Mr. Van Ryke during his stay at the sanitarium, and he had been there for two months, had left after a very short stay. He was curious in regard to the cause of this going, but as Hay was not at all sure that he had not had a nightmare induced by his companion's strange words of the evening, he was not disposed to enlighten him, and he got scant satisfaction.

On his return to the city Hay took the trouble to look up two of the former companions of Van Ryke, and by cautious questioning became convinced that they had also undergone some peculiar experiences while in that capacity.

Hay was lucky enough to get another position that day, and as weeks passed by the adventure began to fade from his memory until one day his attention was attracted to the following paragraph in the *Globe*:

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

At an early hour this morning George Van Ryke, a wealthy young Boston man who was temporarily an inmate of Dr. S—'s sanitarium, and his paid companion, were found dead in their apartments there, having evidently been killed by a stroke of lightning, although the sky was cloudless last night. A blue spot on the end of Mr. Van Ryke's right fore finger and a similar spot on his companion's forehead showed where the fatal fluid entered.

Details as to family and funeral arrangements followed.

Hay has wondered many times since then if it was a stroke of lightning that killed the two men, or whether at last one of George Van Ryke's mysterious experiments had failed.

IN THE FOREST.

By C. C. Lord.

Grots and avenues of shade—
How the soul grows weird in feeling !
Mystic forms the scene invade,
Through the leafy cloisters stealing.

List the breath that fills the trees,
Teeming fancy gently flowing ;
Whispers float upon the breeze,
Accents hushed of thoughts all-knowing.

Light and shadow, lisping air—
Now the mythic theme is waking !
Nymphs serene and dryads fair,
Each a seal divine is breaking.

AMONG THE GRANITE HILLS.

By Frances A. Fox.

A narrow strip of country road,
Grass-grown and softly shaded
By birch and beech and fragrant pines,
With maples interladed—
Above, the bright blue sky looks in,
In fancy-broken spaces—
And here and there the sunbeams kiss
The flowers' tender faces.

Deep in the woods, a joyous song
From feathered songsters ringing,
And by the moss grown rocks the ferns
Their dainty plumes are swinging,
And over all, there comes a thought,
Of love and peace and glory,
Reflection of the Infinite,
Harmonious and holy.

NECROLOGY

HON. NATHAN R. PERKINS.

Nathan Randall Perkins, born in Middleton, Dec. 13, 1828, died at Jefferson, July 26, 1900.

Mr. Perkins was engaged in farm work in boyhood, and was afterwards employed in the mills and at stone work in Manchester, enjoying limited educational advantages. Subsequently he went to Lancaster, where he learned blacksmithing, and also for a time attended Lancaster academy. In May, 1832, in company with L. M. Rosebrook, of whom he learned the blacksmith's trade, he began the erection of the Summit House, the first hotel on Mt. Washington, which was completed, and of which he had full charge the following year, making many additions.

In 1854 he purchased the farm in Jefferson, on which he ever after resided, and where he died, and on May 22 of that year was united in marriage with Elizabeth C. Hicks, by whom he had one son, Manasseh, born in October, 1855, who survives with his mother, and who is the president of the Jefferson Hotel and Lumber Company, and who represented the town of Jefferson in the legislature of 1885-'86. Mr. Perkins continued blacksmithing in connection with his farming operations, and prospered in both lines. In 1860 he bought the Jefferson mills property and rebuilt the saw- and gristmills, erected a starch factory and conducted these three enterprises for twenty years with great financial success.

About 1868, Mr. Perkins purchased some 3,000 acres of timber land from the estate of Canning Williams, known as the Governor Williams purchase, and at once began to survey it, having done much field work in this profession. In 1872 he was engaged in laying out the Whitefield and Jefferson railroad, and attended to all the civil engineering required by the main road and its lumber branches. In 1872 he purchased three fourths of Lowe and Burbank's grant. Upon the organization of Brown's Lumber company in 1874, Mr. Perkins became a member, and has since been in charge of its interests in Jefferson and the "woods." He was the second president of the company. He superintended the entire building of the railroad, laying out and putting up the camps, surveyed the land, let contracts for getting out timber, etc., etc. He had been for years president of the Whitefield and Jefferson road.

Politically Mr. Perkins was a lifelong Democrat and one of the most prominent leaders of the party in northern New Hampshire for more than thirty years. He held many important public offices, representing his town five terms in the legislature, serving five terms as county commissioner, as a member of the constitutional conventions in 1876, and as a member of the executive council under both Governors Straw and Weston. He was an active member of the Masonic order, both



HARVEY'S LAKE AND ISLAND, NORTHWOOD, N. H.

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NORTHWOOD: A TOWN OF LAKES.

[Illustrated from photographs by O. M. James and others.]

By J. M. Moses.



NORTHWOOD received its first literary introduction to the world from the pen of that gifted New Hampshire authoress, Sarah J. Hale. Her first important work was a purpose novel, written to promote a better understanding between the people of the northern and southern sections of the country, with the hope of contributing to the solution of the slavery problem. It was written in 1827. Its title was "Northwood; or Life North and South." Its scene was laid in Northwood. The book is now forgotten and hard to find; but it attracted much attention in its day. It was even reprinted in England,—a rare honor for an American book of that time,—and thus introduced our humble township to the people of both hemispheres.

Mrs. Hale correctly located Northwood as lying about midway on the turnpike between Concord and Portsmouth, and made Pleasant pond and a mountain to the east its most

prominent physical features. Aside from these particulars, she could not have given much attention to the topography. At any rate, the Northwood of to-day differs widely from the Northwood of the story. It is amusing to read of the adventures of the hero on the mountain, where he "rolled down huge rocks, listening as they bounded thundering from crag to crag, till they fell dashing in the waters below." Saddleback now rears its gentle swell several miles east of the lake. The lake now empties to the north, instead of the east; and it no longer performs the optical miracle of resembling a "burnished sheet of living gold" when seen from the west at sunset. The South Parish, in which the characters of the story lived, has disappeared not only from the town, but from the memory of all the inhabitants. Finally, Lake Pleasant, by agreement of the officers of Northwood and Deerfield, has come to be regarded as lying wholly within the territory of the latter town, although by their acts of in-

corporation Deerfield had only "the Lands and Settlers west of Pleasant Pond," and Northwood was made to be "bounded southwesterly on Deerfield line."

Northwood is so rich in lakes that



A View of Suncook Lake.

it can easily bear the merely nominal loss of one of them. Lakewood should now be its name, for it is noted for lakes rather than for high latitude, and is rich in forests as well as lakes. Of the latter, ten lie within its limits and on its borders, viz., Suncook, Pleasant, Harvey, Bow, Little Bow, Durgin, Long, Jenness, Morrison, and North river. There is an extensive forest tract surrounding Little Bow, and extending from Bow to Jenness and Harvey lakes,—a remnant of the feature that gave the town its name. The land is level as compared with the towns to the north and west, though there is a rugged section in the south. The roads are mostly of easy grade. The height above sea-level varies from 512 feet at Suncook lake to about 700 feet at the Ridge. Saddle-back rises 1,032 feet,—a very modest altitude compared with elevations farther inland, yet it is the highest land in Rockingham county, excepting a spur of Nottingham mountain

in Deerfield, and the highest on the Atlantic coast, south of Maine, so near the sea. The outlook from its summit extends over nearly the whole of Rockingham and Strafford counties, reaching far into Maine and out over the ocean.

Northwood was of late settlement and incorporation. It was erected into a township February 6, 1773, having been previously a part of Nottingham. It had retained its forest condition longer than the land about it and had come to be known as the North Woods of Nottingham. Its poverty in water-power may have retarded its settlement and clearing. It is a dividing ridge or watershed, sending its streams in four different directions, feeding the North river on the east, the Suncook on the west, the Isinglass on the north, and the Lamprey on the south. The northern and southern drainage seems to have had no influence on our history, but the eastern and western flows have been typical of the tendencies of our business and social life.



Residence of J. R. Towle.

The earliest settlements were made in 1763, at both East Northwood and the Narrows. At the former place settled Moses Godfrey and John and Increase Batchelder. The first house, that of Godfrey, was on the hill east

of the square. The Batchelders settled west of the church; John, where his descendant, Arthur Batchelder, now lives, and Increase, on the lot of the late Francis Hanson.

To the Narrows came Solomon



Residence of S. S. James.

Bickford, followed two years later by Samuel Johnson. Bickford located where is now the residence of J. R. Towle, known as "First Place." Johnson settled at Johnson Square and later built "Second Place," now the home of D. L. Towle.

Johnson spent his first night on a ledge between two rocks that had been split apart, spreading over them a covering of boughs. This place was long known as the "Old Camp." Close by it he located the family graveyard; and here his ashes repose with those of many of his descendants.

Other early arrivals were Abraham and Samuel Batchelder, John, Simeon and Benjamin Johnson, Jonathan and Taylor Clarke, Thomas and Ebenezer Knowlton, Daniel Hoyt, John Sherburne, Benjamin Hill, and David and Simeon Knowles. In 1775 there were 313 inhabitants.

On the outbreak of the Revolution every man but one signed the Association Test. Northwood took her

full share of the sufferings and sacrifices of that trying time, as well as of later times when the country has been imperiled. Over one hundred of her soldiers were in the War of the Rebellion.

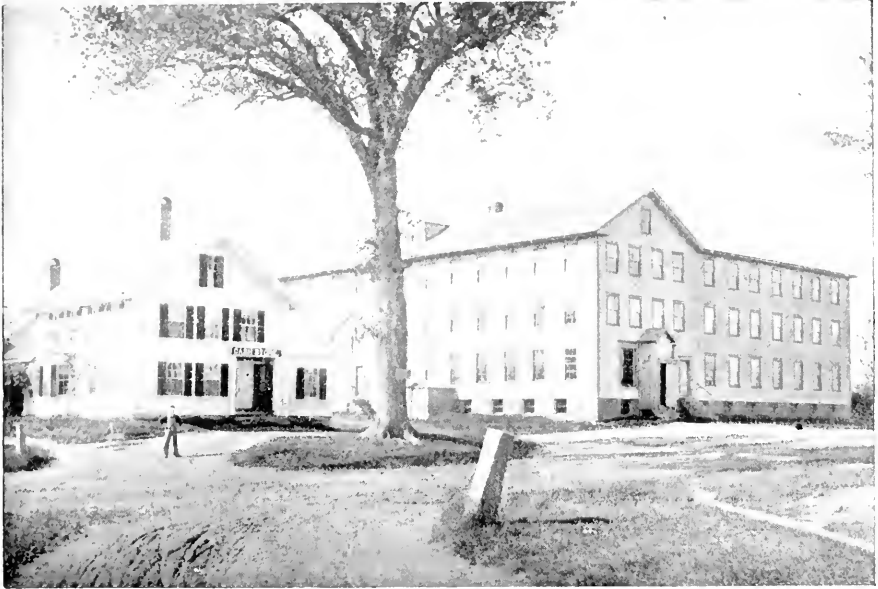
The epoch-making event in the history of the town was the opening of the Concord and Portsmouth turnpike. This was about 1800. It did more for us than the building of a railroad would now do. Portsmouth then had a large commerce and was the principal gateway of entrance to New Hampshire. The turnpike became the chief artery of communication with the interior. Location on this route gave the town a decided advantage. It opened an outlet for products, especially lumber. The scant water-power was now made to do service to its uttermost, running sawmills. At least twelve mill privileges were utilized, although there are no streams that can yield power more than a small part of the year. Five of these water



Sawmill of S. S. James.

sawmills still remain. That owned by Samuel S. James is the oldest.

As Northwood was about midway between Concord and the coast, it was the place where travelers must dine and have their teams fed.



The Pillsbury Shoe Factory and J. E. Batchelder's.

Hotels sprang up. Many distinguished men were entertained, among them Lafayette and President Monroe. Contact with the outside world stimulated enterprise. Our merchants learned to draw trade from the surrounding country, and the town gained a mercantile ascendancy that it has not yet wholly lost. We are still a center of trade in hardware, dry-goods, millinery, and fancy articles, besides being resorted to for legal and medical services, academic education, music, surveying, dentistry, photography, and printing.

With the building of the railroads the turnpike lost its importance as a thoroughfare. Boston usurped the trade of Portsmouth. Northwood was left stranded as a hill town, while the currents of commerce swept by on either side. Still the enterprise of the people proved equal to the new conditions and we suffered no retrogression. About this time was intro-

duced the form of manufacturing, which soon became the industrial distinction of the town.

One of our schoolboys, when asked by his teacher to name the occupations of mankind, replied that there were two, farming and the shoe business. This was merely an amusing projection of home conditions on the world at large. Presumably reflection convinced him that there were some other ways of ministering to human needs; but so far as Northwood was concerned, he had stated the main facts of the situation. For two generations, with every boy not aspiring to mercantile or professional life, the question has been, "To be a farmer or to be a shoemaker?" The majority have chosen shoemaking.

Shoemaking is, of course, as old as civilization. In colonial times the shoemaker went from house to house making shoes for families, and custom shops existed. The ready made,

or sale work was developed early in this century. As early as 1835 some of the more ambitious workmen of this vicinity were making for parties in Haverhill, doing their own freighting. A little later some of our enterprising merchants bought stock and gave out work to their patrons. This was done by Eben Coe and Josiah Lancaster at the Narrows, and by Jacob Knowles and his successors, William and Caverly Knowles, at the Ridge.

Cotton Drake of Pittsfield was our first man to make a specialty of freighting shoes and getting work for others. He drove through Northwood to Hampton, beginning with one horse. Other early freighters were Wm. B. Pinkham and John B. Hill.

It was not till the middle of the century that our shoe business took on the expansion that has since dis-

tinguished it. This development was mainly due to the enterprise of the freighters, who went to Lynn every week with shoes and returned with new stock and the pay for the work of the preceding week.

The leading freighters at this time were Woodbury M. Durgin and Henry Bickford. Later James C. Locke and Lewis E. Kimball were equally prominent. The business spread till there was hardly a house at which one or two members of the family were not engaged in it. It required three four-horse teams, making one trip a week, to carry the shoes and stock between Northwood and Hampton, where connection was made by rail for Lynn. Between 1850 and 1860 it is estimated that on an average two thousand dollars a week were brought into town as wages, and three thousand a week in the decade following.

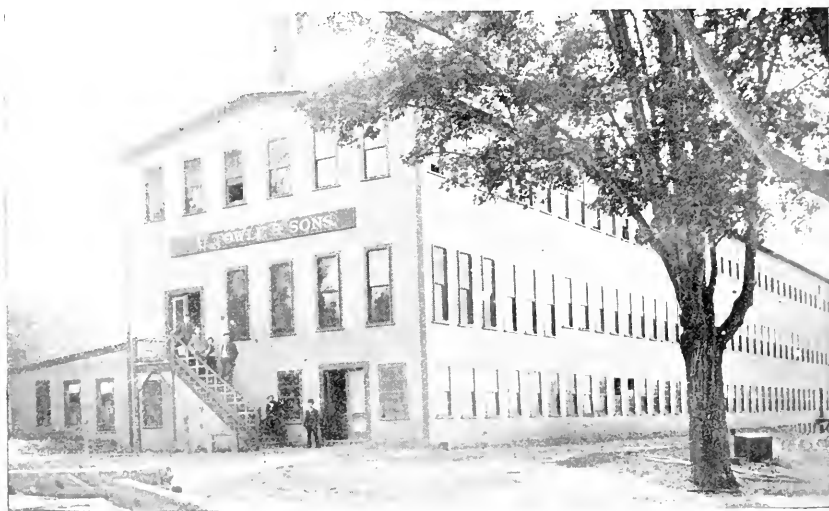


Union Shoe Factory—Blake, Allen & Co.

Our first shoe factory was built at East Northwood in 1866, by John and Alpha Pillsbury, descendants of the Rev. Edmund Pillsbury, the first minister. It was enlarged in 1870, and again in 1874. They built up a flourishing business, paid good wages, and employed an excellent class of workmen. At least two hundred people were employed when the business was at its height, and not

up as a hotel and boarding-house. The business had come to equal the best days of the Pillsbury factory.

In 1885 the Pillsburys left town and their factory was closed. A new and much larger one was immediately built by the citizens, and the firm of Davis & Crafts of Haverhill came to occupy it. They employed two hundred workmen, and the pay-roll amounted to twenty-two hundred dol-



J. R. Towle & Sons' Shoe Factory—Burned in 1895.

less than two thousand dollars a week was paid as wages.

About twenty years ago J. R. Towle with his sons, C. F. and J. A. Towle, started a small shoe factory at the Narrows. His nephew, J. G. Towle, was later associated with him. The business soon broke up, the parties removing to Haverhill. In 1885 the firm of J. R. Towle & Sons returned and began a very lively business, which was rapidly increased. The old factory was repeatedly enlarged, and in 1887 a new one was built. This was soon doubled in capacity and the old factory was fitted

lars a week. They removed to Manchester in 1891, and a home company was formed under the presidency of E. S. Woodbury, which carried on business for four years.

In 1892 Ira Blake of Pittsfield purchased the Pillsbury factory and commenced to operate it. He soon entered into partnership with William Allen of Lynn, under the name of Blake, Allen & Co. Mr. Blake died in 1898 and the business has since been under the management of Mr. Allen. In 1899 it was removed to the new factory built by the citizens.

In 1898 A. R. Hyde started a small

factory at the Narrows, which he still operates, employing an excellent class of workmen and making a very fine shoe.

Our shoe business has had many fluctuations and some serious misfortunes, the greatest being the loss of J. R. Towle & Sons' new factory by fire in 1895. This interrupted business for two years. Since 1897 the J. Arthur Towle Shoe Company has been carrying on business in the old factory. The hand work is still done to a considerable extent, Rev. J. A. Bryant doing most of the freighting. The weekly wages of both factory and hand work for the past winter have been from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars, about one-fifth being paid for hand work, and the rest about equally divided between the factories at the Narrows and East Northwood.

Agriculture has suffered from the withdrawal of the young and from the overshadowing interest in the shoe business; yet we have many thrifty and prosperous farmers. One of them, G. F. Hervey, has had the enterprise to start a private creamery, the "Hilltop," on Bennett's Hill. He makes butter of a superior quality, which finds ready sale. Two granges and two annual fairs are now doing what can be done to revive agricultural interest. We have excellent soil, and butter and cheese can be made as well here as anywhere.

The early settlers were people of strong religious character; but it is remarkable that the orthodoxy of the standing order was not the first public worship to be established. Settlement was most rapid at East Northwood. Here the first store was

opened, the first blacksmith shop, and the first school. Here as early as 1772 the first church edifice was erected. The people were mostly Baptists. July 27, 1773, the Calvin Baptist church was organized, and Rev. Edmund Pillsbury was made teaching elder. He continued to minister to the spiritual needs of the people till 1799, his congregation including not only the people of East Northwood but many from Nottingham and Barrington. He also taught school, and seems to have been a man



Calvin Baptist Church.

of unusual intelligence and liberality.

Among the most eminent of later pastors have been: Rev. Eliphalet Merrill, 1805-1828; Rev. G. B. Ashby, 1833-1840; and Rev. D. Taylor, 1877-1886. The pulpit is at present supplied by Rev. J. E. Dame.

The present church building dates from 1816. It is the best equipped in town, having bell, clock, and pipe organ.

As early as 1780 effort was made to establish Congregational worship at the Center. The first meeting-house there was built in 1781. Ministers were employed for brief periods, the Rev. Mr. Pillsbury preaching half of the time one year. It was not till 1799, contemporaneously with the



Congregational Church.

close of Mr. Pillsbury's labors at East Northwood, that the people were ready to settle a minister. The Congregational church was organized Nov. 29, 1798, and on May 29 of the following year Rev. Josiah Prentice was formally installed as pastor. He was at first employed by the town, but the Baptists were never taxed for his support. He was a man of great piety and learning, commanding the highest respect, and impressing a strong influence on the community. He was pastor forty-two years. During this time the church was greatly prospered and became the strongest in town. In 1840 a new church of rare beauty was built on a new lot near the lake, half of the expense being borne by Mr. and Mrs. Eben Coe and Hon. John Harvey. It is still in use. The front is in the form of a Greek temple with Doric columns, surmounted by a belfry in the form of an altar.

Of the pastors since Mr. Prentice, the longest in office have been Rev. E. C. Cogswell, 1842-1848 and 1865-1876; Rev. Otis Holmes, 1850-1857; Rev. H. C. Fay, 1859-1864 and 1882-1885; Rev. F. L. Small, 1885-1890; and Rev. W. A. Bushee, since 1896.

The Freewill Baptist church was

organized June 4, 1833, through the agency of the Rev. Daniel P. Cilley. It grew rapidly and is now much the largest of our churches. Its edifice, at the Ridge, was erected in 1838, and provided with a very sweet-toned bell, still in use. This building has been several times enlarged and now contains the largest audience room in town. Brief pastorates have been



Free Baptist Church.

the rule, that of Rev. C. L. Pinkham, 1879-1890, being the longest and perhaps the most effective. Of earlier pastors, Rev. E. H. Prescott, 1864-1868, was influential in founding the Seminary. Rev. L. P. Bickford, 1870-1875, is editor of the *Morning Star*. The pastors since 1890 have been Rev. R. L. Howard, 1891-1894; Rev. F. E. Freese, 1894-1897; Rev. C. A. Buker, 1897-1899; Rev. F. E. Carver, since 1899.

The Advent church at the Narrows dates practically from 1854, when Christians of that faith began to hold regular meetings in Union hall; though its formal organization was not effected till Sept. 14, 1881. Rev. John Parsons, ordained in 1860, was regarded as pastor and was duly elected to that office at the organization. He preached generally once a month for over thirty-five years.

Other ministers supplied on most of the intervening Sabbaths and a large liberty of prophesying was allowed to the laity. On the death of Mr. Parsons, in 1896, Rev. J. A. Bryant was chosen his successor. For the past year Rev. C. W. Dockham has been employed on a salary, preaching every Sunday.

A very pretty church was built in 1887, nearly half of the expense being borne by J. R. Towle & Sons.

Of Northwood's ministers the most remarkable was Rev. E. C. Cogswell. He was a man of culture and natural refinement, graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of '38, of lively sympathy and social charm, skilful in the management of young and old, of great versatility and un-

Academy, besides managing a large farm. His return to town in 1865 opened a new era in our educational history.

We had always been keenly alive to the fact that we had heads as well as feet, and that the shoe business was not the chief end, if the chief employment, of man. Our first town meeting had appropriated money for schools and for public worship,—more for the former than for the latter. The district schools had been well supported and there had been occasional terms of select school. It was admitted that we surpassed neighboring towns in the instruction given to the young and in the general intelligence of the people. A high school had long been desired. For a generation efforts had been made at different times to establish one, but the question of location defied settlement. The geographical center was thinly populated. Interest and offers of aid were not equally distributed. Parties proposing to contribute heavily expected proportionate influence in determining the site.

In 1866 Mr. Cogswell succeeded in gaining the coöperation of enough people to start the Academy at the Center. The Congregational society

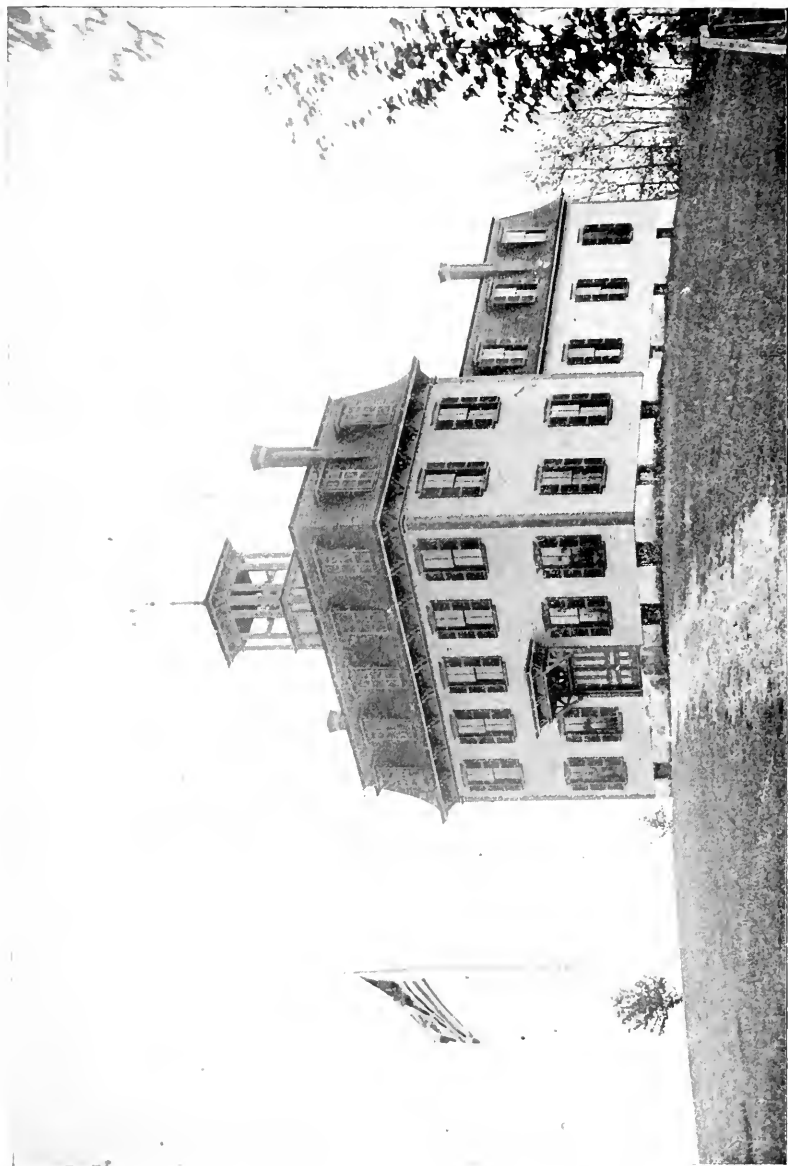


Advent Church.

tiring industry, unselfishly devoted to the highest ends. Monuments of his literary activity are his two large histories, one of New Boston, the other of the towns of Nottingham, Deerfield, and Northwood. From the last many of the facts of this article are derived. For the last ten years of his ministry he not only preached regularly, but taught every day in the



Cogswell Hall.



COE'S ACADEMY.

gave the land on condition of having the right to use the building as a vestry. A modest building was erected and a very flourishing school established. At one time one hundred pupils were enrolled. The Academy soon found a munificent benefactor in the person of Eben S. Coe of Bangor, Maine, a native of Northwood. He gave it a new building on a beautiful lot by the lake, also two boarding-houses and wood lots to supply fuel, and has left it an endowment sufficient to ensure its permanence and efficiency. E. K. Welch, A. B., is the present principal.

Mr. Cogswell did not gain the co-operation of all of our people in the support of his school. Many in the eastern part of the town were dissatisfied with its location and auspices, and proceeded to establish another high school at the Ridge under the name of Northwood Seminary.

One of Chicago's early newspapers declared that if that city ever did take to culture she would *make it hum*. Some such phrase seems necessary to convey an idea of the educational enthusiasm that now pervaded the atmosphere.

The Seminary was opened about as soon as the Academy. Teams were run giving free conveyance to pupils to both schools, and the surrounding country was scoured for patronage. The town which had hitherto been unable to start one high school now had two large and flourishing academies. The Seminary too enrolled one hundred scholars at one time. It is still maintained, has a small endowment, has sent as many students to college as the Academy, and has its share of the patronage of the people of this vicinity. L. G.

Williams, A. B., has been principal for the last seven years.

Probably the two schools have had more than twice as many scholars as one would have had. Mr. Cogswell has been called the founder of the Seminary as well as of the Academy. He certainly determined the date of its establishment; and to him far more than to any one else is due the credit for the great educational stimulus that we have felt for the last thirty-five years.

In the enthusiasm over the new high schools it is to be feared that the



Northwood Seminary.

town schools at first suffered some neglect. If so, we have since returned to the true point of view and now see that the common schools are of first importance. We have a school year of thirty weeks. The schools are well equipped and efficiently taught. Primary and grammar schools are maintained at the Narrows and East Northwood, and we hope to unite the two central districts in a school of two departments.

In 1892 Northwood adopted the public library law, and now has a library approaching a thousand volumes. Albion Knowlton of Boston, a native of Northwood, has also es-

tablished an independent library at the Ridge, which is free to people of this town and of parts of adjoining towns. It has nearly a thousand volumes, is extensively patronized and greatly appreciated. It will soon be doubled in size.

There will be no backward step in the library movement. We look to see two large, well housed, and well managed libraries and reading-rooms in the near future.

Of the various elements and interests of our life of to-day, much might be written of matters very interesting to us, but perhaps not sufficiently remarkable to claim the attention of the general reader. To enumerate our lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows, our granges, our W. C. T. U. and our Y. P. S. C. E., and the various societies connected with the churches, would show that we are quite alive socially and intellectually. We trust we should not prove wholly unworthy of the social consideration of the reader, should he ever honor the town with a visit. Yet out of modesty we will not urge our claims, but will invite his attention to an aspect of the town which we have found *is* interesting to outsiders, namely the scenery.



Masonic Building.

The peculiar charm of Northwood scenery is not easy to define. That it is felt, is proved by the multitudes of people that visit us every summer, enjoying our pleasant drives, staying at our hotels and in our families, and camping on the shores of our lakes. It may be said to be beautiful rather than sublime. It is lacking in those overpowering aspects that come from extremes of altitude or precipitousness, but exhibits rather the smiling features of a half-cleared, rolling country, in which the water element is everywhere present. Lake, field, and forest mingle in every view, and the lakes are gems of beauty.

Entering the town from the west, the road winds along the north shore



Residence of W. M. Durgin.
Old Home of Eben S. Coe.

of Suncook lake, by Crescent beach, to Berry's Grove. Here the traveler will like to pause and take a stroll through the little park, owned at present by L. S. Berry, but destined, we trust, to be sometime acquired by the town and reserved for the perpetual delectation of the public. In front the hills of Deerfield roll up from the opposite shore, while farther west the Epsom mountains tower majestically. A mile to the south we get glimpses of the cottages of Bick-

ford's Grove, not less beautiful than Berry's. Further to the south we see where the head of the lake withdraws itself behind an island that looks as if it had just escaped from the jaws of the frowning cliffs that open behind it. Here is a region not without sublimity, a narrow defile between a precipice hundreds of feet high on one side and a rapidly descending slope on the other. I will take the liberty of calling this place the Glen, since the name it has hith-



Residence of Frank Collins.

less air and conscience like a sea at rest," here is one of the most eligible of abandoned farms. The last occupant was probably not of this description.

A mile beyond the Glen is Lake Pleasant. By common consent this is the queen of the lakes of this vicinity. It is a center of attraction for excursions from far and near. Its lemon-colored waters rippling upon its pebbly beach, which follows the highway for half a mile, have long been gazed on with delight,—a delight that has come to have commercial value. House lots have prices here and cottages and camps are increasing in number every year.

A mile from Berry's Grove is the village of the Narrows, so called because its business portion is built upon a narrow neck of land between two streams. It is an enterprising place, whose people are considerably after this world, although their pulpit tells them that it is soon coming to an end. This consummation the visitor will not wish to hasten, whether he tarries among the people of the village or takes the beautiful drive to the north around Jenness lake. Charming outlooks are to be had from Richardson's hill, a little off the



Residence of L. H. Holder.
Former Residence of J. Arthur Towle.

erto borne is unpleasantly suggestive of other worlds than this. It is a beautiful vale, following up a little stream that enters the lake at this point. It is now somewhat overgrown with bushes and needs the services of the landscape gardener. Years ago a house and farm were located in this secluded spot. That the owner should have decided to emigrate is not so very surprising, considering his remoteness from other human habitations and the character of the highway. For some lover of solitude who does not need too many persons to whom to whisper that solitude is sweet, who looks to nature for spiritual rather than for material food, whose "memory is like a cloud-



Harvey House.

road from Nathaniel Tasker's, and especially from Fogg's hill, half a mile above George W. Bartlett's. From the latter place the view stretches across our great forest tract to the Blue Hills of Strafford, and includes the sparkling waters of Bow, Harvey, Little Bow, Long, and Durgin lakes, besides the three last mentioned. Three or four miles to the west the road leads over the celebrated Sunset hill in Pittsfield with its grand outlook over the valley of the Suncook. The return from Sunset hill should be by the northerly route, down the long hill overlooking Jenness lake.

Passing down the turnpike to the center, Harvey lake is the center of attraction. Lying in open ground, it is spread out to view from all sides. Harvey hotel is but a few rods from the shore. The grounds of the academy contain some charming groves and walks including one leading to an island in the lake. Opposite the academy is the house where Lafayette was entertained, now the home of Henry Veasy. It is still possible to drink from the well from which the tea was made. A drive around the back of the lake and over Blake's hill will be found rewarding.

Pause at the house of C. B. Leavitt to get the very best view of Harvey lake, and at the schoolhouse for the view of the lake and mountains to the west. Near the schoolhouse a road diverges leading through the Glen to Lake Pleasant.

The Ridge is a neatly kept village situated on the watershed between the streams flowing east and those flowing west. It is the highest village in Rockingham county. The ocean is visible and the light at the Shoals can be seen at night. The great elm on the common, one hundred and twenty years old, is said to be used as a landmark at sea. A very extensive view to the east can be had from the belfry of the Seminary.

A mile north of the Ridge is Sunset hill, the home of John E. Day. It overlooks all of central Northwood and commands two long vistas, one down the Lamprey valley to the south, ending with the top of Mount Wachusett, Princeton, Mass., and the other to the west down the Little Suncook valley, and on to Kearsarge and Sunapee mountains. A little further on, just east of the house of Henry Day, is obtained a grand view to the east, including the higher portion of the city of Somersworth and



Elm Tree at Ridge.

extending to Mounts Agamenticus and Bauney Beg. The best return is over Bennett's hill and by way of the Center. At the house of G. F. Hervey notice how magnificently the mountains pile up in the north above the outspread waters of Bow lake. The central peak is Gunstock in Gilford. Over the flanking mountains, on the right and left, the tops of Sandwich Dome and Moosilauke are visible on a clear day.

At East Northwood one encounters our nearest approach to urban conditions. Here are two hotels, the Tasker House and the Exchange. The street is broad, shaded, and flanked by sidewalks. Some of the people have an eminently respectable feeling, supposed to be due to the slightly greater antiquity of this village. The scenery has flattened somewhat, as we are now approaching the coastal plain, though on the west Saddleback still rears its defiant front, precipitous on this side, while further south the smaller Pawtuckaway mountains stand as the last outposts of New Hampshire's hilly section.

An excursion to Saddleback may be best taken by way of the Mountain schoolhouse. With a strong wagon it is possible to drive within half a mile of the top. The mountain is of considerable extent, contains many picturesque situations, and is well worthy of a day's ramble for any lover of nature in her more rugged aspects. From the summit the outlook is clear to the north and west, and if less beautiful than from some of the hills, is of greater geographical interest from the more distant points included. The top of Mount Washington comes in sight over the right

flank of Ossipee, magnetic bearing, north 9 degrees east; but Ossipee cuts off most of the Presidential Range. South of Kearsarge, looking down the Sunapee valley, a little of the top of Ascotney can be seen,



Residence of J. E. Day—Sunset Hill.

north 61 degrees west. Moosilauke is north 16 degrees west. These are the most distant points visible. Nearer are the Waterville peaks, Passaconaway, north 3 degrees east, Whiteface, north 2 degrees east, Tripyramid, north, and Sandwich Dome, north 4 degrees west. East of these appears the still nearer Brookfield group, Cropple Crown, Moose, and Bald. Other mountains in the northwest are Sanbornton, north 28 degrees west, Cardigan, north 35 degrees west, Kearsarge, north 54 degrees west, and Sunapee north 65 degrees west. South of the Epsom mountains may be seen Monadnock, south 78 degrees west, with Crotched mountain on its right, and Peterborough and Temple on its left. Wachusett appears south 49 degrees west.

The best view to the south and east is from Lookout Rock, on a southern spur of Saddleback overlooking Deerfield. On the horizon is

the ocean and the Great Bay, while parts of Portsmouth, Dover, Somersworth, and Rochester may be distinguished. The nearer view is mostly made up of the blended hues of forest foliage, very beautiful at certain seasons of the year.

The visitor at East Northwood will not be allowed to miss the delightful little picnic grove at North River lake. This is another bit of land that ought to be made a public reservation. The lake is small but most picturesquely located. Its island and coves and steep-sloping, shaded banks give it a singular beauty. Probably he will also be taken to Stonehouse pond, two miles beyond in Barrington. This may be advisable if he has been wicked. Lying in the heart of the forest, a more dismal pool of black water at the foot of a more frowning precipice it would be hard to find; and yet it is more vis-



Residence of F. E. Trickey.

ited than any lake in this region.

Another favorite drive is that around Bow lake. The route leads through the village of Bow Lake, where is located the massive stone dam that controls the outlet. It is used as a reservoir for the Cocheco Manufacturing company of Dover. When full it is the largest of the lakes about Northwood. At its lowest level it is contracted to less than half its full size. Passing up the historic Province Road, which follows



Elm at J. M. Berry's Residence.

the north shore, an interesting side trip may be made by diverging near the house of Daniel Hall and driving two miles to the summit of the Blue Hill road. Here without leaving his carriage one gets a magnificent view to the north including the White Mountains,—a better view in this direction than is obtained on Saddleback. The finest view of the lake is



Residence of Dr. C. W. Hanson.

obtained in the afternoon near the home of Mrs. Moses Piper.

Bow Lake lies mostly in Strafford, but enters Northwood at the residence of Charles Bennett. It is a favorite resort for fishing, especially at the great bridge near Mrs. Bennett's. (Should the reader ever take this trip he will wish to return by way of the Knowles schoolhouse, as it will enable him to call on the writer of this article and congratulate him on his high veracity and the accuracy of his descriptions.)

If, after all this panorama, we may be permitted to say a little more about ourselves, we will venture to hope that the spectacle of human nature as exhibited in Northwood is not in so very jarring contrast with the beauty of its natural surroundings. Many cultivated people from the cities find us tolerable for months at

a time and even invite us to visit them. Our culture may not equal in richness the sunlit hues of our forest foliage; our spirituality may not be as ethereal as the breezes that fan us from mountain and lake, yet we protest that we are not to be classed with the place mentioned in the missionary hymn, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." A high degree of self-respect is characteristic of our people. The atmosphere is pervaded with it and there is mingled with it sometimes a little Pharisaical thankfulness that we are not as other towns are. Possibly we do not always see ourselves as others see us, and so we will not insist on the reader's adopting the locally prevailing estimate of Northwood civilization.

But not so with regard to our ancestors. Their struggles and achieve-



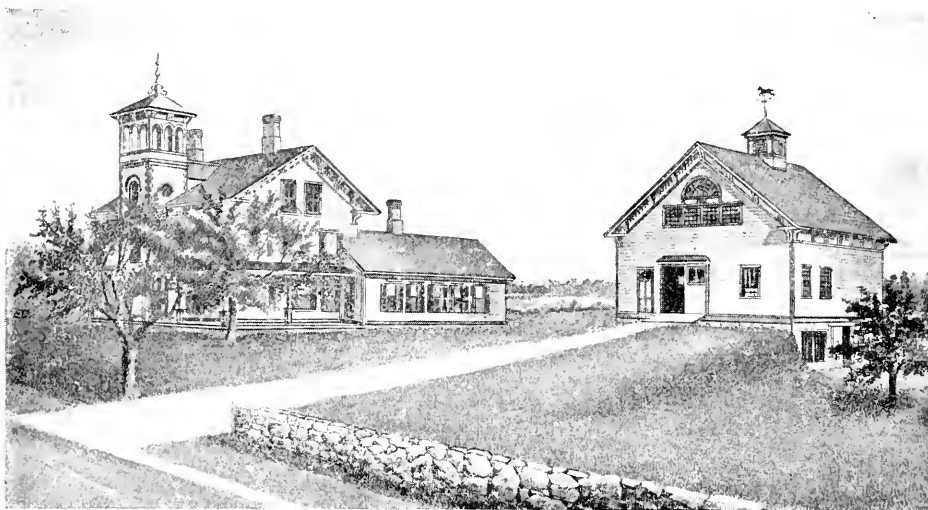
Residence of Dr. Pray.

ments are a matter of history, and of that history we are proud. Whatever may be the verdict on the present generation, "the past, at least, is secure." Our fathers laid foundations of material prosperity and social well being that have made Northwood distinguished and eminently desirable as a place of residence.

Local and sectarian jealousies have

sometimes retarded our development, but this has been true for short periods only. A large and generous rivalry has always soon prevailed over jealousy and obstruction with the result of intensifying public spirit and of duplicating rather than defeating public enterprises. Undeniably,

the bright and enterprising character of our people. There are some dark lines on the picture, but considering the natural difficulties the results are remarkable. Have we not had enough of the old Tory plea for centralization? Blessed is the town or nation in which no one man, nor



Summer Residence of Albion Knowlton.

the tendency of the two ends of the town to pull apart has been the most peculiar fact in Northwood's history. It has been much deplored, especially by the people of the central section. Doubtless if we had been more united we might have fewer and bigger things, but the interests of the people would not have been so well served. Let the objector to this statement tell us what ideally centralized town has more bravely defied the influence of a location unfavorable to business and striven more successfully for wealth, culture, character, and religion. Look at our factories, our trade, our well maintained churches and academies, our libraries, our common schools. Look at

place, nor interest, nor idea, gains the ascendancy to the discouragement and repression of others, but which maintains a free, vigorous, and emulous life in all its parts.

In energy, enterprise, and public spirit our present generation has not shown itself inferior to those of the past. What the future may have in store for us will depend on what industrial conditions in the country at large, combined with natural conditions here, will permit. The poet has warned us of the fate of nations where wealth accumulates in few hands and manhood decays. The keys of destiny are not held by the small towns. Given a firm foundation of social justice on which indi-

vidual enterprise may safely build, and we shall prosper in the future as in the past.

Whatever misgivings regarding the future may sometimes invade our serenity, we have not failed to honor the pioneers of the past. Our centennial celebration in 1873 was an event never to be forgotten by any of the multitude that attended upon its exercises. Fully two thousand people assembled on the common at the Center, where elaborate preparations had been made for their entertainment. A tent covering six thousand square feet had been erected. This was used as a dining hall the first day, and the second day for religious exercises. At the east end of the common were seats and a canopied platform, where was delivered the historical address by Mr. Cogswell, with the other addresses and poems. The memorial poem, a beautiful and worthy production, was by Miss Susan C. Willey of Kansas. Among the speakers was Thomas J. Pinkham of Chelmsford, Mass., who had distinguished the occasion by presenting a stalled ox, which had been roasted whole for the centennial dinner. Addresses, poems, the reading of letters, remarks and reminiscences



Residence of C. F. Cate.



Residence of H. K. Emery.

followed each other till late in the afternoon; and yet we are told that "the day closed without weariness or satiety on the part of the multitude, delighted with what they had enjoyed and anticipating equal satisfaction on the morrow."

It had been arranged to hold the first day of the celebration on Saturday with the purpose of reserving the more solemn memorial exercises till Sunday, when they could be appropriately combined with religious services. The great tent was beautifully decorated with evergreen and flowers, while mottoes and memorial tablets added to the impressiveness of the scene. Of the latter, one bore the following touching tribute to the departed:

"But the first greetings over, you glance round
the hall;
Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not
all;
Through the green turf above them the
dead cannot hear;
Name by name in the silence falls sad as a
tear."

Other lines equally beautiful were inscribed beneath the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Prentice. The tent was filled. Church histories and memorial papers, combined with exercises of worship, occupied the forenoon. In the afternoon was a praise service, interspersed with remarks, the singing led by Prof. George Boody. The

impression of the meeting can be best summarized in the words of Mr. Cogswell's history : "The pen is powerless to portray the interest felt in the services of this day. A tender and loving spirit seemed to pervade the vast assembly. Not a word uttered seemed to be inappropriate. The dead seemed to live again and to mingle with their living children, who recounted their deeds and made mention of their virtues; and the living had awakened in them a new consciousness of the importance of acting with reference to the future, had a higher appreciation of friendship and a warmer love for the old homestead. And when the services were closed, the assembly lingered long, as unwilling to separate, each saying to the other, 'It is good for us to be here.'"

Most of the speakers and leading spirits of that memorable day have since passed to the silent majority. Many of the young people, educated in our academies, have left us for the larger opportunities of the cities. Wages and the returns of agriculture have declined, and there have been serious reverses in business. And yet the visitor of twenty-seven years ago, returning to-day, would receive a strong impression of improvement. Larger villages, new factories, better houses, better streets, better schools, better privileges of all kinds, would greet him; while the same lovely lakes would smile on him as before, reminding him that, though man comes and goes and changes the face of field and forest, they remain forever.

GOLDENROD.

By Eva J. Beede.

How beautiful the goldenrod,
 The dusty roadside fringing !
 Midst grasses tall its gay crests nod,
 The fields with glory tinging ;
 And fluffy blossoms manifold
 The swampy meadows flecking,
 A carpet weave of green and gold,
 The earth with splendor decking.

Along the gloomy forest's edge
 Are yellow pennants streaming,
 And through the deep and tangled hedge
 The golden wands are gleaming.
 High on the river's bank aglow,
 The yellow plumes are drooping,
 Bright mirrored in the depths below,
 In many a graceful grouping.

AT THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

By Clara Augusta Trask.

Brown bees swinging over the blossoming clover,
Meadows white-starred with the daisies of June,
Squadrons of clouds, like great ships at anchor
In the up-arching depths of the sky's blue lagoon ;
West winds softly singing, sweet summer smells bringing,
From forest and river, and pine lands of balm,
And far in the north the sentinel mountains,
Lifting up to the sunlight their brows fair and calm.

A road cool with shadows, leading off through the meadows,
Winding white through the farms, past the ruined old mill.
Across the swift river green bordered with alders,
And round by the fells to the town on the hill :
Just at the Four Corners there stands the old smithy,
Above it the giant elm's boughs toss and swing,
It was planted two centuries ago by the settler
Who took up the grant when William was king.

Down the road steep and stony with horse white and bony,
The belle of the country comes driving to-day,
Her high yellow wagon is heavily laden
With butter, and eggs, and a baiting of hay ;
Beneath her white sun bonnet pure as a lily,
Her face shyly hides with eyes black as the sloe,
And her lips are for kissing, for fond lover's kissing,
And her hair of dun gold crowns her forehead of snow.

The old horse turns out and halts at the smithy,
The bashful apprentice, with bronzed cheek on fire,
Comes awkwardly forth, bareheaded and grimy,
And with heart beating wildly awaits her desire ;
And the world glows with splendor, supernal and tender,
This life is an idyl, and all things seem true,
For heaven has opened its glory upon him
As he looks in her eyes while he fashions the shoe.

The old horse looks down, demurely, discreetly,
The master's at dinner, the forge fire is low,
Her lips are so near, and so red, and so tempting,
And only they two in the wide world to know—
Oh, story so ancient, told first in the ages
When the morning stars sang, and creation was new,—
The story he told in the warm golden sunshine,
That still summer noon, as he nailed on the shoe.

"PETE."

By Annette R. Cressy.



LIVING close to the eastern shore of Sunapee, loveliest lake in the world, is a little island, on which stand two summer cottages, from whose broad verandas the happy owners may watch the shifting panorama of the glories of wood and water and sky, from the wondrous play of light and shade on Sunapee's heights up to the blue distance of Croyden mountains, and sweeping 'round to the familiar double head of old Kearsarge—Sunapee's blue waters, now mirror-like and still, now fretted by the North wind into mimic billows with tiny crests of foam, and again beaten flat and quivering by the lashing of the rain, are a never-wearying delight, a comfort, a charm, a rest.

The dwellers on the island never tire of the quiet of their days and nights, their aloofness from the "crowded haunts of men," their companionship with nature. Robins sing their matin songs; "Bob Whites" whistle in the bushes that fringe the shore; muskrats peep shyly from the rocks and once an otter showed his silky fur to admiring eyes. Bees and butterflies jewel the day with their brilliant hues. Sunsets of untold splendor tinge cloud and wave with crimson and golden glory, and as the night shadows softly gather, the hermit thrush chants the evening hymn, and through the dim aisles of

the listening trees echo the tremulous murmurs of the brooding night.

The closer we islanders came to the heart of nature, the stronger grew the subtle bond of kinship with nature's children. The robins puffed their red breasts at our feet, and picked the berries from the low bushes at our side. Red squirrels bickered in the trees over our heads, and chased each other along the paths in conscious security from harm or fright. The woodpeckers tapped at the trees against which we were leaning, and cocked knowing eyes at us while waiting the response from under the bark. The chipmunks darted inquisitively around us, as if to test our merits as new comers, and soon one progressive little fellow seemed inclined to accept our credentials for good behavior, and pattered across the veranda while we were sitting there. We accepted the friendly overture with delight, and filled our pockets with peanuts, that we might hospitably entertain our bright-eyed guest.

It took an incredibly short time to establish in "chippie's" mind the connection between people and peanuts, and "Pete," as his name proved to be, became an intimate friend, not to say member, of the family. If we were indoors, the tiny patter of little feet on the veranda called us and our peanuts to supply his wants. If we were in chair or hammock, on stone

or tree-trunk,—a rustle—a leap, and an eager rummaging all over us for the coveted nuts, and to and fro he would go until the supply was exhausted; then after one fruitless trip, he would go his own way for a while. He never tarried for our blandishments. "Strict attention to business" was his principle, and when peanuts were gone, so was Pete. His trust was touching, and his con-

race would begin, over rocks, through bushes, along the paths, in and out of thickets, around and around the island, until the inevitable clash came, and a few sharp nips and attendant squeals settled the question, and Pete, almost invariably victor, would come back alone and resume his regular routine of peanut travel. This routine seldom varied and we always watched it with interest.



fidence complete; but his love was not for us, but for what he got from us. And it is painful to state, that this mercenary disposition was not the only flaw in Pete's character. He was selfish as well as greedy. Let another "chippie" show himself on the outskirts of our acquaintance, and Pete was instantly transformed into a quivering bunch of remonstrance, and with sharp, angry "chittering" away he would fly after the luckless intruder, and an exciting

A writer in "The Ladies' Home Journal" for August, gives a charming account of his "Summer with Some Chipmunks" in which he says they never allow any one to see them enter or leave their holes if they can help it. His chipmunks must have been more shy than ours, for Pete made five holes in one summer within a radius of twenty feet from our house, and his entrances and exits were always in full view. Two of the holes were directly in the path between the

two houses, and necessitated careful stepping not to disarrange the neatness of his front door, where there was never a sign of loose dirt or other debris. What do squirrels do with the dirt they dig out of their underground homes? After several days of storing away peanuts in a chosen retreat, all at once some fine morning would find the "open door" closed, without a sign of previous occupation,

boldly into some friendly lap and search for the nuts he knew ought to be somewhere. Under folds of dresses, into pockets, along outstretched arms, he would speed until he found the treasure, when he would seize a nut, and sitting upright, tuck it snugly into one of his pouches, turning it this way and that, and often taking it out and changing ends until it fitted, and then diving



and within a few feet, another place of business opened, sharp-edged and clean, with no trace of labor or disturbance.

Sometimes a slight change in the peanut program was occasioned by some special need of greater precaution, or the advent of a new element in the situation. Any addition to the familiar family circle called for extra skirmishing on Pete's part, before beginning his collecting tour. Confidence being restored, he would leap

for another nut which he would fit as carefully into the other pouch; then he would snatch a third and put it across his mouth, give a quick glance around, jump down, and darting under the veranda on one side of the steps, would emerge from the lattice work on the other side, take another sharp outlook, and, assured of safety, would scamper straight to his hole. There would be a scurrying of tawny little legs, the flirt of a vanishing tail, and we would wait for the storing of

the precious cargo and the reappearance of the little head from the hole—the swift survey—the flash and the dash—and on our knee would sit Master Pete, seeking "more."

We never saw him eat a nut. The cracked and worthless shells he threw aside, and the sound nuts he carried away. Nor did we ever see him looking for any daily food; but some red squirrels fed fearlessly from the

rule. One morning we heard a tremendous ch-r-r-r-ing, and thinking Pete was in some trouble, we hastened to his rescue; but he sat bunched up on the veranda, watching with eager interest a furious dispute between two red squirrels a few feet away. Pete fairly quivered with unmistakable delight, and when the quarrel came to nips and bites, he seemed to hug himself for joy. No Roman ever



blueberries close by, climbing the higher bushes and filling their pouches, and then sitting upright on the ground to eat them. Whenever Pete saw a red squirrel, there would be an immediate and eloquent chattering on his part, and then a sudden disappearance, and no temptation of peanuts would avail to call him back till the red took his departure, when Pete would return unabashed and alert as usual.

There was one exception to this

watched a gladiatorial contest with keener zest, and when the fight ended in flight, and the combatants vanished among the trees, Pete looked around at us, and if ever a chipmunk laughed, he did then, and jumping up on our shoulder, gave his usual greeting, "Good morning! have you a peanut about you?"

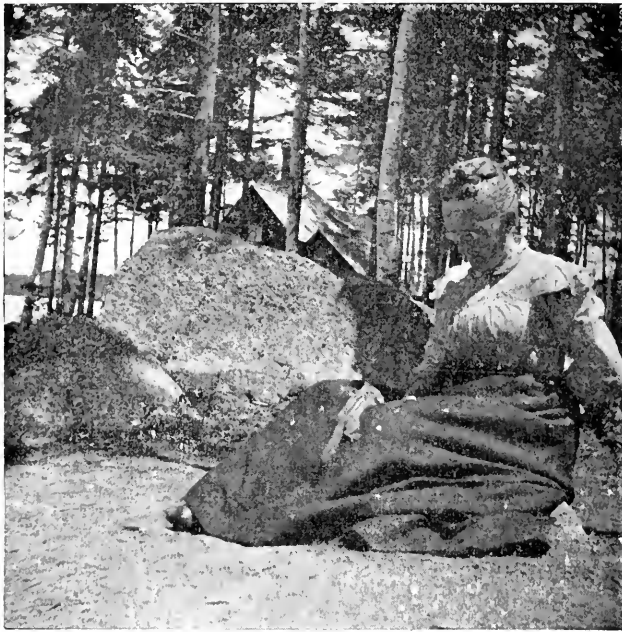
For three summers Pete has been our welcome guest—our intimate companion. Each autumn we bid him good-by with misgiving, fearing

that his too-confiding disposition may lead him to an untimely end, or that some foe stronger than himself may compel a change of residence; but each summer he meets us on our arrival at the island with a cordial greeting and an immediate hunt for nuts.

One thing about Pete puzzles us. He will never visit us on rainy days. In vain we call and coax and shake

ing of the rain on the roof, and the crackling of the birch logs on the hearth, as we look from the dripping eaves and the dented water to the leaping flames and the "red hollows down by the flare" where each delight enhances the other and rounds the day to a dreamy, happy content?

Doubtless Pete has his equivalent for our fireside pleasures and enjoys his respite from labor, for he travels



seductive peanuts. No Pete answers the call. Does he not love the beautiful gray days, when the silvery mist veils the mountains, and the dun clouds hang low over the waiting water—when the hosts of the rain advance and retreat—when the winds are still, and the fog clings close to the water's edge, shutting out island and hill, and folding us in a soft, white world all our own?

Or has he some inner home-joy, like to ours as we listen to the patter-

ing of the rain on the roof, and the crackling of the birch logs on the hearth, as we look from the dripping eaves and the dented water to the leaping flames and the "red hollows down by the flare" where each delight enhances the other and rounds the day to a dreamy, happy content?

Perhaps he takes the dull days to tidy his storehouse and look over his hoard. No small task that, for the first summer he carried away, by twos and by threes, fourteen quarts of peanuts. Since then we have kept no count, caring only to keep the larder full, and to devote as much time and as many nuts as possible to his insistent demands.

This year Pete has made but one hole, but as it is close to the path and near the two he made there two years ago, we suspect he may communicate with the old storehouses. This hole is about fifteen feet from the veranda, in plain sight, and into it he goes and out of it he comes in perfect freedom and confidence. A call "Come, Pe-e-te!" is generally answered by the popping out of a yellowish head, and a striped flash—a patter—a jump, and the pretty play is again rehearsed. "Generally answered"—but not always. Sometimes silence shrouds his domicile for a week, and there is no sign of life about his premises, and then—he is here and ready for action. Has he business to look after else-

where, or—dreadful thought!—is he leading a double life, and are we pandering to his deceit?

Come, Pete! Sit here in our hand and look at us with your bright black eyes! Fold your dainty paws, and let your little palpitating scrap of a body be at rest! So, we are friends, are we not? and friends respect each other's reserve. Live your life as seems to you best, only keep yourself safe and warm through the long winter that is coming, and when returning spring breaks the icy bonds and we come again to this home of our heart, may you greet us with your dainty motions and your swift grace, and your peanuts shall be ready and your welcome sure!

THE IDLE DREAMINGS OF AN IDLE DAY.

By M. Oakman Patton.

I love to lie upon the turf and dream the idle hours away;
 An idle chap, forsooth, I am, I glut in dreamland revelry.
 I love to dream of lands that lie beneath a bluer, sunnier sky,
 Where lotus blossoms flch their tints from sunset's gorgeous pageantry.
 That land of classic art and song, where beauty reigned as Queen of earth,
 That land impregnate (in the other days) with art that gave a Homer birth.
 Or of the Holy Land that lies beyond the ocean's furth'est rim,
 Blue Galilee, and Olivet, and all the places dear to Him.
 Of Egypt's sands and groves of palm, where time's immortal secrets sleep,
 Deep buried in the ageless dust where Sphinx's stony glances sweep.
 The ageless past before me moves, as dream I there upon the ground,
 And in the twink'ling of an eye I circle this great world around.
 Lost, lost I am to place and time, with dreams my soul is swathed around,—
 Lost, lost within my dreamland world,—eyes 'reft of sight and ears of sound
 But hark! the thrush's fluted note—divinely sweet, up from the wood—
 Breaks softly on my ear in song,—love sanctifying solitude.
 My dreamings cease; the twilight falls; the wild flowers blink their eyes
 and nod;
 The vesper sparrow hymns the night, as drops her mantle o'er the sod.
 "Good night, good night," the sparrow calls, the stars come out their watch
 to keep;
 The thrush's song is stilled,—and now, "God giveth His beloved sleep."



JAMES SCAMMON.

By C. F. Mead.¹



THE recent death of James Scammon at Kansas City has removed from the business, professional, and educational circles of Missouri one of her strongest and ablest men.

As a native of the state of New Hampshire, a descendant of one of her earliest settlers, and as an ideal example of that noblest type of men that has been the gift of New England for the upbuilding of the West, a brief account of his career will interest the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

James Scammon was the son of

Richard and Abigail (Batchelder) Scammon, and was born at Stratham, N. H., June 10, 1844, at the Scammon homestead that has been a possession of the family since 1642 and is now owned by his brother, Col. R. M. Scammon. The original tract comprised nearly half a township, and was first settled on by Richard Scammon who married a niece of Major Waldron of Dover. The family has always been a substantial one and actively identified with affairs. The late J. Y. Scammon of Chicago, president of the Marine bank and founder of Hahnemann hospital, was of this family, as was Gen. E. P.

¹ Member of the Missouri bar.

Scammon of the United States army, who was colonel of the famous 23d Ohio Volunteers in the Civil War.

Until his eighteenth year, the subject of this sketch attended the public schools; then entering Phillips academy he remained there for three years, and afterwards graduated at Brown university in 1868. He taught school for a single year; graduated at the Albany law school, and was admitted to the bar in 1870. Shortly afterwards Mr. Scammon removed to the West and opened a law office in Mechanicsville, Iowa; remaining there, however, but a few months, he relocated at Davenport, the same state, and from there traveled farther West to Kansas City, Mo., where in 1872 his active professional career may be said to have commenced.

Entering at once into the active, busy life of that young and growing city, he rapidly rose to the highest rank in his profession, becoming in a few years one of the leaders of the Missouri bar, a position which he maintained with unyielding strength and ability until his health failed him some four years ago. As a trial lawyer, in the earlier part of his career, Mr. Scammon had no superior in the state of Missouri, but as his clientage enlarged and his business interests diversified he was obliged to leave more and more of this work to his associates.

His increasing professional duties, in his later years, brought him in contact with large interests, and much of his time was occupied in the consulting rather than the litigating branch of his profession. Railroads, banking, and manufacturing enterprises came to occupy much of

his time. He became general solicitor for the Kansas City & Eastern railroad, director and member of the executive committee of the Kansas City Light company and of the Edison Electric Light & Power company, president of the Sperry Associate Electric company, secretary and member of the board of directors of the Kansas City Hay Press company, president of the Franklin Savings bank, and general Western counsel for many Eastern financial institutions; while at the same time conducting and directing a large general legal practice.

His activity and industry were boundless, and while his ambition was altogether professional his labors in behalf of charitable and other public interests were great, and for all his work of this nature he generously gave his services without compensation other than that which came from the consciousness of having lightened the burdens of the unfortunate among his fellow men.

He was appointed by Governor Marmaduke president of the Jackson County Reform school; was practically the founder, and from its foundation was either the president or chairman of the executive committee of the Kansas City Humane society. He was one of the originators of the first Unitarian church established in Kansas City, and was president of its board of trustees until the failure of his health, when the office of president emeritus for life was created for him. He was also for many years president of the Missouri Valley conference of Unitarian churches.

His private charities were innumerable. Every field of beneficent human activity excited his interest

and shared in his labor and means for its advancement. His only recreation he found in his library, a unique collection numbering over seven thousand volumes, including many rare editions.

A man of less mental and physical strength would have fallen years before under the many tasks and burdens that without a thought of self were self-imposed by James Scammon; as it was, even his iron constitution bent and finally broke under the strain. Four years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he never finally recovered; always hopeful and unwilling to recognize the inevitable, he never allowed his industry or interest in his many affairs to weaken even after his affliction; yet those who were associated with him could see the burden grow day by day too heavy for him to carry. Something more than a year ago he suffered a second attack of paralysis which has now brought him to the end.

Mr. Scammon never sought or held office; indeed, during all his maturer years, the legal interests in his care made it hardly possible or desirable, though had he turned his great energy and ability to the channel of public and official life he might well have won national distinction. But had he chosen these fields his memory could not have been held in greater esteem than it is now within that narrower but higher circle in which his strong and energetic character found expression.

He enjoyed to the full measure that high respect which great ability coupled with unceasing industry, integrity, and a kindly regard for the welfare of every human being always brings wherever it is found.

Worn out by the burdens which he voluntarily assumed, he died "while the shadows still were falling towards the West," but the work he accomplished was far greater in volume and moment than is that of most of those who stay the full span of life.

NIGHTFALL.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

The new moon with her silver bow
Hangs in the western sky,
And one by one the stars appear
Like maidens coy and shy.

Within the distance faintly heard
Sings one lone whippoorwill
Whose plaintive numbers to us borne
Grow faint and fainter still.

A light wind rustles through the woods
And sways the branches green,
While silently the shades of night
Enfold the peaceful scene.



F. B. SANBORN. 1900

THE HARD CASE OF THE FOUNDER OF OLD HAMPTON.

WRONGS OF REV. STEPHEN BACHILER.

Read by his descendant, F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., at the reunion of the Bachelder family, Seabrook, N. H., August 9, 1900.

[The immediate occasion of the following address was a desire to make available to the people of the five towns originally founded by Rev. Stephen Bachiler,—Hampton, Hampton Falls, North Hampton, Seabrook, and Kensington, all once included in his original colony,—the facts of his life before his foes brought his name into scandal. Few persons are aware of them, and the recent historian of Hampton Falls, Mr. Warren Brown (my cousin), was misled by inadequate papers in his possession to revive the scandal in a manner very disagreeable to the many descendants of Mr. Bachiler. With this exception, however, and certain errors almost inseparable from a work so comprehensive as a town history being also excepted, Mr. Brown's history (printed by the John B. Clarke Company, Manchester) is a very useful and commendable volume. It contains much of the material of history, in the form of old records, antiquated documents, etc., and it gives a very satisfactory topography of the town in the account of the homesteads from one side of the boundaries to the other. Much more might have been written to elucidate some of the matters touched upon, but that would have required another volume,—and this one runs to 640 pages. The long list of marriages contains several interesting entries. When Massachusetts lovers were married in Hampton Falls (1725-'28), they got a license from Lieut. Gov. John Wentworth; two of these were Emersons—Daniel of Cambridge in 1726, and Stephen of Ipswich in 1728. Daniel Webster's grandfather, Ebenezer, was married to Susanna Bachelder, great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Stephen, at Hampton Falls in 1738; Dr. John Goddard of Portsmouth was married to Mary Langdon by her father, Rev. Dr. Langdon, at Hampton Falls in 1791; and Rev. Dr. Thayer of Lancaster, Mass., to Sarah Toppan (parents of the wealthy Thayers of Boston) by Dr. Langdon in 1795. "His Excellency, John Taylor Gilman, and Mrs. Charlotte Hamilton, both of Exeter," were married in Hampton Falls by Parson Abbot, Dec. 29, 1814. Mr. Brown adds a few facts to what was otherwise known of the insurrection headed by Edward Gove in 1683, and prints at much length the documents relating to Meshech Weare and Rev. Paine Wingate in the long dispute of 1762-1776 over ministers and meeting-houses in Hampton Falls.—F. B. S.]



THE old Romans had a saying, *Bene facere et male audire regium est*: "To benefit mankind and get a bad name for it is a Ruler's privilege." And the good Bishop Fénelon notified his princely pupil, the Dauphin of France, to the same effect, thus: "Should it be your fortune to rule over men, you must love them for the love of God, without expecting to please them; nay, sacrifice yourself to benefit them,—but be well assured that they will speak ill of whoever governs them with moderation and kindness."

Seldom has a better illustration of this unhandsome trait of human nature been seen than in the case of our ancestor, the venerable and maligned Founder of this and the neighbor-towns of Hampton, Hampton Falls, North Hampton, and Kensington,—Stephen Bachiler of English Hampshire, who was one of the most learned and distinguished planters of New Hampshire,—yet not allowed to lay his aged bones here, any more than was the patriarch Moses permitted to be buried in Canaan.

Stephen Bachiler was a boy of

four when Shakespeare was born at Stratford, and he outlived the poet by forty-three years, dying at Hackney, now a part of London, in 1660, in his hundredth year. He belonged to a social class much above Shakespeare's in the fanciful scale of English rank,—of a mercantile family, perhaps, but turning to scholarship, educated at Oxford in St. John's college, of which his persecutor, Archbishop Laud, was afterwards graduate and Head,—and in 1587, when Shakespeare was beginning to write plays, after acting plays for some years, Mr. Bachiler was settled as vicar of the small parish of Wherwell ("Horrell") on the "troutful Test" river in Hampshire,—his patron being a powerful nobleman, Lord Delaware, from whom our American state and river take their name. Bachiler remained there, in pleasant surroundings, for sixteen years, and there his children were mostly born,—his son Stephen having entered at Oxford in 1610, and another son, Samuel, having been a chaplain in Sir Charles Morgan's English regiment in Holland so early (1620) that he must have been born before 1605.

In that year, the wretched James, son of the infamous Mary of Scotland, having come to the throne, and renewing the persecutions by the bishops, which had been for a time suspended, Mr. Bachiler was ejected from his vicarage, and became one among hundreds of wandering ministers, who from 1604 onward were harassed for their opinions, and often severely punished. He was sometimes in England, sometimes perhaps in Holland, where his religion was tolerated; sometimes he preached,

and from 1622 to 1630 owned land and probably resided at Newton Stacey, a hamlet near Wherwell. In 1630 he joined with a company of husbandmen and merchants, who had obtained a patent for a tract of many square miles in Maine, and he put in a sum of money, large for those times, to aid its colonization. His kinsman, Richard Dummer, was also interested in this "Plough Patent," which ran in the name of John Dye, John Roach, Grace Hardwin, and Thomas Jupe. Mr. Bachiler was to be their minister, when they should once be settled near Portland (then called Casco); and how he was regarded by his associates in this venture will appear by their letter of March 8, 1631-2, preserved among the Winthrop Papers. They said,—

"First let us not forget to remember you of your and our duty,—that we return humble and hearty thanks unto Almighty God, that hath filled the heart of our reverend pastor so full of zeal, of love and extraordinary affection towards our poor Society. Notwithstanding all the opposition, all the subtle persuasions of abundance of opposers that have been stirred up against us, yet he remaineth constant,—persuading and exhorting,—yea, and as much as in him lieth, constraining all that love him to join together with this Society. And seeing the Company is not able to bear his charges over, he hath strained himself to provide provision for himself and his family; and hath done his utmost endeavor to help over as many as he possibly can, for your further strength and encouragement. And although it may be, if he had stayed one year longer, you might have been better provided to have received him, yet through his great care of all your good, he will by no means stay longer from you. O let us never forget this unspeakable mercy of God towards us! We hope the Lord will make him an especial instrument to unite you all in true love to God and unto one another, which will be our strongest walls and bulwarks of defense against all our enemies. And we hope you will not forget to show your love unto him, and to take notice of the charges he is now at, and to appoint for him or his, as he shall desire, such shares or parts of shares as shall belong unto him for the charges; and

that his man-servant and his maid-servant may be received as members of the Company, and have such shares or parts as in that case provided for every member. As for his neighbors that now come with him, they promise all to join with you; but because they do desire first to see how you agree together in love, they are not joined to our body; and the Lord of his mercy grant that there may be no occasion on your parts but that they may join with you. Mr. Dummer's promise is also to join with you, if there be any reason for it. The Lord unite you all together! then shall you put to shame and silence many that do now shamefully rise up against us."

What do we infer from this statement? First, that the Society had some bond of religion other than that ordinarily existing between Puritans, and that Mr. Bachiler was the seal of this bond, and the most important person among them. Second, that for some reason there was much hostility to the new colony,—partly on account of the selfish interests of Sir F. Gorges, Richard Bradshaw, and others, who had land or claims in Maine. This appears by another passage in the letter:

"We gave you notice by Mr. Allerton¹ and we hope you have long since received it, that we have had much ado about our patent; and that there was one Bradshaw that had procured letters patent for a part (as we supposed) of our former grant; and so we think still,—but he and Sir Ferdinando think it is not in our bounds. He was frustrate of his first purpose of coming over; but is now joined with two very able captains and merchants, who will set him over, and we suppose will be there as soon as this ship (the *William and Francis*) if not before. We cannot possibly relate the labor and trouble we have had to establish our former grant; many rough words we have had from Sir Ferdinando at the first; and to this hour he doth affirm that he never gave consent that you should have above 40 miles in length and 20 in breadth; and saith that his own hand is not to your patent, if it have any more. So

¹ Isaac Allerton was a merchant, one of the Mayflower company, who in 1630, as John Winthrop was coming to port in Salem, met him, while on his own voyage to Pemaquid, where he had trading ventures. He was, therefore, a good person to communicate with the Maine coast; but the Plough colonists were no longer there, having come to Nantasket, in July, 1631.

we have shown our good wills, and have procured his love, and many promises that we shall have no wrong: we bestowed a sugar-loaf upon him of some 16 shillings price, and he hath promised to do us all the good he can. We can procure nothing under his hand; but in our hearing he gave order unto Mr Ayres² to write unto Captain Neal of Pascatoway, that Bradshaw and we might be bounded, that we may not trouble each other; and hath given the captain command to search your patent,—what it is you have under my Lord's hand and his. This controversy must be ended between yourselves and such Governors of Pemaquid as they have appointed."

This letter was brought by Mr. Bachiler himself, who landed at Boston, June 5, 1632; his cousin Dummer, with Rev. Mr. Wilson and others, had landed from the *Whale*, May 26. With Mr. Bachiler came Edward Winslow, returning from England to Plymouth, Rev. Thomas Weld, the libeller of Mrs. Hutchinson, and about sixty passengers in all; in the *Whale* were thirty passengers and sixty-eight cows,—Captain Graves being shipmaster. In the preceding year (July 6, 1631), the *Plough* had reached Nantasket Roads, near Boston, returning from Casco with the first small company of colonists, who did not like the seacoast of Maine well enough to stay there and make their beginning. Governor Winthrop, noting their coming, says:

"A small ship of 60 tons arrived at Natascot, Mr. Graves, master. She brought ten passengers from London. They came with a patent for Sagadahock, but, not liking the place, they came hither. Their ship drew ten feet, and went up (the Charles river) to Watertown; but she ran on ground twice by the way. These were the company called 'The Husbandmen' and their ship called *The Plough*."

Thus far the original entry in Winthrop's journal; but a later hand (perhaps his own in after years), added this opprobrium,—"Most of

² Thomas Eyre, an agent of Gorges, as Neal was.

them proved familists and vanished away." Some went, it seems, to Virginia, among them Brian Binckes and Peter Johnson; others may have remained in Watertown; that they were "familists" in the offensive German sense, we have no proof except this entry, but perhaps this term may give a clue to the special religious organization which should have bound the Husbandmen together, but did not. Their small ship, the *Plough*, after visiting Watertown, dropped back to Charlestown, started thence for the West Indies, but returned after three weeks, "so broke," Winthrop says, "she could not return home." In fact, she was almost worthless; the departure of her company from Casco (Sagadahock) put a stop to the going thither of Mr. Bachiler and his family; and he was left in New Town (Cambridge) with many debts owing him from the *Plough* Company, which were only in part paid; and his considerable estate was thereby much diminished. Of the total sum of 1,400 pounds sterling in the joint stock of this company, Mr. Bachiler had contributed 160 pounds, or more than a tenth part; his time was wasted, his parish failed to materialize, and he removed to Lynn with several of his grandchildren on his hands to be supported until he could make a position for himself; and he was seventy-one years old.

What then did this resolute old Christian do? Did he sit idly down, to be supported by his son-in-law, Christopher Hussey, a person of property and standing, who for more than forty years afterward lived in the old town of Hampton? Far from it. He began to organize a church in

Lynn (Saugus) where Mr. Hussey was then living; but his theological opinions, or his ideas of church discipline, being different from those of the Lords Brethren about Boston and Salem, the General Court made haste to order, in October, 1632, that "Mr. Bachiler forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in our patent, unless it be to those he brought with him for his contempt of authority." Like Roger Williams, John Wheelwright, Marmaduke Matthews, and other pious and learned ministers, Mr. Bachiler wished some freedom of conscience,—some escape from the intolerance of England; but he was in the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and had to obey. In 1635, having continued to preach in Lynn, he was again taken in hand, and agreed to leave Lynn and be settled elsewhere. He received a call to Ipswich, but did not go, at least as minister; he was living there, however, when Rev. R. Stansby, a silenced Puritan in England, wrote to his friend Wilson in Boston, April 17, 1637, complaining, on the report of others, "that many of the ministers are much straited with you; others lay down the ministry and become private members, as Mr. Bachiler, Mr. Jenner, and Mr. Nathaniel Ward. You are so strict in admission of members to your church that more than one half are out of your church in all your congregations; this may do much hurt if one come among you of another mind and they should join with him." From Ipswich, in the winter of 1637-'38, Mr. Bachiler, still seeking to found a plantation, went on foot to what is now Barnstable, six miles beyond Sandwich on Cape Cod,—100 miles

from his place in Ipswich. But, as Winthrop says, "He and his company, being all poor men, finding the difficulty, gave it over, and others undertook it." He then removed to Newbury, where he and Mr. Hussey owned land, and in October, 1638, having permission from the Massachusetts authorities to begin a plantation at Hampton, he went there with young John Winthrop and laid out the town, of which he at once became the pastor, receiving from the settlers a grant of 300 acres of land. A meeting-house was built, to which he gave a bell, and he built himself a good house and removed his library thereto. He was now seventy-eight years old, and his troubles seemed to be over; he might hope for rest at last under his own vine and figtree.

But in the seven years since Mr. Bachiler, with his grandchildren and his wife Helen, had been seeking rest, and finding none in New England, before this happy colonization of Hampton, much had been taking place in the Massachusetts oligarchy of ministers and magistrates. Their disaffection to the Church of England had been reported to King Charles and his meddlesome prelate, Archbishop Laud; efforts had been made by Capt. John Mason, who began the colonization of New Hampshire, and by Gorges and others, to restrict the power of Winthrop, Dudley, and their little circle; moreover, an enthusiastic sect of English Puritans, represented by Roger Williams, Sir Henry Vane, Rev. John Wheelwright, and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, had come to Boston, with certain mystical doctrines, at variance with the formalism of Winthrop, Bulkeley, and the older members of the Massachusetts oli-

garchy. There is no doubt that Mr. Bachiler sympathized with these mystics to some extent, how far we may never know; indeed, their own tenets are much in doubt, from the antiquated and technical terms of theology in which they were expressed. They were put down in Massachusetts with a rigorous hand: Williams was banished to Rhode Island, Vane returned to England, to play his great part there in the Revolution of 1640, Wheelwright and his followers were disarmed,—that is, had their carnal weapons taken away, and withdrew first to Exeter, and then to one of the many Maine colonies; and the privileges of the oligarchy in Massachusetts were guarded with careful jealousy. Evidence of this, not often cited, is found in Governor Winthrop's comments on the effort made by Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich,—then under suspicion for some of his opinions,—to establish equity and civil justice in the ecclesiastical colony. In 1641, June 3, Winthrop says,—

"Some of the freemen, without the consent of the magistrates or governor, had chosen Mr. Nathaniel Ward to preach at this court" (the Election Sermon), "pretending that it was a part of their liberty. Yet they had no great reason to choose him, though otherwise very able, seeing he had cast off his pastor's place at Ipswich, and was now no minister, by the received determination of our churches. In his sermon he delivered many useful things, but in a moral and political discourse, grounding his propositions much upon the old Roman and Grecian governments,—which sure is an error. For if religion and the word of God makes men wiser than their neighbors, . . . we may better frame rules of government for ourselves than to receive others upon the bare authority of the wisdom, justice, etc., of those heathen commonwealths. Among other things, he advised the people to keep all their magistrates in an equal rank, and not to give more honor and power to one than another,—which is easier to advise than to prove, seeing it is

against the practise of Israel. Another advice he gave,—that magistrates should not give private advice, and take knowledge of any man's cause before it came to public hearing. Whereas, it is objected that such magistrate is in danger to be prejudiced, I answer that if the thing be lawful and useful, it must not be laid aside for the temptations which are incident to it; for the least duties expose men to great temptations."

Mr. Ward was a man of more general learning, especially in law, than either Winthrop or Bachiler; he was also a keen and witty author, which if Bachiler had been, he would doubtless have cleared himself from the vague charges which in this same year Winthrop brings against him, in connection with church troubles at Hampton. Two years earlier (1639), a younger minister had come over from English Suffolk, bringing parishioners with him, as was quite the custom then,—one Timothy Dalton; he was made colleague of old Mr. Bachiler, under the title of "Teacher." Trouble soon began between them, and, as was natural, each had his partisans; by 1641 the quarrel was very hot, and charges of immorality were made against the pastor, now eighty years old. He denied the charge, in itself improbable; but Dalton persisted, and secured his excommunication, after the church had forgiven his offense, whatever it may have been; for no names are given, and no prosecution was ever made, under the very strict laws then in force. Winthrop, who entered gossip of all sorts in his Journal, goes on to say:

"After this Mr. Bachiler went on in a very variable course, sometimes seeming very penitent, soon after again excusing himself, and casting blame upon others, especially his fellow-elder, Mr. Dalton (who indeed had not carried himself so well in this cause as became him, and was brought to see his failing, and acknowledged it to the elders of the other

churches, who had taken much pains about this matter). He was off and on for a long time, and when he seemed most penitent, so as the church were ready to have received him in again, he would fall back again, and, as it were, repent of his repentance. In this time his house and nearly all his substance was consumed by fire. When he had continued excommunicated near two years, and much agitation had been about the matter, and the church being divided, so as he could not be received in,—at length the matter was referred to some magistrates and elders, and by their mediation he was released of his excommunication, but not received to his pastor's office."

As it happens, we have among the Winthrop Papers Mr. Bachiler's own comments on his ill-treatment at Hampton, so that we know from his own pen what defense he would have put forward had his reasonable request for a public trial been granted by the Massachusetts brethren whom his free speech in former years had offended. Writing to Governor Winthrop late in 1643, he said:

"I see not how I can depart hence" (that is from Hampton, to accept one of two calls he had received, to Casco and to Exeter), "till I have, or God for me, cleared and vindicated the cause and wrongs I have suffered of the church I yet live in; that is, from the Teacher, who hath done all and been the cause of all the dishonor that hath accrued to God, shame to myself, and grief to all God's people, by his irregular proceedings and abuse of the power of the church in his hand,—by the major part cleaving to him, being his countrymen and acquaintance in old England. My cause, though looked slightly into by diverse Elders and brethren, could never come to a judicial searching forth of things, and an impartial trial of his allegations and my defence; which, if yet they might, I am confident before God, upon certain knowledge and due proof before yourselves. The Teacher's act of his excommunicating me (such as I am, to say no more of myself), would prove the foulest matter,—both for the cause alleged of that excommunication, and the impulsive cause,—even wrath and revenge. Also, the manner of all his proceeding throughout, to the very end, and lastly his keeping me still under bonds,—and much worse than here I may mention for divers causes,—than ever was committed against any member of a church. Neglecting of the complaints of the afflicted in such

a State, — wherein Magistrates, Elders, and brethren all are in the sincerest manner set to find out sin, and search into the complaints of the poor,—not knowing father nor mother, church nor Elder,—in such a State, I say,—in such a wine-cellar to find such a cockatrice, and not to kill him,—to have such monstrous proceedings passed over, without due justice,—this again stirs up my spirit to seek for a writ *ad melius inquirendum*. Towards which the enclosed letter tendeth, as you may perceive. Yet if your wisdoms shall judge it more safe and reasonable to refer all my wrongs (conceived) to God's own judgment, I can submit myself to be overruled by you. To conclude,—if the Apostle's words be objected, that this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience' sake shall endure grief, suffering wrongfully,—and therefore I ought to endure, without seeking any redress or justice against the offender,—I profess it was more absolutely necessary so to suffer, when the Church had no civil power to seek unto, than in such a land of righteousness as our New England is."

This manly appeal ought to have reached Winthrop's heart,—for he had occasion, a few years later, to stand up and clear himself in a Boston court, upon rather grave charges of partiality in office; and he did this, he said, that his posterity might not blush for him when he was no more.

But, for politic reasons, doubtless,—I can conceive of no other,—the request of the wronged old man for a public inquiry was not granted. It was just after Massachusetts had paternally taken the four New Hampshire towns under her government, and the Lords Brethren did not want any more public wrangling than was unavoidable in that part of their Mosaic despotism. They had trouble enough from the free-spoken settlers in Maine and New Hampshire, who were not too well pleased to be "trotting after the Bay Horse." At this point we have an important testimony to the high character of Mr. Bachiler from a source naturally hostile to him,—viz.: the Church of England

party in Maine, which was carrying on a controversy with the Puritan party,—the latter headed by George Cleeve, an original Casco settler, though not of the Plough Colony. Rev. Robert Jordan, a son-in-law of John Winter, and an Oxford graduate, like Bachiler, was an Episcopal clergyman originally, and continued of the Cavalier party, like Gorges and the Trelawnys. Writing to the Parliament member, Trelawny, who had a colony in Maine, Jordan said, after mentioning the fact that Mr. Bachiler had been chosen umpire in the disputes between Trelawny and George Cleeve:

"Mr. Stephen Bachiler, the pastor of a church in the Massachusetts Bay, was, I must say, a grave, reverend, and a good man; but whether more inclined to justice or mercy, or whether carried aside by secret insinuations, I must refer to your own judgement. Sure I am that Cleeve is well nigh able to disable the wisest brain."

Considering that this letter, written July 31, 1642, is that of the defeated party in the suit where Mr. Bachiler was umpire, and that Jordan was well placed to know what his real character was, a year after the slanders against him, there could be few testimonies more convincing. Soon after this, Mr. Bachiler's old friends in the Casco settlement, among them this same wise and ancient George Cleeve, invited him to resume his old purpose of founding a church there. Cleeve had obtained from Richard Dummer the original Plough patent, had induced Alexander Rigby, a more influential member of the Long Parliament than Trelawny, to purchase it of John Dye and Thomas Jupe, the leading grantees, and came back from England in 1643 as Rigby's deputy governor of the Province

of Lygonia, granted and named by Sir F. Gorges.¹ One of his first acts was to send to Hampton an invitation for Mr. Bachiler to leave his warring parishioners and slandering colleague, and become the minister at Casco. This shows, as does the commendation of Jordan, how little the Hampton squabbles affected the opinion of persons at a distance.

The loyal and friendly old Christian, living with his grandchildren across yonder meadows, after his own house had been destroyed by fire, and a malicious effort made to blast his good name, at once wrote to John Cotton and his church in Boston (who had been good friends of his friend Wheelwright, until overborne by the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay), asking their advice in the matter of accepting the Casco call. What he said in this letter of Christmas time, 1643, is interesting, as rehearsing his fortunes in the ministry since starting

from London with his wife Helen and some of his grandchildren in 1632:—

"Said I to my wife, considering what a calling I had, some 14 years ago, by that Company of the Plough, there to sit down with them, not as a Planter only, but as a Pastor also; and considering how the Lord shov'd me from New Town to Saugus (upon that disaster which happened to the goods of the Company, by the false dealing of those entrusted by us with the Plough Ship, and our goods therein)—then from Saugus to Newbury, then from Newbury to Hampton; and now seems to do the like from Hampton to the very place itself (Casco),—all the former shovings and removings being still directly towards that place,—this, I thought in my mind, might have some resemblance to the Pharisees dealing with my Lord and Master."

This thought occurred to him, he says, from a sermon of Brother Cotton's, in which he argued that all the proceedings of the Scribes and Pharisees "did but thrust and shove at Christ, till they had thrust him into that very place to which the Father had appointed him." But then, he proceeds, he could not be sure that this was really God's purpose,—“seeing the intervenient callings were also of God, and the last, to Hampton, not least certain to me to be of God; also the last two removals not being so properly from God, as from Satan and some unjust instruments. This now, from Hampton to Casco, may be, after a sort, forced by like unjust proceedings, as well as by an honorable calling from Casco, and like honorable advice from you.” He therefore desires the advice and good will of Cotton, Winthrop, and the other church members at Boston, and goes on to say:

"I have sent them of Casco this answer briefly,—I purpose, God willing, to come and confer with them about the last week of the next month, our first (January, 1644), and that the will of God shall overrule me against all the difficulties of the case. And indeed the being of my dear brother Jenner and Mr.

¹ My son, V. C. Sanborn, of Kenilworth, Ill., has sent me certain facts about the grantees of the Plough Patent, and its final absorption in the grant of Rigby, which are worth recording. John Dye lived in Philpot Lane, London, and Thomas Jupe in Crooked Lane; both seem to have been citizens, and probably artisans. Grace Hardwin was a man, a wax-chandler in Crooked Lane,—his wife was a friend of Mildred Hitch, who may have been akin to Christopher Levitt, the first settler at Casco. The three Binckeses were also from London. Richard Dummer, who had the custody of the patent, was one of a family which sent many members to Massachusetts. Archbishop Land was informed in 1638 by one of his spies in the Isle of Wight (Oglander) that John Dummer of Swathling, and his son Thomas, with Thomas Dummer of Chickenwell, for his brother Richard, and Stephen Dummer of Townhill were all laying in provision for emigration, and several of them came over. Richard himself had come in 1632, but returned in 1638 to England, taking the patent with him; which afterwards passed to Rigby. In 1671, Serjeant Rigby, heir of Alexander Rigby; that in 1644, the earl of Warwick, Governor-in-Chief of America "ratified and confirmed said laws and constitutions for the territory aforesaid, styling the same the Province of Lygonia;" and that in 1636 "the said Earl and the Council decided the title to the Province to be in the said Rigby and his heirs."

Wheelwright established in those parts is not a weak motive to drive, or a cord to draw me that way."

Probably this casual mention of those punished heretics, Wheelwright and his friend, then ministers at Saco and Wells, on the way to Portland, and out of the Massachusetts jurisdiction, led the Boston brethren to discourage his removal to Casco; and he gave it up. But in the meantime, Wheelwright's colony at Exeter, adjoining Hampton, and likely to be fully informed about Mr. Bachiler's record in his own colony, had invited him to succeed Mr. Rashleigh as their minister,—a fact which goes to prove his innocence of anything serious in the Hampton imbroglio. It is to be remembered that Wheelwright and Bachiler founded their colonies side by side in the same years, when Massachusetts had not extended her rule over New Hampshire, and that, when this occurred, in 1641, Wheelwright moved over into Maine. His people invited Mr. Bachiler, but the Bay influence had divided Exeter, as Hampton was divided; and the Lords Brethren took advantage of this fact to forbid Mr. Bachiler's accepting the invitation. Governor Winthrop's version of this (dated Feb. 6, 1645) is as follows:

"Mr. Wheelwright being removed from Exeter to Wells, the people remaining fell at variance among themselves. Some would gather a new church, and call old Mr. Batchellor from Hampton to be their pastor; and for that purpose appointed a day, and gave notice thereof to the magistrates and churches; but the Court, understanding of their divisions and present unfitness for so solemn and sacred a business, wrote to them (by way of direction only) to desist for that time. To this they submitted and did not proceed."

An earlier record made by Winthrop in July, 1644, lets light in upon

the situation and the motives of Mr. Dalton, the persecutor of his pastor:

"The contentions in Hampton were grown to a great height; the whole town was divided into two factions, one with Mr. Bachellor, their late pastor, and the other with Mr. Dalton their teacher,—both men very passionate, and wanting discretion and moderation. Their differences were not in matters of opinion but of practice. Mr. Dalton's party being the most of the church, and so freemen (voters) had great advantage of the other, though a considerable party, and some of them of the church also,—whereby they carried all affairs both in church and town, according to their own minds, and not with that respect to their brethren and neighbors which had been fit. Divers meetings had been, both of magistrates and elders, and parties had been reconciled,—but broke out again presently, each side being apt to take fire upon any provocation. Whereupon Mr. Bachellor was advised to remove, and was called to Exeter, whither he intended to go; but they being divided and at great difference also, when one party had appointed a day of humiliation, to gather a new church and call Mr. Bachellor, the Court sent order to stop it."

Now let us see what Mr. Bachiler himself, who acted in this matter with entire moderation, so far as can be seen, had to say about the Exeter call (Hampton, May 18-19, 1644):

"Being clearly free from any engagement of promise to Casco, and no one misliking mine inclination to Exeter,—as the one, two or three opposites had no one word to oppose further, so were the whole residue of the plantation (brethren and others) thoroughly satisfied and encouraged to go forward. Upon my promise to accept of their calling and desire, they resolved to pitch upon the day of their constitution and coming into order, and sending forth their letters for help and advice unto the churches. Whiles I desired to delay for some further short time, . . . I could see no sound reason to desire further time, but freely consented to their desire and calling: only earnestly exhorting them to live in love and peace, and so to redeem whatsoever ill opinion the country had conceived of them. Whereupon they called a meeting, and agreed upon the persons and materials of their intended church, and the day of the helpers' meeting, which is the 18 of the next month succeeding (June, 1644). Which if it shall please your Worship (Gov. Winthrop) to communicate, with this poor relation, to your Reverend

Elders (to save me a little pains in writing), I shall stand thankful to you; and doubly thankful to my brother Wilson (as the ablest to travel) in case he would honor us with his presence,—and make it a progress of recreation to see his old friend, and so to do me this last service, save to my burial. For the establishment of a church-estate in Exeter, I have, of my own accord, freely consented to allow 41 pounds, out of the wages which they purposed to have allowed to Mr. Rashleigh yearly (and I think paid), to the purchasing of Mr. Wheelwright's house and accommodations thereto,—to be mine for my term only, and so to be left at my end of term to such as shall succeed."

Is there not something pathetic as well as truly Christian and gentlemanly in this statement? In his eighty-fourth year, after a troubled and toilsome life, he desires his old friend, one of the Boston ministers, to come and ordain him where he expects soon to be buried. Notwithstanding the reputation for contention which his enemies would fasten upon him, I could wish that they had ever manifested so much Christian spirit. But the Lords Brethren,—I must think against the wish of the gentle Winthrop,—refused to permit the Exeter heretics to gather a church. Having advised the wronged old man to leave Hampton for the sake of peace, and he having taken their counsel,—they now stepped in and frustrated his good purpose,—

Keeping the word of promise to the ear,
But breaking it to the hope.

In the full faith that now he is to find repose at Exeter, this aged Lear, so ungratefully treated by his brethren, not by his children, makes a further request, modestly and pathetically to this powerful "Court" which assumes to regulate church and state at once. The same letter of May, 1644, goes on:

"I must expect that, so soon as I am translated to my new place, the people of Hampton

will lay what rates they can upon my lot and estate in Hampton. Whether I may not obtain favor from our Government, to be favored and exempted, either for the short term of my life, or for some certain years, as shall be thought fit, from any rate? (1), For that I procured the plantation for them, as your Worship knows, and have been at great charges many ways since, for the upholding and furthering of the same. 2, For that I never had any maintenance from them hitherto. 3, I have had great losses by fire (well known) to the value of 200 pounds, with my whole study of books. It is considerable, that I voluntarily remove, for peace sake, and that my removing, though to so near a place, cannot be but both troublesome and chargeable. And lastly it can detract but a matter of 3 pounds or thereupon,—haply a little more, I do not know,—from the Teacher's maintenance, or otherwise; which yet may be a comfort and benefit to me. I have, in effect, little or no other means and maintenance to depend upon, but from my lot in Hampton.

"Whether I may not lawfully and reasonably desire such a favor from the state? if not, in your wise and conscionable judgment, and of my brothers, your Elders, I sit down in silence. If yes, then I shall beseech you as a friend and father, to propound my humble suit to the Court, as you best know how, with my reasons and considerations,—and cast the success upon the Lord above. And were it not that I know your Worship respecteth no trouble, so you may do any service for God, or any of His poor servants, I should not be so bold as I am thus to trouble you with my letters of complaint and advice. And even so I conclude, with my wife's and my poor service promised to your Worship and your Christian consort, mine ancient friend, with our faithful prayers for you and my reverend brethren. I cease and rest in the Lord, yours to command, His most unprofitable servant,

"STEPHEN BACHILER.

"Bear with my blotted paper,—my maid threw down mine ink glass upon it, and I had not *rescribendi tempus*" (time to write it over).

Here is the case truthfully presented; but whether the favor of relief from taxation in his own colony ("plantation") was ever granted, we may not know, for the imperfect town records of Hampton do not show it. He afterwards sued the town for ministerial services, and got a verdict in his favor.

Having sacrificed some 400 or 500 pounds in his fifteen years' endeavors to build up towns and churches in New England, the old Puritan was now compelled to sell his great farm in Seabrook, near the Massachusetts line, to maintain himself on the proceeds, without burdening his grandchildren, who by this time were prominent citizens of Hampton. This sale occurred during 1644, and was in the interest of the town of Hampton, to whom the buyers (Thomas Ward and William Howard) resold it, for the benefit of Mr. Bachiler's friend and successor, Rev. John Wheelwright, who seems to have been chosen as a means of reconciling the adherents of Bachiler and of Dalton. The beginning of the contract with Wheelwright is significant in this respect; it reads:

"The church of Jesus Christ in Hampton, having seriously considered the great pains and labors that the reverent and well-beloved Mr. Timothy Dalton have taken among them in the work of the ministry, *even beyond his ability and strength of nater*: and having, upon solemn seeking of God, settled their thoughts upon the reverent and well-beloved Mr. John Wheelwright of Wells, as a help in the work of the Lord with the said Mr. Dalton, our present and faithful teacher," etc.

It seems to have been further agreed to accept Mr. Bachiler's offer peaceably to remove from Hampton, where, in the meantime (1647), his wife, Helen, had died; he did in fact remove in the spring of that year, (and before Mr. Wheelwright came) to Strawberry Bank, as Portsmouth was then called. Soon after so removing, he conveyed (April 20, 1647) all his remaining estate in Hampton, including all grants not then appointed, to his grandson, my ancestor, Lieut. John Sanborn, who gave bond to pay the other three grandchildren in

America, Nathaniel Bachiler. William Sanborn and Stephen Sanborn, 20 pounds sterling each. The aged sufferer still complained to Winthrop of unredressed wrongs, and wrote to him (May 3, 1647) reminding him of a promise to open his case, when occasion should serve, in these words:

"I can shew a letter of your Worship's, occasioned by some letters of mine, craving some help from you in some cases of oppression under which I lay,—and still do,—wherein also you were pleased to take notice of those oppressions and wrongs; that in case the Lord should give, or open a door of, opportunity, you would be ready to do me all the lawful right and Christian service that any cause of mine might require. Which time being, in my conceit, near at hand, all that I would humbly crave is this,—to read this inclosed letter to my two beloved and reverend brothers, your Elders (Cotton and Wilson), and in them to the whole Synod. Wherein you shall fully know my distressed case and condition; and so, as you shall see cause, to join with them in counsel, what best to do for my relief."

Here the allusion is, no doubt, to the slanders against him in Hampton, as well as to the pecuniary indebtedness of his ungrateful colony, for services as pastor. What follows, in the same letter, opens a new source of affliction for the persecuted old man. He had gone to Portsmouth, apparently, upon a sort of engagement to preach there, as successor to "that godly man and scholar" James Parker, who had shortly before gone to Barbadoes, after missionary work among the ungodly at Strawberry Bank and Kittery Foreside for two or three years. It was a trading and fishing community, with little affinity for the Puritan strictness, to which Mr. Bachiler undertook missionary service; and he fell into the snares of the wicked there. One of Satan's shepherdesses, the Becky Sharp of a sailor's paradise,—a widow and adventuress, soon appeared on the

scene, and the old man, now a widower, and weakened in mind, probably, as so often happens in extreme age, became her victim. With his persisting generosity he thus opened the sad chapter to the Winthrop family :

"It is no news to certify you that God hath taken from me my dear helper and yokefellow. And whereas, by approbation of the whole plantation of Strawberry Bank, they have assigned an honest neighbor, (a widow) to have some eye and care towards my family, for washing, baking, and other such common services,—it is a world of woes to think what rumors detracting spirits raise up, that I am married to her, or certainly shall be ; and cast on her such aspersions without ground or proof, that I see not how possibly I shall subsist in the place, to do them that service from which, otherwise they cannot endure to hear I shall depart. The Lord direct and guide us jointly and singularly in all things, to his glory and our rejoicing in the day and at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ ! And so, with my humble service to your worship, your blessed and beloved yokefellow, (mine ancient true friend) with blessing on you both, yours and all the people of God with you, I end and rest your Worship's in the Lord to command."

Except for petitions and pleadings in court, these are the last written words of our ancestor that have been preserved, in that general loss of manuscripts which includes almost every line of Shakespeare's except his will. But his chivalrous defence of this later Mary Magdalen did not hold good. She inveigled him into a marriage early in 1648, without previous notice, as required by law ; and he obtained for her, now Mistress Mary Bachiler,—a title she coveted,—a lot of land in Kittery, Feb. 14, 1648.

This woman was, of course, much younger than her deluded husband ; but her original name and age are unknown. She soon passed over into the jurisdiction of Gorges' colony, living on her land in Kittery, and used her married name

as a cover for vice. In October, 1650, she was arrested on suspicion of adultery with one George Rogers, and a year later the York records show that she was convicted of the offence, and sentenced to receive forty stripes save one at the first town meeting held at Kittery, six weeks after her delivery, and be branded with the letter "A." Notwithstanding this notorious fact, the Massachusetts authorities made the following atrocious order upon the petition of her husband for divorce, then in his ninetieth year :

"That Mr. Batchelor and his wife shall live together as man and wife, as in this court they have publicly professed to do ; and if either desert one another, then hereby the court doth order that the marshal shall apprehend both the said Mr. Batchelor and Mary, his wife, and bring them forthwith to Boston, there to be kept till the next Quarter Court of Assistants, that farther consideration thereof may be had, both of them moving for a divorce : Provided, notwithstanding, that if they put in 50 pounds each of them, for their appearance, that then they shall be under their bail to appear at the next court ; and in case Mary Batchellor shall live out of the jurisdiction, without mutual consent for a time, then the clerk shall give notice to the magistrate at Boston of her absence, that further order may be taken therein."

The only possible justification for action like this must have been that Mr. Bachiler was so infirm as to be dependent on his false wife for daily care, and was willing to pardon and trust her further,—he then having a residence in New Hampshire and she in Maine. Nothing further is known of these legal proceedings, except that no divorce was granted ; but after his return to England, with his grandson, Stephen, to escape from this woman and from the unjust courts, she petitioned the Massachusetts authorities for divorce, with a mixture of falsehood and truth in her statement, as thus :

"Whereas, your petitioner having formerly lived with Mr. Stephen Bachiler in this Colony as his lawful wife, (and not unknown to divers of you, as I conceive), and the said Mr. Bachiler, upon some pretended ends of his own, has transported himself into old England, for many years since, and betaken himself to another wife, as your petitioner hath often been credibly informed, and there continues; whereby your petitioner is left destitute not only of a guide to herself and her children, but also made incapable of disposing herself in the way of marriage to any other without a lawful permission. . . . And were she free of her engagement to Mr. Bachiler, might probably so dispose of herself as that she might obtain a meet helper to assist her to procure such means for her livelihood, and the recovery of her children's health, as might keep them from perishing,—which your petitioner, to her great grief, is much afraid of, if not timely prevented."

At this time she could not have been more than forty. Neither of her children could have been her husband's, who was by this time ninety-five, and had never married again. Nor had he been in England "many years," for he returned with his grandson, Stephen Sanborn, who not only signed the Hampton petition in favor of Robert Pike in 1653, but was in Hampton in August, 1654. Upon leaving America, where he had been so ungratefully dealt with by all except his own kindred, he turned over the last remains of his American property to his son-in-law, Captain Christopher Hussey, ancestor of the poet Whittier, as two of his old neighbors testified later:

"They did hear Mr. Bachiler say unto his son-in-law that in consideration the said Hussey had little or nothing from him with his daughter, which was then married to the said Hussey; as also that this said son Hussey and his wife had been helpful unto him both formerly and in fitting him for his voyage, and for other considerations; he did give to the said Hussey all his estate, consisting in cattle, household goods and debts, for which his gift aforesaid he also gave a deed in writing and delivered a copy thereof to the said Hussey."

Released from the complications of his old age in New England, and returning to kindly and prosperous descendants and kindred in old England, Stephen Bachiler passed his latest years in tranquility and died peacefully at Hackney, now a part of London, in 1660, nearly a century old. His descendants in this country alone must number 5,000, in England perhaps half as many. His rancorous opponent, Dalton, left no posterity, and, in his penitent later years, gave much of his property, as did his wife, to the grandson of Mr. Bachiler, Nathaniel, whose posterity are before me to-day. It is, therefore, proper for us to pay the honor to our common ancestor which his character and services demand. A less agreeable task is to censure and correct the erroneous and injurious terms in which the historian of Hampton Falls has inconsiderately spoken of the planter of these five towns, which owe their existence to his zeal and aged activity. It should have been his pride, as it was his duty, to clear our Founder's name from the aspersions of his opponents.

Instead of this, his account of Mr. Bachiler will not stand judicial examination for a moment. It copies carelessly and defectively from Winthrop's secret journal, which did not come to light till more than a century after Bachiler's death, when all who had direct knowledge of the facts were also dead, and when its statements must be tested by probability, not taken as gospel truth. Valuable as Winthrop's manuscript journals are, for facts within his own knowledge, and where his judgment was not warped by superstition or preju-

dice, there are numerous instances where we now know his account to be false or exaggerated; many more in which his credulity and bigotry led him to the most ridiculous statements. He tells a story of the mice eating one of his son's volumes, in which were the Greek Testament and the book of Common Prayer. Disliking the latter, which Winthrop regarded as heretical or idolatrous in parts, he gives us to understand that his son John's mice acted under God's direction in nibbling the prayers and avoiding the Gospels! He can nowhere speak of Anne Hutchinson with moderation, and after she had been unjustly banished to Aquiday, near Rhode Island, he set down this gossip against her:

"Mr. Collins and one Mr. Hales (a young man very well conceited of himself and censorious of others) went to Aquiday; and so soon as Hales came acquainted with Mrs. Hutchinson, he was taken with her, and became her disciple. Mr. Collins was entertained at Hartford to teach a school; went away without taking leave, and being come to Mrs. Hutchinson, he was also taken with her heresies, and in great admiration of her. These and the other like (things) before, when she dwelt in Boston, gave cause of suspicion of witchcraft; for it was certainly known that Hawkins's wife (who continued with her and was her bosom friend) had much familiarity with the devil in England, when she dwelt at St. Ives, where divers ministers and others resorted to her and found it true."

Winthrop also recorded, a few years after, and not long before his own death, the wondrous evidence upon which Margaret Jones was hanged in Charlestown for a witch, and how the presence of her widowed husband in a loaded vessel in Charles river caused the ship to heel and roll until he was taken out and imprisoned! Now there is quite as much evidence for these three persons being

in league with Satan, as for Mr. Bachiler's alleged misconduct at Hampton; yet who believes now that they were witches? Had the offence charged, upon mere hearsay, by Winthrop, been committed by Mr. Bachiler, or provable, it would have been sharply prosecuted in the courts; for our ancestors were very severe against such offences,—whipping and even hanging for their punishment. That he made any confession is no more likely than that Bachiler's friend Wheelwright confessed the heresies for which the Lords Brethren unlawfully banished him to New Hampshire; his courteous expression of some slight fault was doubtless tortured into a confession, which he ever afterwards denied, and asked to have the matter brought to public trial,—not left in the secret conclave of church discipline. Judge Bachelder and other careful lawyers who have looked into the cases of Wheelwright and Bachiler, are unanimous, so far as I know, in saying that nothing could be proved, in a just court, upon no better evidence than Winthrop records. Nor would the scandal have received any attention, probably, had not Mr. Bachiler, in his failing old age, fallen into the hands of the wicked woman who enticed him to a wholly unfit marriage. His two former marriages had been long and undisturbed, so far as we know, by any domestic dissensions; his wives were not so many as Winthrop's (who married four times), but equally worthy; his children and grandchildren were honored and respected, and were much attached to him. The charge of immorality was the outgrowth of theological rancor, than which nothing is more slan-

derous, or less to be credited in accusation.

But it is also alleged by Winthrop that Bachiler was so contentious that there could be no peace in the churches till he was sent away. That he was stiff and passionate at times is not unlikely, though his extant letters do not indicate that; rather do they show courtesy and moderation. But for a Massachusetts Puritan to stigmatize a brother as contentious was merely to say, "Thou art truly one of us"; for Winthrop's whole journal is the record of quarrels among the brethren; and scarcely a church or a prominent man or woman escaped these squabbles, often of the most childish origin. The governor and magistrates were occupied for years over a stray sow from one of the Boston islands; and the colonial government came near breaking up over a trivial controversy in Hingham, growing out of the arbitrary rule of the minister, Hobart. The founders of Massachusetts were men of strong character, but narrow minds, and Bachiler was no exception, perhaps,—only his views had been enlarged by a more generous nature, and a wider experience than most of them had, except Winthrop and his son John. These two seem to have remained on friendly terms with Mr. Bachiler, who had been a visitor at old Adam Winthrop's in England, and always claimed acquaintance with the whole family; particularly with Margaret Tyndal, Governor Winthrop's third wife, a

daughter of the murdered Sir John Tyndal.

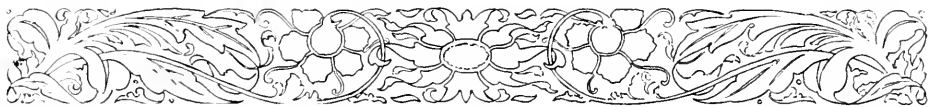
Even if these revived slanders had more foundation in fact than we now see they had, it was not the part of a good historian to gloat over them. Until he was eighty years old, Stephen Bachiler, though much in the Puritan agitations of England and New England, bore an unspotted name; it would have been natural to ascribe the events of 1641-1650 to that decay or perversion of faculties which we often see in the aged, and for which they are hardly more responsible than King Lear for his insanity. He might have said, as Lear does,—

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdoms, called you children;
You owe me nothing; here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Against a head so old and white as this.

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Thou perjured and thou simular of virtue,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life! I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

But we have the right to withhold this excuse for acts of weakness or of generous trust; for, judged by what is known of his wrongs, sufferings, labors, and results, few of the patriarchs of New England are more worthy of praise and of sympathy than this untiring toiler, this true believer,—this intrepid friend of liberty, faithful guardian of his family, and deeply injured benefactor of mankind.

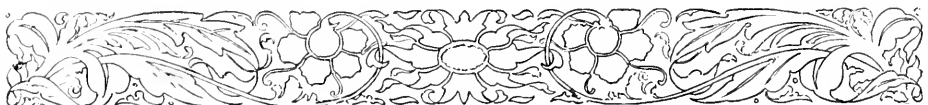
NOTE.—In 1683, the son of Richard Dummer, Mr. Bachiler's kinsman, informed the General Court of Massachusetts, which then controlled Maine, that his father "was wholly intrusted with the Plough Patent and the management of sundry concerns relating to the same, by virtue of a power derived from the patentees, and thereunder disbursed sundry sums of money; and thereafter, the said Patent being ordered home for England, the patentees granted him 300 acres and more, laid out at Casco Bay." This is the latest mention of the Patent I have yet found.



TO AN OAK.

By James J. Rome.

O sturdy oak ! Thou forest king !
The warbling birds thy glories sing.
For shelter by thy branches given,
In waking dawn or sombre ev'n,
The cattle browsing 'neath thy shade
Praise Him who all things good hath made.
The weary traveler, seeking rest,
Under thy spreading green is blest.
The zephyrs creeping through thy leaves,
A music song melodious weaves,—
In lightsome chant relate in song
The blessings scattered free among
All earth's inhabitants below,
Not with an ostentatious show,
But with a meekness all divine,—
An offering at Love's holy shrine.
Strengthen the faint and cheer the sad,
Making the drooping heart feel glad.
The weak look up at thy strong arms
Outstretched to battle with the storms,
And taking courage, face the fight,
And put their evil foes to flight.
Ah, noble tree ! rich blessings thou
On willing learners dost bestow,
Serene and calm, yet dost not fail
To breast the storm and meet the gale,
And gather strength from adverse winds.
Each branch in gladness yields and bends,
But still its beauteous form retains,
And harmony, serene, remains.



PICTURESQUE COOPERSTOWN.

By George W. Parker.



COOPERSTOWN annually attracts thousands of tourists from all lands, both because of its picturesque locality at the foot of Otsego lake and among the Otsego hills, and from the fact that it is the resting-place of the first distinctively American novelist.

Richfield Springs and Coopers-town, to which might also be added Sharon Springs and Howe's Cave, make a delightful side-trip for travelers going to or returning from Niagara or the Adirondacks. These places are now on the direct line with the Catskills and the Hudson. Aside from its close proximity to other summer resorts, Cooperstown has a potent charm of its own in its unique position on the Glimmerglass, as Otsego lake is designated in "Deerslayer," surrounded by mountain, lake, and virgin forest. To the artist's eye there is a permanent feast in the mirrored lake set in a frame of forest-clad hills. The admirer of "Leather Stocking Tales," who, standing by the monument of the Indian hunter in Cooper park which marks the site of the great novelist's home, gazes northward over the placid waters of Otsego lake, discovers the mainspring of the novelist's poetic fancy.

This silvery expanse, lying peaceful and transparent, and encircled by even ranges of hills, is suggestive of contentment and repose. The hut of 1760, built for the deputy superin-

tendent of Indian affairs, has given place to a flourishing village of over two thousand inhabitants, and beautified by parks, libraries, public buildings, and modern improvements: the western hill-slopes have been partially cleared and are now covered by fertile farms. Aside from these changes, the view is the same as that which met Deerslayer's eyes on emerging upon the gravelly point.

"On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere, compressed into a setting of hills and woods. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to half a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance more to the southward. Of course its margin was irregular, being indented by bays, and broken by many projecting, low points. At its northern or nearest end it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water, on quite nine tenths of its circuit. The exceptions, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene; and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low the back-ground was high, though more distant.

"But the most striking peculiari-

ties of this scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides wherever the eye turned nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, and the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain top to the water's edge, presented one unvaried hue of unbroken

the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water."

On the shores of Otsego lake were enacted the events narrated in "Deerslayer" and many of the historic spots are designated by the names of its characters. Thus Council Rock, near the outlet, is the one from which Chingachgook leaped to the deck of the ark and escaped his pur-



Cooperstown and Otsego Lake.

verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out toward the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, 'quivering aspens,' and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest-grandeur, softened by

suers; Leatherstocking Falls, a little back from the western shore, is the scene of Leatherstocking's rescue of the Indian maiden, Swan, from the panther; Three Mile, or Wild Rose Point, the place of Deerslayer's parting from Judith Hutter; Hutter's Point, from which Deerslayer first caught a glimpse of the Glimmerglass; Sunken Island, site of Hutter's castle; Gravelly Point, where Deerslayer had his first combat with a hostile Indian; Point Judith, adorned by Kingfisher's Tower, a handsome

medieval structure towering sixty feet above the water's edge, and Natty Bumppo's Cave.

The lake front offers every opportunity for boating, bathing, and fishing. A fleet of three steamers, several private launches, and innumerable skiffs and row-boats ply the waters of Otsego lake. The outlet of the lake is the stately Susquehanna which sweeps in a smooth sheet east of the village. Broad and

pervades the region, for outside the carefully-kept park with its diagonal walks are the most elegant residences and public buildings in Cooperstown. Directly in front is the beautiful marble edifice occupied jointly by the public library and the Young Men's Christian Association, and the marble block belonging to Edward Clark and Alfred Corning Clark; on the east is a brick cottage, the home of Cooper's granddaughter, the bricks

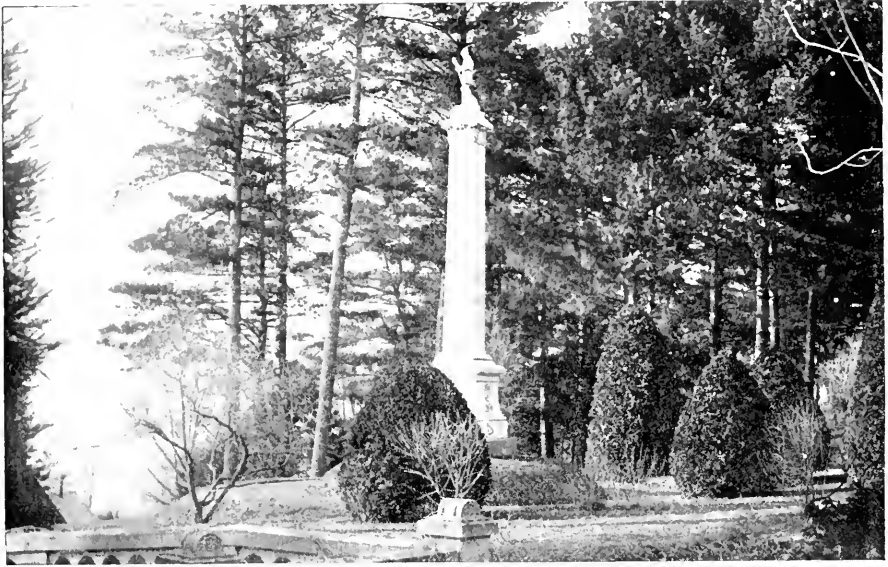


Indian Monument in Cooper Park.

well-kept streets, flanked everywhere by shady walks and beautiful lawns, afford pleasant drives. Thanks to the munificence of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clarke, a beautiful public park has been laid out about the site of the old Cooper house. In the center a huge boulder of syenite, surmounted by the bronze statue of an Indian hunter, marks the spot where stood Otsego Hall, the home of Cooper, which was built in 1798, and destroyed by fire in 1852.

An air of refinement and culture

used in its construction being brought from the old Otsego Hall; next, yet located at some distance from the street in a shady vista of trees, is the stone mansion of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark; to the rear of the park is Christ church with its chapel in front of which are the graves of the Cooper family. About twenty-five members and relatives of the novelist here repose beneath the sod. In the small cemetery of Christ church, amongst the scenes which Cooper loved and immortalized, lie the re-



Leatherstocking Monument in Lakewood Cemetery.

mains of America's great novelist. It is quite fitting that he, who through life cherished the woods and mountains, and gazed with rapture on Glimmerglass's shining waters, should be buried among the same surroundings, shaded by native trees and in solemn silence save for the rustling of the leaves, the gentle murmur of the evening wind or the *Te Deum* sung in the neighboring chapel by souls grateful for the rich inheritance he has left them.

Among the half dozen tombs covered by large flat slabs of granite are those of the novelist and his wife. Though showing the marks of time, one can clearly make out the simple inscription :

James Fenimore Cooper
Born Sep. 15, 1789
Died Sep. 14, 1851.

And on the grave of his wife :

Susan Augusta, wife of
James Fenimore Cooper
and daughter of
John Peter DeLancey

Born Jan. 28, 1792

Died Jan. 20, 1852.

Many of the other inscriptions are scarcely discernible, but we notice the names of William Cooper (1754-1809) and his wife, Elizabeth ; Isaac Cooper (1781-1818) and Mary, his wife ; Richard Cooper and his sons, Alfred, Charles Paul, James Fenimore, and Richard Fenimore ; Marmaduke Cooper and William Cooper.

The slab that covers the remains of Hannah Cooper bears an interesting inscription :

" Adieu Thou Gentle Pious Spotless Fair
Thou more than Daughter of my Fondest care
Farewell farewell till happier ages roll
And waft me Purer to thy kindred Soul
Oft shall the Orphan and the Widow poor
Thy bounty fed this lonely spot explore
Here to relate Thy seeming hapless doom
More than the solemn record of the Tomb
By tender love inspired can tender love portray
(Nor Sculptured Marble, nor the plaintive lay
Proclaim Thy Virtues through the vale of time)
And bathe with grateful tears thy hallow'd shrine."

Here, too, are to be seen the graves of the Metcalfs, Williamses, and other Revolutionary families. An iron paling encloses the Cooper burying ground, but a well-worn path leads from the chapel to the grave of James Fenimore Cooper, which is the center of attraction for all visitors to Cooperstown.

It is gratifying for all admirers of Cooper to know that the home and haunts of the great novelist no longer lie in sad neglect, but that devoted hands have laid out this beautiful memorial park, erected the statue and carefully raised fitting tributes of love to the relatives of the deceased. Leatherstocking monument in Lakewood cemetery, erected in honor of James Fenimore Cooper, remains to be noted. It is of white marble, twenty-five feet high, with square granite base. The words "Fenimore Cooper" are carved in front on the base; on the north, in relief, are

emblems illustrating his tales of the sea; on the east, the titles of his works, with pen, inkstand, and urn with incense rising; on the south, emblems illustrating his Indian tales.

Surmounting the marble shaft is a Corinthian capital, and, crowning all, is a statue of Leatherstocking, dressed in hunting shirt, leggings, and deer-skin cap, with powder-horn and bullet pouch slung over his shoulders, his dog, Hector, crouching at his feet.

Here, amid the beautiful Otsego hills, in sight of the crystal Glimmerglass and surrounded by grateful devotees, let us take leave of Cooper, the first American novelist.

Fair Cooperstown by Glimmerglass,
Otsego's cherished guardian ward!
Thy beauty was in ages past
By Cooper sung, the Indian bard.

To whom thou owest thy fair fame,
His ashes guard as sacred trust!
A nation's, thine are all the same,
Guard well his consecrated dust!

ONLY.

By Laura D. Nichols.

It was only a loving, pitying look,
But it fell on a heart like needed rain;
And, as flowers lean over a meadow-brook,
Its hopes unfolded and bloomed again.

It was only a gentle, hopeful word,
But it came to a weary soul like dew;
And to bravely bear and nobly dare,
It rose to its burden of life anew.

It was only the clasp of a trusting hand,
But it lifted a man from shame and fear;
It helped him again erect to stand,
Redeeming his past by a record clear.

HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY TOWNS.

THE ORIGIN OF THEIR NAMES, TOGETHER WITH THE DATE OF THEIR SETTLEMENT AND INCORPORATION. ALSO THE DATE OF THE GRANTS.

By Howard M. Cook.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY of September, 1898, contained an article on "The Origin of the Names of the Towns in Merrimack County Together with the Date of their Settlement and Incorporation." I thought it might be of sufficient interest to continue the investigation in reference to the towns in Hillsborough county. The same reason for the publication of that article, might also apply to this county, viz.: That while many of the scholars in our public schools, and people of an older growth as well, could give a reason for the naming of the states of the Union, and the main circumstances of their settlement, they might be at a loss to know why their own town, or the towns about them were so named.

The five original counties of New Hampshire were Rockingham, Strafford, Hillsborough, Cheshire, and Grafton. They were all formed at the same time, and the act of their formation took effect March 19, 1771.

Previous to this time the province of New Hampshire was a single court or county for all financial and judicial purposes. All business of this character was transacted either at Portsmouth, Dover, or Exeter, and the most of it at Portsmouth, as the royal executive officers resided

there, and it was practically the capital of the province, having a population of about four thousand.

In 1767, John Wentworth, who had recently been appointed governor, brought forward a plan for the division of the province into counties. It met with some opposition from those who lived in what was afterward known as Rockingham county, on the ground that it would increase the expenses without any corresponding advantage. Governor Wentworth was strongly in favor of the measure, and he showed his faith by his works in going into the wilderness and erecting a mansion at Wolfeborough, near the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, known to the Indians as "the beautiful water in a high place."

The measure finally passed the provincial assembly and took effect, as before stated, in the spring of 1771, though two of the counties, Strafford and Grafton, by an amendment of the act remained connected with the county of Rockingham until 1773. Governor Wentworth had the honor of naming the five counties, all but one, after his friends in England. Rockingham county was named after the Marquis of Rockingham; Strafford, after the Earl of Strafford; Grafton, after the Duke of Grafton; Cheshire, after a county of that name

in England, and Hillsborough, after the Earl of Hillsborough, one of the members of the privy council of George III.

Taking then the twenty-eight towns and the two cities that comprise this county in their alphabetical order, the following is the reason, briefly told, of their names, date of settlement, and incorporation. Some of these towns, it will be seen, had two grants,—one from the province of Massachusetts and another from the Masonian proprietors. The reason for this is too long to mention here, but it can be ascertained by consulting any of the histories of New Hampshire.

Amherst was granted by Massachusetts, December 18, 1728. It was first known as Narraganset No. 3, and subsequently as Souhegan West. The grant was confirmed by the Masonian proprietors, January 18, 1760. The charter was renewed in 1762. It was named in honor of Lord Jeffrey Amherst, at that time commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America.

Antrim was a portion of a tract of land called Society Land. It was settled in 1744 by Philip Riley, a Scotchman. It was incorporated March 22, 1777, and was called Antrim, from a town by that name in Ireland. It signifies "habitation upon the waters."

Bedford was granted by Massachusetts February 12, 1733. It was first known as Narraganset No. 5. It was first settled in 1737. The grant was confirmed by the Masonian proprietors November 9, 1748. It was incorporated by the name of Bedford, May 19, 1750, and was named in honor of the Duke of Bedford.

Bennington was constituted from parts of Greenfield, Francestown, Deering, and Hancock, and was incorporated by the legislature of New Hampshire December 15, 1842. It probably takes its name from Bennington, Vt.

Brookline was formerly a part of the old Dunstable grant, and was incorporated by the name of Raby, March 30, 1769. A portion of Hollis was annexed February 17, 1786. It was named Raby, from a town of that name in the county of Durham, England, from which some of the first settlers emigrated. It probably takes its name from Brookline, Mass.

Deering was originally a part of Society Land, and was incorporated January 17, 1774. It was named by Gov. John Wentworth in honor of his wife, whose maiden name was Frances Deering.

Francestown was first settled by John Carson, a Scotchman, in 1760. It was incorporated June 8, 1772. This town included New Boston "Addition," and a part of Society Land. Like the town of Deering it was named in honor of Frances Deering. In the old records it was written "Frances Town."

Goffstown was granted by Massachusetts, February 9, 1734, to soldiers and sailors who served in the King Philip War. It was first known as Narraganset No. 4. The grant was confirmed by the Masonian proprietors, December 3, 1748. It was also known as Shrove-town. It was incorporated by the name of Goffstown, June 16, 1761, and the charter was renewed April 15, 1763. It was named in honor of Col. John Goffe, a renowned Indian fighter in the French and Indian War.

Greenfield was constituted from Lyndeborough Gore and parts of Society Land, Peterborough, and Lyndeborough. It was incorporated June 15, 1791. The name was given to the town by Maj. Aaron Whittemore.

Greenville was formerly a part of Mason, but was set off from that town, and was incorporated June 28, 1872. The earliest settlement within the limits of the town was in 1752. The origin of the name is not given.

Hancock was formerly a part of Society Land, and was incorporated November 5, 1779. Gov. John Hancock of Massachusetts was a large owner of real estate within its limits, and the town was named in his honor.

Hillsborough was first known as "No. 7," in the line of towns extending from the Merrimack to the Connecticut. It was granted by Massachusetts, January 16, 1736, and also by the Masonian proprietors, January 26, 1749. It was incorporated November 14, 1772, and was named in honor of Col. John Hill, one of the grantees.

Hollis was a part of the old Dunstable grant, and was set off by Massachusetts as West Dunstable, December 28, 1739. It was incorporated by the name of Holles, April 3, 1746, in honor of Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of New Castle. The name was changed to that of Hollis, in honor of Thomas Hollis, a benefactor of Harvard college.

Hudson was originally a part of old Dunstable, and was incorporated by Massachusetts, January 4, 1733, under the name of Nottingham. It was incorporated as Nottingham West, July 5, 1746, as there was an-

other town of the name of Nottingham in Rockingham county. The name was changed to Hudson, July 1, 1830, probably in honor of Hendrick Hudson, who discovered the Hudson river.

Litchfield was originally a part of old Dunstable, and was first known as Natticott. It was granted by Massachusetts, July 9, 1729, to John Richardson and others. It was incorporated by the name of Litchfield, June 5, 1749, and is probably named for Litchfield, Conn.

Lyndeborough was granted by Massachusetts, June 19, 1735, to Capt. Samuel Ring and others, and was first known as Salem-Canada. It was also granted by the Masonian proprietors, December 5, 1753, to Benjamin Lynde and others, and was named in his honor. It was incorporated, April 23, 1764.

Manchester was granted by Massachusetts, April 17, 1735, to Capt. William Tyng's "snowshoe men" and was formerly known as Tyngstown. It was first settled by John Goffe, Jr., Edward Lingfield, and Benjamin Kidder. It was incorporated by the name of Derryfield, September 3, 1751. The name was changed to that of Manchester, June 13, 1810, as a compliment to Samuel Blodgett, who constructed a canal around Amoskeag Falls, and often said that "the place would some day be the Manchester of America." The city charter was granted July 10, 1846. It is known far and near as the "Queen City" of New Hampshire.

Mason was granted by the Masonian proprietors, November 1, 1749, to William Lawrence and others. It was incorporated August

26, 1768. It was named in honor of Capt. John Mason, who had named New Hampshire from a county in England, where he resided.

Merrimack was originally a part of the old Dunstable grant. The first settlement was made in 1673, and it was incorporated April 2, 1746. It was formerly known as Souhegan East. As its eastern boundary is the Merrimack river,—it is rightly named from its contiguousness, and of which Whittier has sung :

“ Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.”

Milford was constituted from parts of Hollis and Amherst, and was incorporated January 11, 1794. It was largely granted to the soldiers who served in the King Philip War. It probably takes its name from Milford, Mass.

Mont Vernon was originally a part of Amherst, and was incorporated December 15, 1803. A portion of Lyndeborough was annexed, January 5, 1853. A stream of water passes through the town to which the Indians gave the name of “*Quohquinapassakessanannaguog*.” The town was probably named for the home of Washington.

Nashua was the first settled of the inland towns of New Hampshire. It was formerly a part of the old Dunstable grant. The town remained under the Massachusetts charter till April 1, 1746, when it was incorporated by the General Court of New Hampshire by the name of Dunstable. The name was changed to Nashua, December 8, 1836. The city charter was granted June 27, 1853, and the city has increased in

population, so that it is the second city in the state. The Nashua tribe of Indians had its headquarters along the river that is identical with their name, and it is said that more romance of history clusters around this locality than attaches to most others in the state, filling with poetry the memory of those days of war's alarms:

“ What time the noble Lovewell came,
With fifty men from Dunstable,
The cruel Pequot tribe to tame,
With arms and bloodshed terrible.”

New Boston was granted by Massachusetts, January 14, 1736, to John Simpson and others. The grant was confirmed by the Masonian proprietors, February 2, 1749. Another grant was made to Job Lewis and others, December 24, 1751. It was incorporated by the name of New Boston, February 18, 1763. The petitioners for the grant were Bostonians, all men of wealth, and hence its name.

New Ipswich was granted by Massachusetts, January 15, 1736, to John Wainwright, John Choate, and others of Ipswich, Mass. A grant was also made by the Masonian proprietors to Reuben Kidder and others. The first settlement was made in 1738, and the town was incorporated March 6, 1776. As the grantees were from Ipswich, Mass., they gave the town this name.

Pelham was constituted from portions of old Dunstable and Dracut, Mass. It was settled, according to tradition, in 1721, and was incorporated July 5, 1746. It was probably named for Thomas Pelham Holles, a friend of Governor Wentworth.

Peterborough, formerly known as Souhegan, was granted by Massa-

chusetts to Samuel Hayward and others, January 16, 1738. It was incorporated January 17, 1760. It was first settled in 1749. It probably takes its name from the Earl of Peterborough.

Sharon was formerly a part of Peterborough, and was incorporated January 24, 1791. Sharon is a Bible name, and there are four towns of that name in New England situated in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. The other Bible names of towns in the state are Bethlehem, Canaan, Goshen, Hebron, Lebanon, and Salem.

Temple was granted by the Masonian proprietors June 30, 1750, and was first known as Peterborough Slip. It was incorporated August 26, 1768, and was named in honor of Hon. John Temple.

Weare was granted by Massachusetts to Col. Robert Hale, June 19, 1735, and was known as Halestown. It was also granted by the Masonian proprietors, September 20, 1749. It was incorporated by the name of Weare, September 21, 1764, and was so named in honor of Gov. Meshech Weare.

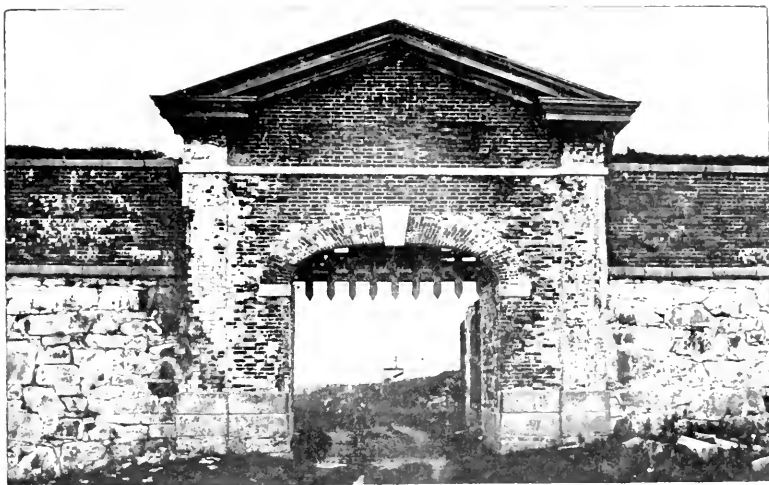
Wilton was granted by the Masonian proprietors, October, 1749, to Thomas Read and others. The first settlers came from Danvers, Mass. It was incorporated June 25, 1762, and the name is derived from Wilton, a manufacturing town in England.

When the question of the selection of a shire town for Hillsborough county was agitated there were three towns named in this connection—Amherst, Hollis, and Merrimack. Amherst was selected, it being the most populous town, and located near what was then the center of population. It was the sole shire town for the present county limits until 1846, when a term of the court was established at Manchester, and in 1857 another term at Nashua.

In 1823, Merrimack county was formed from towns in the northern part of Hillsborough and Rockingham counties. Those taken from Hillsborough county were as follows: Andover, Bradford, Boscawen, Dunbarton, Henniker, Hooksett, Hopkinton, Newbury, New London, Salisbury, Sutton, Warner, and Wilmot. Prior to the formation of Merrimack county, or from the year 1792, the May term of the superior court and the September and December terms of the court of common pleas were held at Hopkinton, and this town became a half-shire town of Hillsborough county, and so continued till the year 1823.

For the facts in regard to the towns in this county, I am indebted to the "New Hampshire State Papers," the "History of Hillsborough County," and to the various town histories that have been published.





The Portcullis, Fort Constitution.

IN OLD FORT CONSTITUTION.

By L. E. Chellis Story.

The ancient walls were standing,
Grown o'er with lines of age,
Where guards patrolled the ramparts,
Far back on history's page.

Behind them semicircles
Lay rusted in the mold ;
Where once the belching cannon
Upon each carriage rolled.

An inner fort of granite
Rose high above the bar,
Built to defend the harbor
Before the English war.

The heavy iron portals,
That closed the ancient gate,
Swung 'neath an old portcullis,
Whose teeth were grim with fate.

Yet there amid the ruins,
Beside the guns and shell,
Grew snowy white "immortals,"
And breathed a peaceful spell.

Where years of strife and tempest
Had rent the old sea wall,—
Those memory flowers were sounding
The fortress' last recall.

NECROLOGY

HON. CHARLES J. AMIDON.

Charles Jacob Amidon, a prominent citizen and manufacturer of Hinsdale, died suddenly at his home in that town August 21.

Mr. Amidon was the son of Otis and Nancy (Cook) Amidon, and was born in Chesterfield, April 23, 1827. He was descended from Roger Amidon, a Huguenot, who settled in Salem, Mass., in 1636, and whose great-grandson, Jacob, a Harvard student and a soldier at Bunker Hill, settled in Chesterfield in 1782, Otis Amidon being his son. Mr. Amidon received his education in the schools of Chesterfield, attending the academy in that town and afterwards being a successful teacher for a time. In 1849 he formed a copartnership with Henry O. Coolidge, late of Keene, the firm doing business in Chesterfield Centre. In 1851 Mr. Amidon moved to Hinsdale, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits for ten years. He began the manufacture of woolen goods in 1862 in company with Dr. Frederick Boyden and Sylvester Bishop, the firm being Bishop, Boyden & Amidon. On the death of his partners Mr. Amidon continued the business, associating with himself later his sons, P. Frank and William O., the firm now being C. J. Amidon & Son. The "Hinsdale Woolen mill" has long been one of the leading industries of the town. Cashmerettes were made for many years and goods for the rubber trade are now principally manufactured. The firm also carries on a large mill in Wilton, manufacturing men's wear.

Mr. Amidon had for a long time been recognized as the most prominent and influential citizen of Hinsdale, as well as one of the leading men in that part of the state. He was postmaster of Chesterfield in 1849-'50; postmaster at Hinsdale, 1861-'72; state bank commissioner, 1855-'57; representative to the legislature, 1861-'64, 1876 and 1877 and 1883; state senator in 1878, '79, and '80, and held numerous town offices, such as moderator, selectman, etc. He was one of the committee to formulate plans for the new state library in Concord. He had been a director in several banks, served for some time as president of the Hinsdale Savings bank, and at the time of his death was a director in the Ashuelot National bank and the Vermont National bank of Brattleboro.

He was originally a Whig in politics, but later became a Republican, in which party his influence was for years prominently felt. He was prominent in all party conventions and gatherings for many years; was a member of the Republican State committee, and his name was prominently mentioned as a candidate for governor and for member of congress. He never sought to press himself forward for political honors, however.

Mr. Amidon was a charter member of Golden Rule Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of

Hinsdale. He gave substantial aid and encouragement to many projects for benefiting the town, took a prominent part in the erection of the handsome town hall burned some months ago, and gave largely for charitable objects. In his religious views he was a Liberal.

In May, 1851, Mr. Amidon married Mary J. Harvey, of Chesterfield, who survives him. Four children, two sons and two daughters, were born to them. The eldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, grew to womanhood and died after her marriage to Dr. R. B. Whittredge. The two sons, Philip Frank, of Wilton, and William Otis, of Hinsdale, survive.

HON. HENRY G. BURLEIGH.

Henry Gordon Burleigh, born in Canaan, June 2, 1833, died at Whitehall, N. Y., August 15, 1900.

The family of the deceased originally came from England. His grandfather, Joseph Burleigh, was an officer in the Revolutionary army, and at the close of the war bought an estate joining the Daniel Webster birthplace in what was then Salisbury, which homestead is still in possession of the Burleigh family.

Mr. Burleigh received his early education in the common schools and at Concord, and removed with the family in 1846, to Ticonderoga, N. Y. Upon attaining manhood he engaged in the lumber, iron ore, and transportation business on Lake Champlain, and was extremely successful, the firm of which he was the head being composed of himself and his brother.

When the first Republican convention in Essex county was held, in 1855, H. G. Burleigh was its secretary, and he was chairman of the supervisors of his county in the Civil War, and aided in organizing the troops enlisted at Ticonderoga. In 1868 he removed to Whitehall, where he was elected a member of assembly in 1875, and in 1882 he was elected to congress from the Eighteenth district, formed of Washington and Rensselaer counties. He was reelected in 1884, and served on the river and harbor committee. Mr. Burleigh was active in both state and national politics, and was a delegate to a number of National Republican conventions. In 1884 he was the leader of the Arthur forces, and moved to make the nomination of Blaine unanimous when his candidate was defeated. He was married, in 1869, to Miss Jennie E. Richards of Ticonderoga.

CHARLES H. WATERHOUSE.

Charles H. Waterhouse, New Hampshire's most prominent dairyman, died at his home in Durham, where he had been for the last few years at the head of the dairy department connected with the State Agricultural college, August 25.

Mr. Waterhouse was a native of Barrington, the son of Joseph Waterhouse, a farmer of that town, born September 17, 1836. In early life he was in the employ of the Cochecho Manufacturing Co., at Dover, was subsequently connected with the management of Tewksbury, Mass., almshouse, and later superintendent of the almshouse at Charlestown, Mass. Returning to New Hampshire he went into business at Dover, but on the breaking out of the Civil War enlisted in Co. K, Eleventh New Hampshire regiment, serving for three years. Upon returning from the war he purchased a farm in Barrington, engaging extensively in agricul-

ture and in business as a cattle dealer. Here, in 1876, he established the first creamery ever put in operation in the state. Subsequently he had charge of the creamery at Short Falls, and later of the Hillside creamery at Cornish, from which was sent the butter which was given the highest score at the Chicago World's fair in 1893.

Mr. Waterhouse was a Republican in politics, and a Free Baptist in religion. He was a Free Mason, a Patron of Husbandry, and a member of the G. A. R. While a resident of Barrington he filled nearly all the town offices at different times and served in the state legislature. He was twice married, first to Nancy I. Caverly of Barrington, who died in 1887, leaving two sons and a daughter; second, to Ella Place of Strafford, who survives him.

GEN. EVERETT FLETCHER.

Everett Fletcher, born in Colebrook, December 23, 1848, died at Lancaster, August 18, 1900.

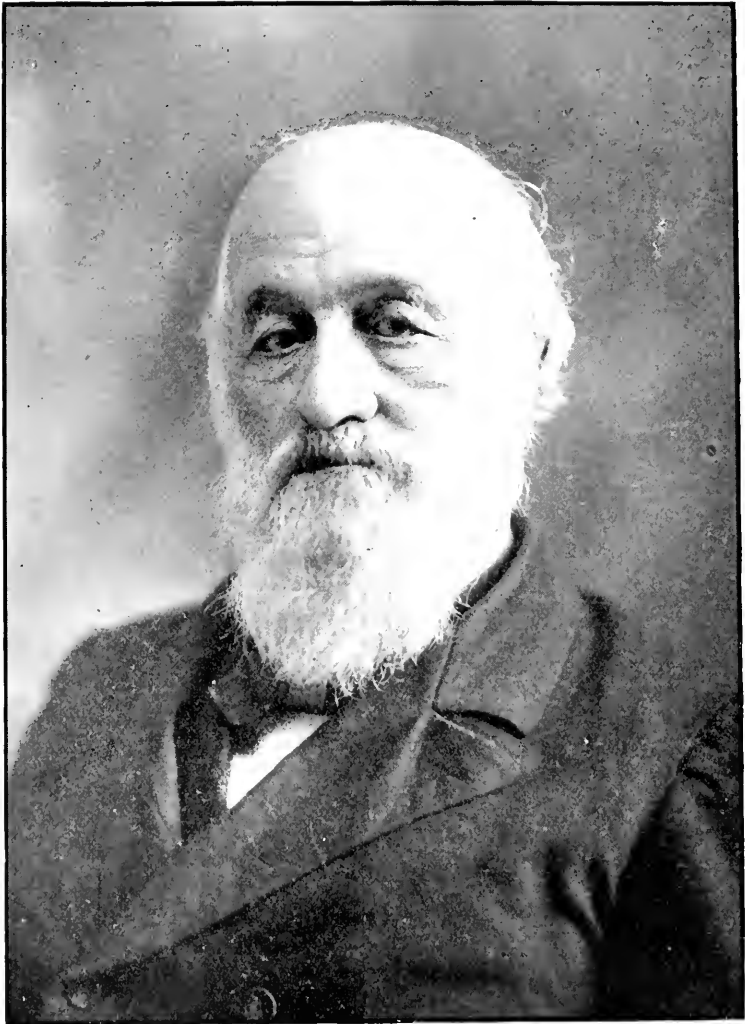
He was the son of Hiram Adams Fletcher, long a prominent lawyer of Coös county, and Persis Everett Hunking, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Hunking and granddaughter of Hon. Richard C. Everett. He was educated at the Lancaster academy and in the Michigan University Law school at Ann Arbor. After studying law for a time with his father, he was admitted to the bar November 18, 1870. He located first at Whitefield, but came to Lancaster three years later and entered into partnership with his father under the firm name of Fletcher & Fletcher. At the death of his father in 1877, a partnership was formed with Hon. William S. Ladd, which lasted until the death of Judge Ladd in 1891. Since that time Judge Fletcher had been associated with Fletcher Ladd, his nephew, and son of Judge Ladd.

In 1883, he was appointed judge advocate general, upon the staff of Governor Hale, and served in this capacity for two years. In 1885, he was appointed judge of probate for Coös county, which office he held until 1892, resigning in order to devote his entire attention to his law practice.

In politics he was a Republican, and he had served efficiently as a member of the Republican State committee.

STEPHEN DOW WYMAN.

Stephen Dow Wyman, a prominent citizen of Hillsborough, died in that town on Wednesday, August 29, at his residence, which stood nearly on the spot where he was born, July 31, 1821. He was a son of Timothy Wyman, and a descendant of the Puritan, Francis Wyman, who settled at Woburn, Mass., in 1640. Mr. Wyman was active in business matters; was one of the promoters of the Contoocook railroad, and a director of the First National bank of Hillsborough. He was an earnest Democrat, and a warm friend of President Franklin Pierce. He represented his town in the legislature in 1853-'54.



HON. HARRY BINCHAM.

March 30, 1821—September 12, 1900.

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THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF HENNIKER.

By Ida J. Graves.



ONE of the many important characteristics of the last decade of the nineteenth century is the phenomenal growth of women's clubs in the country.

While they did not have their birth during this period, yet, from a few, they have multiplied, grown, and spread to such an extent that, to-day, in all this fair land of ours there is scarcely a city or town of any size

but has one or more of these commendable organizations. In spite of the fact that women's clubs had to bear, at first, the laughter and ridicule which always comes when there is any departure from the ordinary, they have moved bravely forward, and to-day find themselves established among permanent institutions.

More and more the progressive women of the different towns see the need and advantage of thus banding



Mrs. Laura R. Judd.
First President.



Mrs. Emma J. Preston.
Second President.



Hattie Huntington, Bertha Buxton, Helen Bunnell, Carrie Plummer, Flora Emery, Addie and Maria Cogswell, Ada Carr, Sue Gutterson, Nellie Preston, Ida Graves, Cora Huntington, Henrietta Falvey, Ida Brown, Kate Ingalls, Emma Preston.

Some of the Members of Henniker Woman's Reading Club.

themselves together, and are taking the steps that will enable them to reap the benefits of an organization which history shows has promoted

friendship, culture; and refinement, and has been a strong factor of the best social life.

The Woman's Reading Club of Henniker had its start through the efforts of Mrs. Kate M. Ingalls. Early in 1897, after giving the matter much thought, she called on a friend and made known her plans with the result that before leaving the house a constitution was drawn up. A few days later (February 9) a meeting was called at the residence of Mrs. Emma J. Preston, and an organization effected, Mrs. Laura R. Judd being the first president, with Mrs. Helen J. Bunnell, secretary. After the first year Mrs. Emma J. Preston served two years as president, declining a third election. Mrs. Cora E. Huntington followed as presiding



*Mrs. Cora E. Huntington,
President.*

officer. The present secretary, Mrs. Ida J. Graves, has served since February, 1898. Mrs. Kate B. Woods has been elected treasurer at every annual meeting, but this year she declined to serve, and Miss Addie F. Cogswell faithfully performs the duties of that office.

The club was federated in 1897. The membership is limited to thirty, and, on account of this, the club has been charged with being too exclusive, but, as the meetings are held at the homes of the members, no change from this rule has been deemed advisable.

The meetings, which are purely literary, are held fortnightly. At first the programmes were on such topics as seemed of interest, without

particular regard to any course of study, but very soon the study of United States history was taken up,



Mrs. Ida J. Graves.
Secretary.



*Hattie Wyman, Abbie Dodge, Charlotte Rice, Kate Childs, Jennie Dodge,
Beile Pousley, Susie Rice, Nettie Felch, Anna Dow.*

Some of the Members of Henniker Woman's Reading Club

adding, a little later in the year, civil government. After a year of this work, which has often been referred to since as most delightful and profitable, it was thought best to take up American literature, which has been the work of the club up to the present time. Current events have a prominent place on each programme. Lectures, music, and humorous articles are interspersed, too, so the meetings are never without interest to any present.

Much credit is due Mrs. Jennie Noyes Dodge, the present vice-president, for her untiring efforts towards making the programmes both interesting and profitable. She has been literary committee two thirds of the time since the club was formed.

The popularity of the club is evidenced by the fact that there are nearly always applications waiting to be acted upon as soon as a vacancy may occur.

One of the much-looked-for social events of the club is "gentlemen's

night." On these pleasant occasions each club member invites her husband, brother, or lover as the case may be, and gives her best endeavors towards his entertainment, with the result that he goes home feeling proud and happy that his wife, sister, or sweetheart is a member of that delightful organization known as the Woman's Reading Club. "Ladies' day," too, has its attractions. Then the ladies who are not members are invited to spend a social afternoon with the club. A short literary programme is carried out, refreshments served, and the happy afternoon passes swiftly away.

The club has its hard work and responsibilities, but "the wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them," and the members who work hardest in it enjoy it most.

With the advancement made in women's clubs in the past years one may easily believe that the future will excel the past, as the present surpasses the beginning.

BY WINNIPESAUKEE.

By Eva J. Beede.

A world of beauty, everywhere we go!
 The mountains, gleaming through the hazy veil,
 The deep blue sky, where fleecy cloudlets sail,
 All imaged in the placid lake below,
 Where white in little coves the lilies blow.
 The giant pine trees and the flowerets frail
 Their fragrance on the summer air exhale,
 And beautiful the drifts of daisy snow!
 The twilight dreamy, softly on us steals,
 The fire-fly stars come twinkling in the green.
 In distance dim, a plaintive voice appeals
 To "Whip-poor-Will," who ever keeps unseen.
 The moon comes up, across the lake's expanse,
 The fairy beams in golden sandals dance.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH SETTLERS OF PETERBOROUGH.

By Jonathan Smith.



THE Scotch-Irish who came to Londonderry, in 1719, and those, also, who came to Lunenburg, Mass., in 1736, were from County Antrim in the northeast corner of Ireland. In 1606, when, by the flight of the Earl of Tyrone, the whole of Ulster at "one full swoop," came into the hands of the English crown, the Earl Randall McDonnell decided to cast in his lot with the English, and was rewarded for his fidelity with a grant of the northern half of Antrim. He proceeded to settle it with Scotch families, as was being done in other counties of Ulster. These people were from Argyleshire, Scotland, separated from Antrim by a channel not more than twenty miles wide. They were Lowland Scotch, of Celtic origin, from the Scotch Highlands, but had a large mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman blood. In temper and traits of character they were thoroughly Scotch.

Between 1609 and 1612 large numbers passed over to Antrim and located in the northern part, and many also settled in the southern portion, to the north and west of Lough Neagh. The southern half of the county was chiefly settled by English, but they never seemed to prosper like their fellow-emigrants from Scotland, and, in the course of a century the people of the southern part, like those of the northern, had become as completely

Scotch as any part of County Down. At the time of this migration the country had long been devastated by civil war, and the earl, carrying out King James's policy in the southerly parts of Ulster, sought to tie the people to the soil, which he did by letting out the land on long leases of from 21 to 301 years. But Scotch thrift and industry soon put a new face upon the country. The sturdy, economical, persevering Scotchman developed the agricultural resources of the land, cultivated the soil, and raised large numbers of sheep and cattle, which he soon began exporting to England. He cultivated the flax and laid the foundations of the linen industry, which soon became profitable. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, large numbers of French Huguenots passed over to northern Ireland, carrying with them the woollen industry, which they introduced there. Toward the close of the seventeenth century these industries had developed to such an extent as to attract the attention of the English people and parliament. Business in England was at a low ebb, and the people came to believe that Ireland was a serious menace to their business prosperity. Forthwith began a course of repression aimed at the Scotch in Ulster, which finally led to large migrations of this vigorous and hardy race to America.

The first of these acts was a statute forbidding the export of cattle from

Ireland to England. By fifteenth Charles II, the country was brought within the provisions of the Navigation act, under which the shipping of Ireland was treated as the shipping of foreigners in English ports. In 1699 a law was enacted preventing the Irish from exporting their woollens to England, and in the following year another forbidding them to send their wool to any other country than England, thus enabling the English manufacturer to buy it at his own price.

It would seem as if these arbitrary enactments were enough, but they were followed by another in Queen Anne's reign, which touched the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian on the nerve. This was the Test act, which compelled every officer under the government, whether in the military, naval, or in the civil service, down to the pettiest municipal official, to become a communicant of the English church or vacate his office. The injustice and cruelty of this statute are seen, when it is cited that it emptied the town council of Londonderry, which was largely composed of men who had fought in the terrible siege of the city and at the peril of their lives and estates had helped save it to the English crown.

The results of these cruel enactments were destructive and far reaching. Agriculture and the woollen industry were ruined, "and chronic scarcity alternated with actual famine." But the misery and indignation of the people were increased by other measures aimed at the Presbyterians, to whom all the Scotch-Irish belonged. They had suffered severely under the administration of Laud and the coronation of Charles

II had brought back Episcopacy. In one year after the reëstablishment of the English church, of the sixty-eight Presbyterian ministers in Ulster, sixty-one had been driven from their pulpits, while seven had recanted and joined the Episcopal church, to the intense indignation of their congregations. It was not in the nature of the Scotchman, inheriting the political and religious opinions of John Knox, to tamely submit to these exactions. His sturdy remonstrances brought some modifications as the years went on. But the seeds of discontent and bitterness were too deeply rooted for easy removal, and in 1718, and again in 1736, their leases about expiring, they prepared for removal to America.

The emigrants of 1718^o were from that part of Antrim lying in the valley of the River Bann, on its Antrim side, and chiefly from the parishes of Coleraine, Ballemoney, Balleymena, Ballywattick, and Kilnea. They filled five large ships and numbered 750 men, women, and children. On the eve of their departure, one of their ministers, Rev. Daniel McGregor, preached them a sermon in which he gave the following as their reasons for coming to America:

First, to avoid oppression and cruel bondage; second, to avoid persecution and designed ruin; third, to withdraw from the communion of idolaters; fourth, to have an opportunity of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience and the rules of His inspired word."

They brought with them four Scotch-Irish institutions: The potato, the flax spinning wheel, a Pres-

byterian minister with a congregation to found and establish a Presbyterian church, and a school to teach even Bostonians how to spin. This church was the Federal Street church in Boston, where many of them settled. They met with a chilling reception from the Puritans of Massachusetts, and the part of the company which went to Worcester were soon compelled, on account of the hostility of the people there, to remove further west, where they founded the towns of Pelham, Palmer, and Coleraine. About twenty families, composing the congregation of Rev. Daniel McGregor, reëmbarked on a brigantine, sailed for Casco bay, where they spent the winter, and in the spring sailed up the Merrimack river to Haverhill, where they went ashore, and pushing on into the wilderness founded the town of Londonderry.

The emigration of 1736 was partly from the same section of County Antrim and partly from the country immediately north and west of Lough Neagh. They reached the coast late in the fall. The people of Boston mistook them for Catholic-Irish, as they did those coming in 1718, and received them most inhospitably, so much so that they had difficulty in finding a place to pass the winter. But they soon vindicated their right to fair treatment, and when a Lexington farmer was taken to task for harboring "them low Irish," he replied that he would like to live in a neighborhood filled with just such people. In the spring of 1737 many of them went to Lunenburg, Townsend, and other towns in that vicinity, where they settled.

It was a marked trait of the Scotch-

Irish on their arrival in America, to push immediately for the frontier—they rarely remained in or near the older settlements. This was true of these emigrants to Londonderry and Lunenburg, and it was equally true of the Scotch-Irish who settled in Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, and in North and South Carolina before the Revolution. They went to the extreme northern and western frontiers of those states, and they were the first to cross the Alleghenies and establish homes in the great states of Ohio (with the exception of Marietta), Kentucky, Tennessee, and later still in the states of Illinois and Iowa. It was not wholly a love of adventure which led them on, but was quite as much their resolute and determined spirit to erect their habitations and establish their institutions where, independent of all other influences, they could work out their peculiar religious and political ideas in their own way.

At the time of this last migration, 1736, Lunenburg and Londonderry were frontier towns, and this trait, above named, soon led the emigrants to advance still farther into the wilderness. In 1737, certain Massachusetts parties had a second time been granted the township since called Peterborough, which was surveyed for the proprietors the following year, and a portion of it laid out in lots. The opening at once drew the attention of the Scotch-Irish in Lunenburg.

The first attempts at settlement were by men from Lunenburg and vicinity. Of the eight named by Dr. Smith (see his history, page 39) as the first pioneers, William Robbe and Alexander Scott are known to

have gone there from Lunenburg; Samuel Stinson was probably from the same place. The residences of Hugh and William Gregg, William Wallace, and William Mitchell are not known, but probably in Lunenburg or Townsend. William Scott was from New Ipswich. Lunenburg was much nearer Peterborough than Londonderry, and much easier of access. There was then a road from Townsend to New Ipswich, and in 1738 the Peterborough proprietors had ordered a way, five rods wide, to be cleared and made passable from New Ipswich to Meeting House hill in the centre of the new town. This was what is now known as the "Street Road." Those who went there in 1739, and in 1742-'43, and 1744, without doubt, entered the town over this way. It is well established that when the party of 1744 left they returned to Townsend over the same road.

The first permanent settlers of 1749 were also from Lunenburg, and entered over this route. There is no certain record of who they all were. Capt. Thomas Morrison was the leader of the enterprise. Going with him were John Smith, William Smith, and William Ritchie; probably also at the same time or very soon after, were Gustavus Swan, Thomas Cunningham, William Stuart, John Ferguson, John White, Alexander Robbe, William McCoy, James Mitchell, James Gordon, and William Robbe. Of these, White, the two Robbes, Mitchell, Gordon, and William Scott were surely there in 1750 for they signed the petition to Lieutenant-Governor Phipps and his council for a fort. The petition is hereinafter given. When a secure foot-

hold was made emigrants from Londonderry began to join them, and the settlement grew rapidly.

These people were admirably fitted to found a new town. Like all their race they were industrious, frugal, accustomed to privations, and had a courage which knew no fear. The hardships they suffered did not vary from those incident to all settling in a new country, but they were cheerfully borne for they enjoyed two privileges unknown to them in Ireland—the right to worship according to the forms of their chosen faith, and freedom from the arbitrary exactions of royal authority. Their one dread was the savages. In 1748, the year before the permanent settlement, the Indians had raided the towns of Hinsdale, Keene, Charles-town, and Penacook, burned the dwellings of the settlers, and killed or carried away many captives to Canada. The war closed that year, and while the Indians were frequent visitors to the new settlement, they showed no active hostility, but annoyed the people by petty thieving and other depredations. The settlers did not dare to retaliate for fear of savage vengeance. The situation was intolerable, and in 1750 they drew up, signed, and sent the following petition to Boston. The original is in the Massachusetts archives:

To his honor Spencer Phips Esquire Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, The Hon'ble the Council and Hon'ble House of Representatives of said Province in General Court assembled at Boston September 26th 1750

The Petition of the subscribers, Proprietors and Inhabitants of a Township called Patterboro', for themselves and the other Proprietors and Inhabitants of said Township

Most Humbly Shew

That the said Township lyes exposed to the Indians it being a Frontier Town and but about six miles north from the line parting this Government and that of New Hampshire. And several Indians have appeared in said Township and last Sabbath day some of them broke open a house there and none of the family being at home, rifled the same and carried away many things. And the Inhabitants are put in great fear and Terror of their lives by the Indians; so that they must be obliged to leave the town which is now very Considerably settled unless they can have some Relief from the Great Goodness of your honours.

And as for as much as the said Township is so situated, that if the Inhabitants should leave it Townsend Hollis Lunenburg Leoninster Lancaster would be exposed to the cruelty of the Indians, and would become an early prey to them. But if your pets can be protected by your Honours and have a number of men sent to their assistance and a few block houses as a Fort built for them, they make no doubt, with the blessing of God they shall be able to defend the said Township and to keep the Indians from making any attempt on the Towns afore-mentioned which are all surrounded by said Peterborough.

Your Pets therefore most humbly pray your Honours would be pleased to take their distressed Circumstances into consideration and allow them liberty, at the Charge of this Government to build Block houses or a Fort and supply them with fifteen or twenty men, for such men for such a length of time as your honours shall think proper, that so they may defend the said Township against the Indians and by that means secure the Province by securing the other Towns aforesaid from falling into the Indians hands or that your Honors would grant them such other relief as in your great Wisdom shall seem meet. And as in duty bound will ever pray &c,

Boston, October 4, 1757

thomas Morison	John Hill
James White	James Gordon
Alex Robbe	William Scott
James Mitchell	thomas Vender
John Mitchell	William Robbe

The fort was built on Ritchie Hill, probably by the settlers, as would appear from a subsequent petition to the governor of New Hampshire, hereafter given, for in their petition they ask leave to build it, "at the charge of this Government"; but so far as known it was never garrisoned. When an alarm occurred, the people

made use of it as a place of refuge. The records in the Massachusetts Archives do not show that the prayers of the petition were ever granted. The only record endorsed on the original is,—“October 6th, 1750. Read and sent down.” “October 9th, Ordered to lie on the table.” It is interesting to note that in this petition the place is called “Petterboro,” and also “Peterborough,” showing that within a year from its permanent settlement the town had received its name. This is earlier by two years than its name elsewhere occurs.

When the war of 1754 broke out, the settlers’ feeling of danger naturally increased. Any unusual outcry or disturbance was at once attributed to an Indian raid. The fear grew to such an extent that in 1755 the following petition was drawn up, signed, and sent to the governor of New Hampshire. It is found in Volume VII of the Provincial Papers:

To his Excellency Binning Wentworth Esqr
Capt. Genl & Governr in chief in and over
his Majs Province of New Hampshire and to
the Honl his Majs council & house of Representatives
Assembled att Portsmouth

The humble address & Petition of the Inhabitants of Peterborough—so called

Humbly sheweth

That by the Providence of God we are settled under yo’r happy Government, & propose to take Sanctuary under yo’r Protection, & to do our utmost in Subjecting our Selves to your authority upon every emergency; and account that we have just reason so to do; from your Care & Clemency to other new Settlns; and Considering the present dangerous situation of affairs, we have been using some means for our Safety and Defence against the Heathen, in raising one Considerable Garrison, in the South part of the Town, of pretty Large Dimensions, with square Logs, Twelve Inches thick, as the bearer can more fully Inform. And we design to raise another more Large & nearer the Centre, Contiguous to our Meeting

House, where it will best suite that will accommodate the most of the Inhabitants; but this we fier to undertake our Selves upon the Account of the great Expense it will amount to, we having laid out we may say, All our Substance in Improving our Land for bread corn & hay, to this purpose we have both dedicated our time & money. So that we Stand in need of help to build & Erect this Intended fort as well as assistance to Defend it when thus built, and both with yo'r Excellency & Honrs Concurrence and assistance; for if we should break up that our Barriers to all the Towns below us, that is Dunstable & Townsend they would be as much exposed as we are, so that it would be their safety as well as our own if we be Encouraged to continue.

May it therefore Please your Excellency & Honrs to Consider the Premises & think what a ruining thing it would be to yor Petitioners if our time strength & Substance should be lost & this valuable Settlement break up; that has been bless'd with Such Success, as non Such for the time, the Loss would not be made up in some years, if ever in our time. The prevention of which we Esteem, is in yor Excellency & Honrs power; not that we would presume to Direct, not being skill'd in Public affairs, the good Govern'm't that Providence hath Bless'd us with, you being our Patrons; But our present necessity & future fears oblige us to Supplicate for help from you, in whose power it is to Commiserate such As we fier, for if we obtain our necessitous Demands, your Countenance & aid, we resolve to Continue here, & by Divine assistance acquit our Selves in the Cause of our lives & Interest like Men, while life is granted; and not only Confiding but Depending on yor Excellency & Honrs Compliance to our necessitous request yor Petitioners as in duty bound will ever Pray.

— Harvey	Charles McCoy
Hugh Wilson	David Wallas
Thomas Morison	Willm Mitchell
Jonath'n Morison	Isaac Mitchell
John Swan	William Nay
John Swan Jr.	Joseph Caldwell
William Wallace	John Taggart
Jeremiah Swan	James Mitchell
John Smith	Samuel Stinson
Samuel Wallas	James Stinson
Thomas Davidson	Hugh gregg
John Davidson	Thomas Bogle
William Smith	John Furguson
William McCoy	William Richey
John Graham	Gustavus Swan
John Stuart	

This petition seems to have been either ignored or denied, for the fort

prayed for was never built on Meeting House Hill.

A still more vivid story of the people's fear of the savages is related by Rev. Dr. Morison, in his centennial address, which will bear repetition :

Late in the fall of 1754, the family of William Smith were aroused at midnight by screams of murder from the nearest house. Mr. Smith and his wife got up, and without stopping to dress each took a child, one aged about a year and eight months, and the other about seven months, and made their way down through the woods to the house of Thomas Morison near the south factory. Furnishing them with some clothes and taking his own family with them, Captain Morison led them out into the woods south of his house and concealed them. He then started for the fort on Ritchie Hill, a mile further south, declaring that if he should meet the Indians they would know it for he certainly would have time to fire and kill at least one before he himself should be killed or taken. Meanwhile the Swan family (living on the Dr. Morison place) had taken the alarm and also fled to the fort. A son of the family, returning home very late from a call upon his sweetheart, and finding his father's clothes and boots by his bedside and the house deserted, raised the alarm that they had been killed or captured by Indians.

It proved to be a false alarm, but shows in what terror from the savages the people lived. From William Smith's house to Thomas Morison's, was fully a mile and a half, and the route lay down long, steep hills and across a wide, swift-running stream, through the primeval forest, without road or path. The terrors and perils of that journey by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, each with a young child in arms, unclad, and at midnight, through dense woods, with the expectation that they were pursued by Indians on murderous intent, brings vividly to mind the fears in which the settlers lived of their savage foe.

Their chief reliance, however, was on the militia. When an alarm

occurred, a company would be hastily organized and march to the place of threatened attack, and when the danger was over it disbanded. There is no official record of these companies. But many men in town bore military titles earned in this way, and there is an authenticated instance, where it had been reported, about the year 1755, that the Indians had attacked the village of Keene. Capt. Thomas Morison raised a company and went to the assistance of the people there. It proved to be a false alarm, however; and the company returned home, and was dismissed. With the close of the war in 1759, all fear of further trouble from the Indians seems to have passed finally away.

One of the leading industries of the settlement, and the one which brought the people the best money returns, was the culture of flax and the manufacture of linen thread and cloth. It was the one industry which king and parliament had spared to them in Ireland. The presence of wolves prevented the development of the wool industry until about 1790, when those animals became practically extinct. But the new soil, with its heavy coating of ashes—for the forests were burned upon the ground—made it excellent for growing flax, and large attention was given to the industry. In her "Home Life in Colonial Days," Alice Morse Earle has sketched in detail the various steps of its seeding, care, and harvest, and its manufacture into thread and cloth. It was a laborious process, requiring hard labor and much skill and patience. It died out soon after 1800, but the tools used in its culture remained about the premises of many

of the settlers' descendants until within the memory of those now living—the ripple comb, the flax brake, the swingling block and knife, the heavy beetle and the beetling trough, the hackling teeth, the small spinning wheel on which the flax was spun into thread, the reel, and the loom on which it was woven into cloth—all these were pathetic reminders of the now forgotten industry and the patient labor and skill of the fathers.

These settlers were pure Scotch, and had all the habits and characteristics of that hardy and thrifty people—their habits of living and ways of thinking, their interest in education, and loyalty to their religious faith. In his "Life of Thomas Carlyle," Mr. Froude has drawn a vivid sketch of family life in the early home and neighborhood of the Seer of Craigenputtock, at the beginning of the present century. Ecclefechan (Carlyle's childhood home) is in Dumfries, not far from Argyshire, from which the ancestors of the emigrants to Londonderry and Lunenburg went to Ireland early in the seventeenth century. It is the portrait of the Scotch peasant in his native land, his industrious, hard life, his pinching poverty, his fiery temper, with a moral fibre of the "toughness and springiness of steel." "They were noted," says Froude, "for their hard sayings, and it must be said, also, for 'hard striking.' They were warmly liked by those near them; by those at a distance, they were viewed as something dangerous to be meddled with." Carlyle himself, in speaking of his own father, thus unconsciously describes the typical Scotchman in his mature years:

"Sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed, most quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful, and such a flash of just insight and brief natural eloquence and emphasis; true to every feature of it as I have never seen in any other."

Add to this description a keen wit and a love of amusements, and we have a perfect description of the early settlers of Peterborough.

Their way of life was one unceasing round of toil from January to December. They had to clear the heavy forests, build their houses and barns, bring the new land into cultivation, clear off the stones, fence the fields, construct roads, and establish the school and church. Soon as the season opened they went to work seeding the ground and tending their crops, and when the harvest was over they went into the woods where they labored until the spring came again. Laziness was esteemed a sin next to Godlessness. Their amusements were few and simple. Within doors, dancing was the favorite pastime. Card playing was frowned upon by the church people, still it was indulged in to some extent. In the fall of the year apple-bees, evening parties, and huskings drew the young people often together. Their out-of-door sports showed a fondness for physical rather than intellectual or moral powers. Boxing and wrestling matches, foot races, pitching quoits, and other athletic exercises were popular amusements. "At all public gatherings," says Mr. Parker in his "*History of Londonderry*," "a ring would be formed and the contestants, in the presence of the crowd, and even of

their own fathers and brothers, would encounter each other at short range or arm's length, giving and receiving blows until face, limbs, and bodies bore the marks of almost savage brutality." The wrestling match at public gatherings long survived, and, as a boy, I remember the interest it excited at town-meetings when the ring was still formed and the champions contended for the mastery on the ground in front of the old town hall on Concord street.

They were preëminently a social people, and nothing pleased them more than to do their work together. The principal of coöperation, so often and so learnedly discussed in these latter days, never had a more practical and beneficent illustration than it received from the early settlers of the town. If a man had a clearing on which the logs must be rolled together and with the brush made ready to burn, his neighbors were always on hand to assist him. When a building was to be raised it was made a public concern, and drew together large numbers to help in raising and putting the frame together. If a family became ill, or if misfortune befell the head of the house so that his farm or other work fell behind, the neighbors assembled by appointment among themselves and did it for him, or watched with the sufferers and took care of the house until health was restored, and all this without money and without price. Sometimes it happened that a set of buildings was destroyed by fire. It was before the days of fire insurance; but the people were themselves the insurers, for they clubbed together and gave their labor and skill to the sufferer until his property was replaced.

Many of these gracious customs survived until within the memory of those now living, and as a boy I witnessed many examples of them. I also recall a discussion between two descendants of these early settlers upon the uselessness of fire insurance; "because," said one of them, "when a man loses his house by fire we always take hold and give our time and work to replace it."

Their social customs were those of the Scotch-Irish of Ulster, which with few modifications are still in use among the people of the north of Ireland, but which are now, in this country, greatly changed. A recital of some of them gives us a good insight into the habits and opinions of the early settlers of the town. Mr. Parker has given a detailed description of the marriage ceremony of the first settlers of Londonderry, taken from an eye witness, whose memory went back to 1750. He says:

These occasions were celebrated with the strongest demonstrations of joy. When two persons were about to be married it was customary for the gentleman, in company with the father of the lady, or some one of her nearest connections, to go to the minister of the town and request publishment; this the minister more usually employed the clerk of the parish to perform, but sometimes did it himself. In the meantime, preparations for a sumptuous entertainment were made. The guests were all invited at least three days before the wedding, it being considered an unpardonable affront to receive an invitation only the day previous. The bridegroom selected one of his intimate friends for the "best man," who was to officiate as master of the ceremony, and the bride likewise one of her companions as "best maid." The morning of the marriage day was ushered in with the discharge of musketry, in the respective neighborhoods of the persons who were to be united. This practice, it seems, originated in Ireland, in consequence of the Catholics after the Revolution having been deprived of the use of firearms. The Protestants, proud of the superior privilege which they enjoyed, made a display of

their warlike instruments on all public occasions. Seldom was a respectable man married without a sword by his side. At the appointed hour, the groom proceeded from his dwelling with his selected friends, male and female; about half way on their progress to the house of the bride they were met by her select male friends; and on meeting each company made choice of one of their number to run for the bottle! The champion of the race who returned first with the bottle, gave a toast, drank to the bridegroom's health, and having passed round the bottle, the whole party proceeded, saluted by the firing of muskets and answering these salutes with pistols. When they arrived at the bride's residence, the bridegroom's company were placed in an apartment by themselves, and it was considered an act of impoliteness for any one of the bride's company to intrude. When the ceremony was about to commence the "best man" first introduced the bridegroom; then entering the bride's apartments, led her into the room and placing her at the right hand of her "intended," took his station directly behind as did the "best maid." The minister commenced the marriage service with prayer; on requesting the parties to join hands, each put the right hand behind, when the glove was drawn off by the best man and maid. Their hands being joined the marriage covenant was addressed to them, with appropriate remarks, on the nature and responsibilities of the connection thus formed. Having concluded with another prayer, he requested the groom to salute his bride, which being done the minister performed the same ceremony, and was immediately followed by the male part of the company; the females in like manner saluted the bridegroom.

The ceremony being concluded, the whole company sat down to an entertainment at which the best man and maid presided. Soon after the entertainment the room was cleared for the dance and other amusements. "and the evening," remarks our aged informant, kindling at the recollection of bygone scenes, "was spent with a degree of pleasure of which *our modern fashionables are perfectly ignorant!*"

Not all marriages among the Scotch-Irish were celebrated with the formalities thus described. For some years preceding the Revolution, the colonial governor of New Hampshire was authorized to grant licenses for marriages as a means of increasing his salary. He was allowed two crowns for each license he signed.

It afforded opportunity for clandestine marriages which led to serious evils. The ministers of Londonderry were violently opposed to the method, and the parties married by it subjected themselves to discipline, as the church records show. But some of the clergy approved it and furnished themselves with a supply of the governor's licenses to be filled out as occasion required. Of these Rev. Ebenezer Flagg of Chester was one, and to him those who wished to marry without publishment resorted from the surrounding towns. William Smith of Peterborough and Elizabeth Morrison of Londonderry, were married at the latter place Dec. 31, 1751, according to the approved ceremony. The best man and maid were Samuel Moore and Margaret Morrison, sister of Elizabeth. After the wedding of Mr. Smith, Mr. Moore and Margaret, who had not been "published," delighted, probably, at what they had seen and heard, quietly left the company, mounted their horses, and rode over to Chester, where they were married by Rev. Mr. Flagg under the governor's license. That day was said by William Smith to have been the coldest he ever knew. But the long winter ride at night on horseback and the biting cold did not deter Mr. Moore and his bride from the accomplishment of their purpose. Such marriages were called "Flagg marriages."

Their funeral observances were definite and strictly followed. All the relatives were invited, and to omit any one, however distantly connected, was a serious breach of propriety. The neighbors came, and the assembly was often quite as large as the congregation at church on

Sunday. The minister opened the service with prayer. Liquors were then served. An address followed, after which intoxicants were again passed. After the friends had taken leave of the remains the whole company, mostly on foot, followed the body to the grave. On the return of the friends to the house a sumptuous repast was served, of which all partook. The coffin was borne from the house to the cemetery on the hill by four strong young men. It was an onerous task when the house was far from the cemetery. This custom continued down to 1802, when the town, after one or two refusals, voted to buy a hearse and "relieve the young men from the burdensome duty."

With the first generation of settlers the "wake" was sometimes, but whether universally cannot be definitely stated, held the night before the funeral. This was an Irish custom, adopted by the Scotch-Irish during their residence in Ireland. It never had a firm hold upon the people, and died out with the generation which settled the town. The near relatives and neighbors assembled in the evening to watch through the night with the body. The exercises began with reading the Scriptures, followed by prayer; then words of consolation were spoken to the mourners, and the virtues and character of the deceased reviewed. Soon stories of ghosts, witches, and demons were exchanged; tales of death warnings to the deceased and his friends were related. Later intoxicants were freely circulated. Before morning there was eating as well as drinking, "and," says Mr. Parker, in describing the scene, "the affair

often ended by shouts of laughter and revelry breaking up the company."

The settlers were men of strong minds and marked individuality. Their intellectual powers were good and their wills firm. Practical sagacity and piety, keen common-sense, shrewdness, caution, and tenacity of purpose were distinguishing traits. They loved liberty, were loyal to home and family ties, and prompt and decisive in action. They were independent in their opinions and actions, and took nothing at second hand. It was not one of them, but one of their race in the southwest, who told those standing by, as he lay dying, to write on his tombstone "Let me alone." They were slow to give their confidence and unforgiving at its betrayal. To love and friendship, to plighted faith, to ideas and ideals when once adopted, and to the fixed and fundamental verities of life, as they understood them, they were true to a degree unsurpassed by any other breed of men. They were plain and straightforward in their talk and dealings, and fought their battles personally, without the intervention of a substitute. If any had a grievance, the offending party was the first to hear of it from the one wronged. Their tastes were simple, their carriage erect, their voices were pitched in a high key, and their mirth loud and boisterous. Their wit and sarcasm spared neither age nor idiosyncrasies of manner or temper.

John Smith, Esq., better known as "Squire John," was a great hector and a rank Federalist. He went one day into the blacksmith's shop of a near neighbor—a strong Demo-

crat, and who had a fiery temper. Finding some others there, he began on the proprietor. "They say," he remarked to those standing about (it was just after President Jefferson's inauguration), "that the new administration is going into the business of raising geese. They are going to keep them in Cunningham pond, an excellent place, and they have appointed Mr. —," naming the proprietor, "keeper of the geese, and a better man cannot be found anywhere." The proprietor's temper flew, and he angrily retorted. "You're an old fool." And then the Squire laughed at him.

If their usual demeanor was somewhat stern and dignified, they had, during their residence in Ireland, absorbed a large measure of the Irish humor, making a combination neither purely Scotch nor Irish, but partaking, in part, of the severe, practical nature of the one, and, in part, of the impulsiveness and love of fun of the other. Hence they were great practical jokers, and exercised their mirth and wit upon people of all ranks and social conditions about them.

They were a people conscious of their merits, self-reliant, always ready to assert themselves, and to defend their own rights and those of their neighbors. Blunt in speech, and venting their wit on friend and foe alike, they were, nevertheless, hospitable and faithful, and while often severe and hard, were loyal friends and kind and affectionate to those who conciliated them. Their courage was a prominent feature of their character, and no vices so excited their scorn and contempt as cowardice and meanness.

The political views of the Scotch-

Irish were a direct inheritance from John Knox, and John Knox was taught them by John Calvin. In his famous "Counterblast," the great Scotch reformer laid down these principles—the logical conclusions of his religious creed as defining the limits of royal power and the rights of the people.

1st. The authority of kings and princes was originally derived from the people.

2d. That the former are not superior to the latter collectively considered.

3d. That if rulers became tyrannical or employ their power for the destruction of their subjects they may be lawfully controlled, and, proving incorrigible, may be deposed by the community as the superior power.

4th. Tyrants may be judicially proceeded against even to capital punishment.

These propositions lie at the very root of Democracy and were the basis of Calvinistic church government as well as the teachings of its religious faith. The iron creed of Calvin was founded on three great religious axioms: 1st, The sovereignty of God; 2d, The supremacy of the Divine law, to which princes and potentates were subject equally with the humblest citizen; 3d, The grandeur and dignity of a human soul. In practice it was a theology that elevated man because it exalted God. Man, so the creed ran, was originally created pure and upright. He fell from his high estate, and to restore him to original innocence and integrity God sent His Son into the world to die for him. The church was the instrument appointed of God through which man's redemption was to be effected and the church was composed of the men and women redeemed from sin and restored to original purity and uprightness. The form of church government was democratic to the core. The officers were chosen by

its communicants, and the general assembly had a large proportion of lay members. It claimed supremacy over the civil power in all church affairs, and did not shrink from defying the arbitrary will of the Stuart kings when they sought to override its decrees. Under its creed and discipline the humblest member of the Kirk sought to know the Divine law, which was to raise the temporal kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of Christ, and to that law he yielded implicit obedience. Human ordinances were to be respected only so far as they conformed to the Divine law, and, in case of conflict, the human law must and did give way. In matters of faith he submitted to and obeyed the word of God, "but, in all other things, the greatest names in the world would not lead him without reason."

No people, once accepting such a faith and theory of church government, were ever kept in submission to despotic power. In all those countries where it became the prevailing faith the love first of religious freedom and then of civil liberty became implanted too deeply ever to be uprooted. It established popular government in Switzerland; drove the Spanish power from the low countries; 500,000 Huguenots refused to live in France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It found its fullest expression in the Independent party in England and its army of "Ironsides," which bent even the iron will of Cromwell to its purposes, destroyed the royal house of Stuart, dispersed the parliament, and raised the English nation to the first place in Europe. It led the Scotch-Irish from Ulster to America, where, in a

land unvexed by kings or bishops it could logically work out its problems of religious and civil liberty in its own way.

It was inevitable under the teachings of such a faith that in the new world the Scotch-Irish should be foremost in resisting the aggressions of the English crown upon the rights of the colonies. King George had no foes so unyielding and implacable as this people when the Revolutionary struggle came on. The part of the Scotch-Irish in the war for Independence has received scant justice from the historians, but this is not the place to recount their services. It may be said in outline, however, that in the Continental Congress their delegates were the most strenuous and insistent for the passage of the declaration; their men formed a large portion of the New Hampshire troops at Bunker Hill; under Stark they won the Battle of Bennington, and their courage and stubbornness turned the tide at Saratoga. Under the leadership of Campbell they destroyed the British forces at King's Mountain, and formed a large part of the army of General Greene, which drove Cornwallis from the Carolinas to his doom at Yorktown. Through the long war of the Revolution their bayonets glittered in the forefront of every battle, and "in the gloomy rear of every retreat was heard their voice of constancy and courage." Had the colonies been defeated they would have been the very last to lay down their arms. Seventy-six years later the descendants of this same people met on opposite sides in the battles of Shiloh, Stone River, and Chickamauga, and the desperate and bloody char-

acter of these great struggles was ample evidence that the courage and fighting qualities of this warlike race had not diminished with the present generation.

In this struggle the settlers of Peterborough fully sustained the character and reputation of their race, and for precisely the same reasons and motives. They believed in self-government, and like their countrymen elsewhere were ready to resist the central power in the interest of local authority. They entered into the cause with a unanimity and zeal not excelled by the people of any other township in the colonies. Within a few hours after the news of the Battle of Lexington was received every able-bodied man of military age was on the march for Cambridge, armed with such weapons as could be had. Some of them on learning the issue of the Concord fight turned back when they reached Groton, but others kept on to Cambridge. Seventeen days before the Declaration was signed at Philadelphia, the people issued a manifesto pledging their lives and estates in resistance to British aggressions, which was signed by every man in town then present. Not a single Tory was known to live in the place. Seventeen of its citizens fought at Bunker Hill, twenty-five at Bennington, and from first to last the town furnished 146 soldiers for the war, more than one in five of its whole population.

The settlers came by their military instincts as naturally as by their political views. Both were a Scotch inheritance. During the French and Indian War of 1754-'59, the settlement numbered about eighty males, between sixteen and sixty years; yet

the town furnished thirty-six soldiers for that war, almost fifty per cent. of its fighting population, of whom fourteen perished, seven in a single battle, an Indian massacre near Lake George.

The Scotch-Irishman's readiness and aptitude for war was an inheritance of the long and cruel conflict between Scotland and England prior to the union of the two kingdoms, and the bloody rebellions and massacres in Ireland before his emigration to this country. When the war ceased between England and Scotland, thousands of the Scotch wandered forth upon the continent, "seeking employment," says Harrison, "where fighting was to be had and the pay for killing reasonably good." Their life in the infant settlement kept this inherited trait alive. The first few years they went to their work and worship with arms in their hands. When war came, as it did in 1754, and again in 1775, it was taking up an old employment for them to enter the military service, and their readiness was stimulated by their political opinions and intense interest in the questions staked in the result.

When no war was on, their fondness for controversy found a free field in the long debates over questions of municipal and church administration. The town-meeting was their joy, for here they could air their personal views and exercise their loquacity to its full extent. Opposition never annoyed them. They were fond of public speaking, and indulged their oratorical powers at every opportunity. The town-meetings did not always accomplish much for this reason, and often were little

more than talking matches. In a note to his Centennial Address, Dr. Morrison tells this story, illustrating their fondness for disputation:

An old man returning from a meeting was asked what they had been doing. "Oh," said he, "there was George Duncan, he got up and spakit a while, and Mathew Wallace he got up and talkit a while, and Mathew Gray, he got up and blathered a while, and then they dismissed the meeting.

But they often had before them questions of a graver character than those relating to mere local affairs. Between 1779 and 1789 several revisions of the state constitution were made and referred to the several towns for consideration. One of these came before the voters in 1782. The meeting appointed a committee of its ablest men, to whom the instrument was referred, with instructions to report. This committee considered it for four days, and then told the voters that they were unable to agree. It was then sent to another committee, which later reported the constitution back with several amendments, which the town accepted. There is no record of the discussions on these questions—the most serious which ever came before a free people. The thoroughness of their deliberations shows their keen interest in political problems and their intelligent grasp of the great principles which underlie democratic government. There were then many strong, able men in town, and it is a matter of deep regret that their debates have not been preserved for their descendants.

But the distinguishing trait of these settlers was their "mighty zeal" for religion, and for the forms and discipline which their faith im-

posed. Loyalty to their church had brought them bitter suffering in Ireland, but in their new home they could worship God in their chosen way. They were devout Presbyterians, and accepted the five points of Calvinism without a question. Their first care was for a church, and three years after the permanent settlement, and when there could not have been more than twenty or twenty-five families in town, they built the first church, of logs, on Meeting House hill. The seats were wooden benches. It had no floor and no glass windows until 1763, and the building was warmed by nothing but the zeal of the worshipers. No services were held in the winter season. They had no settled minister until 1766, but had constant preaching, while the singing was by the congregation from some version of the Psalms, the lines being "deaconed" off by the acting elder, and sung after him by the people.

Like true Scotchmen they were of a metaphysical turn of mind, and passionately loved discussion of theological themes. The doctrines of their creed—of "Particular Redemption," "Irresistible Grace," and the "Final Perseverance of the Saints"—afforded an ample field for the exercise of their colloquial powers, and had this to delight them,—they never could be settled to the satisfaction of all. The Bible was their chief, almost their only, book, and to it they went for counsel, for inspiration, and their guidance in things temporal as well as spiritual. They read and preferred the Old Testament rather than the New. They loved its sublime imagery and its stories of Almighty vengeance upon the persecutors of

God's chosen people. They compared the afflictions and wanderings of the Israelites with their own, and found in their conquest of, and prosperity in, the land of Canaan a sure prophecy of the final triumph and the peace and joy which awaited them in their American home. The harshness and severity of its decrees, the rigid forms of the Mosaic law, and the awful denunciations of the wicked by the prophets were more in harmony with their Scottish temper and iron creed than the mild and gentle precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, or the lessons in the parable of the Prodigal Son. It was read aloud in the family daily, and it was an important part of family discipline that the children should commit long passages from it to memory. Both the longer and shorter catechisms were committed and recited by parents and children. The practice of annual family catechising was strictly observed. The families to the number of eight or ten assembled at the house of some neighbor; here the minister by appointment met them, and beginning with the youngest and proceeding to the eldest class he carefully examined each individual as to his knowledge of Christian faith and duty. Scripture proof texts were also required. The rules of the church were strict in regard to the observance of daily family prayers. Any omission in this was a matter for prompt investigation. When a case of neglect was reported, the minister went to the delinquent's house, and even compelled him to rise from his bed in the middle of the night, read a chapter, and offer prayer. But this seldom happened, for they were a devout people, and

their lonely, isolated life in the wilderness deepened their feeling of dependence for safety and guidance upon an Infinite Power. Nothing could exceed the reverence and sincerity with which it was performed. Burns has sketched for us the scene as it was daily enacted in the primitive homes of the early settlers :

" The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide,
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride.
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffits wearing thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He waxes a portion with judicious care.
'And let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air.

" Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Almighty King,
The Saint, the Husband and the Father prays ;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days.
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear ;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in one eternal sphere."

Grace was said before every meal. All meetings at which important business was to be done were opened with prayer and often with a sermon. Thursday before Communion Sunday was kept as a Fast Day, and its observance was rigidly enforced. No work could be done. One of the Londonderry settlers ventured to spread out his grain on this day to keep it from spoiling ; but he was promptly summoned before the Presbytery and severely admonished for his wickedness.

The Sabbath was strictly observed. Church attendance was general, and on part of the children required. They held the minister in special

reverence, and many personal delinquencies were overlooked in him which would not have been tolerated in any other official. "It was the supreme ambition of every Scotchman," says Harrison, "to breed one son who would wag his pow in the pu'pit." The character of the preaching would hardly attract the devout communicant of to-day. Dr. Morison, in his Centennial address, has quoted an example of it ; and Mr. Parker relates this incident of Rev. Matthew Clark, in the church at Londonderry, who began his sermon thus : " Phillipians 4 : 13, 'I can do all things.' Ay, can ye, Paul? I'll bet ye a dollar o' that (placing a Spanish milled dollar on the desk). Stop ! let's see what else Paul says : 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me' Ay, sae can I, Paul ; I draw my bet," and he then returned the dollar to his pocket.

They accepted the articles of their creed as they did their Bible, without doubt or hesitation. Its iron logic, its metaphysical subtleties, its exaltation of the Divine Law, and its democratic spirit suited their Scotch temper and harmonized with their experiences both in Ireland and America. They looked at life through the shadows of its gloomy doctrines. Death was the end, the grave the final abode of all the living until the great judgment day. To devout students of the Old Testament—reading and re-reading its tales of judgments and awful retributions—rather than of the New, with its teachings of grace and mercy and of a future life of joy and peace, this was both natural and consistent. Life was a long campaign against the hosts of evil

from which there was no escape nor intermission for mortals here below. But they faced it with true Scotch fortitude, and never sought to soften its privations and hardships or complain of their lot. They located their church and cemetery on the top of one of the highest hills in town. When they chose it, it was neither the centre of population nor the easiest of access, but it was the coldest and bleakest. On the tombstones of their dead they carved the weeping willow, Death's head, and the skull and crossbones, and inscribed the words, "*Memento mori*" and "*Moriturus est omnibus.*"

If they indulged in poetry to express the conclusions of that religious faith by which their lives had been modeled, it was not in selections which served to cheer or comfort the hearts of those left to mourn. Here are some stanzas which seem to give their opinion of the whole matter :

" Death, like an overflowing flood,
Doth carry us away ;
The young, the old, the middle-aged,
To Death become a prey."

Here is one from the stone of two young children :

" So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die."

This is from the stone of a man dying at the age of eighty-seven years, one of the pioneers of the town :

" Draw near, my friends, and take a thought,
How soon the grave may be your lot ;
Make sure of Christ while life remains,
And death will be eternal gain."

This is from one of the oldest stones in the larger cemetery :

" Dry up your tears, surviving friends,
Weep not for me but for your sins ;
Die to the world, live unto God,
The grave will soon be your abode."

The following is from the stone of one for many years a leader in the church :

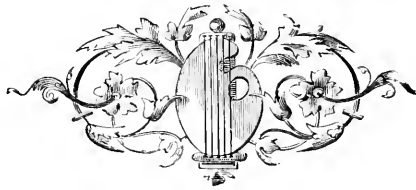
" How lov'd, how valu'd, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust is all remains of me ;
'Tis all thou art and all ye proud shall be."

No tender, loving words for the souls of those who sleep below ; no tribute of the living to the virtues and moral worth of the dead ; no expression of hope in a better life beyond,—only, " Remember death ; " " It is for all to die ; " this was the final summing up of their religious philosophy. Read the names and inscriptions and you see why there is nothing of the " tender grace to mark the higher, nothing of tinsel to mark the lower, side of Irish character,—" John Todd, James Ferguson, Charles Stuart, David Steele, Thomas Morrison, Samuel Mitchell, William Moore, William McNee—names, travelers tell us, which can still be found on the stones in the old cemeteries of Ulster and Argyleshire, reminders of the stormy times in Ireland and Scotland in which their fathers battled for civil and religious freedom and endured hardship and persecution for conscience's sake. That sacred but wind-swept spot is not one which their descendants would choose for their last resting-place, but it was a fitting one for them, who had suffered persecution, braved the perils of the deep, and endured the pinching poverty and dangers of the wilderness for the right to worship God according to the forms of their beloved faith. Why should they indulge in

sentiment in death who had only known toil and suffering in life? Why should they look forward to a life of unending joy and rest and peace who had only known pinching poverty, warfare, and self-denial on earth? It was enough for them that they had done their work here, and facing the King of Terrors with a true Covenanter's courage, they went to their graves

"Like one who wraps the draperies of his
couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

But they were better and happier than their religious creed, and they laid the foundations of their beloved municipality more wisely than they ever dreamed. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the fruits of their labors. In their lives they typified the three cardinal virtues of American citizenship—intelligence, morality, and obedience to law. In their death they bequeathed to their children a heritage of civic virtues which has been a controlling influence in the town down to the present day.



A PATHETIC MONUMENT.

By Mary M. Durgin Gray.

List to the tale of a Linden tree :
A Linden of great renown ;
Out in the pure, sweet country way,
Far from the noise of the town,
Nestles an oldtime homestead,
And close to the wide porch door
Has this Linden stood, like a sentinel,
For a century and more.
Tradition says that in days agone,
When the homestead walls were new,
Its builder, though a farmer, was
At times a blacksmith too,
And where the L adjoins the house,
In earlier days stood low,
A shop in which burned a glowing fire
For the anvil, long ago.
And here one day, on a sprightly steed,
A stately youth rode in,

Saying, "Ho, new shoes for my horse, good sire,
The old ones are getting thin,
And I, meanwhile, will disport myself
On the green without; ah, me,
But the sun is hot and no shade is here,
I will plant you a Linden tree."
And playfully forcing the switch he held,
Down into the yielding sod,
He murmured, "I pray when I halt again
This twig, by the grace of God,
May be firmly rooted and lending shade
Which all underneath shall bless."
The blacksmith replied, in a jovial mood,
"May *your* shadow never grow less."
Then away rode the youth on his well-shod horse;
The procession of days passed on,
Till prosperous weeks and months and years
To the smithy had come and gone.
At last he retired with coffers well filled,
In the service grown old and gray;
Then he called the builders an L to build
And the shop was moved away.
The roof to the porch was the Linden tree
Which up from the twig had sprung;
Its branches like long protecting arms,
Over the homestead hung;
And the smithy's wife grew to fancy that
When the leaves were murmuring low
They repeated benedictions
Over all who passed below.
Be that as it may, generations three
Were born and lived and died
'Neath the friendly roof while the Linden tree
Like a sentinel stood beside;
Three generations to good old age
Attained and in turn, like fruit
Well ripened, were gathered and laid away,
Ere the Linden tree was mute.
Mute with its branches leafless and dead;
Its shade is needed no more;
Its final benedictions are said
And wide swings the latchless door,
Yet, a ghost of the past, its hovers still
As if it would guard the spot,
While the crumbling walls shield the lone hearthstones
And the tenants that were, are not.

GEORGE F. PUTNAM.

By Henry H. Metcalf.

A paper read before the Grafton and Coos Bar Association, at Woodsville, September 18, 1900.



GEORGE FREDERICK PUTNAM, born at Croydon, N. H., November, 6, 1841; died at Kansas City, Mo., May 30, 1899.

Mr. Putnam was the son of John and Almira (French) Putnam, and grandson of Dea. David Putnam, the latter a Revolutionary soldier and one of the early settlers of the rugged little town of Croydon, from out whose borders there have gone in years past, as from most of our New England mountain towns, men who have won distinction in the varied walks of life, among those prominent in the legal profession being Hon. Jonas Cutting, of the supreme court of Maine, Hon. William P. Wheeler, long the leading practitioner at the Cheshire county bar, and the late Hon. Levi W. Barton of Newport.

John Putnam was one of the best specimens of the sturdy New England farmer. The town historian, writing before his decease, said of him: "He is one of the most intelligent, respected, industrious, and energetic farmers in town. He has reared a large and one of the most thoroughly educated families in Croydon." He was a man of strong traits of character, firm in his convictions, and possessing the courage thereof in the fullest measure. He was thrifty and prosperous, yet not parsimonious,

teaching his children that labor is honorable and diligence essential, but that manhood and self-respect are more to be valued than money or aught that money can bring. No man stood higher in the estimation of his townsmen, by whom he was honored with the highest offices in their gift, and whose trust and confidence he never betrayed. Four of his sons were liberally educated, two entering the ministry and two the legal profession, while a daughter became an accomplished and successful teacher, and is remembered by this writer as one who gave him his first lessons in orthography.

George Frederick was John Putnam's youngest son; the pride of his heart, the hope of his declining years. He was reared to honest toil, taught to hate hypocrisy and sham, to love the truth, respect honest manhood and virtuous womanhood, to form convictions upon due deliberation, and to stand fearlessly by those convictions. The spirit of manly independence, with which he was endowed at birth, was developed and strengthened through all the years of childhood and youth spent upon that rugged Croydon farm, and by that typical New England fireside.

Blessed with good physical health, an active mind, and an ambition to succeed, he made the best of the educational advantages which the

brief terms of the district school afforded, and, encouraged by his father, as his brothers had also been, sought further knowledge through attendance at Thetford, Vt., academy and Norwich university, completing his course at the latter institution in 1863, the expense of his education being met in part by money earned teaching in the winter season, after the usual manner of the enterprising youth of New England in those days.

Having determined upon the legal profession as the most congenial field of labor, he immediately commenced studying therefor in the office of that learned, industrious, and methodical attorney and safe and wise counselor, the late Nathan B. Felton, Esq., at Haverhill Corner, then, as it had been for more than half a century previous, the principal seat of legal life and activity in this county of Grafton. While studying here, as previously, he taught school in winter, to aid in meeting his necessary expenses.

After two or three years with Mr. Felton, who took a strong interest in his progress, Mr. Putnam went to Manchester, upon Mr. Felton's approval and advice, where he completed his studies in the office of the late Hon. Charles R. Morrison, being engaged also for some time in assisting Judge Morrison in preparing his Digest for the press.

He was admitted to the bar in Manchester in January, 1867, and in the spring of that year he established himself in practice at Haverhill, where he met with good success, remaining till August, 1869, when he removed to the town of Warren, taking the office and practice of Samuel

B. Page, Esq., who had then removed to Concord. He was located at Warren nearly eight years, until March, 1877, when he returned to Haverhill, taking the office of his old preceptor, Mr. Felton, and there continuing until his removal to Kansas City in May, 1882.

During his fifteen years at the Grafton county bar it is safe to say that Mr. Putnam established a reputation and achieved a measure of professional success beyond the average of lawyers of his age. He was diligent, faithful, conscientious, true to his clients, courteous to his brethren at the bar, reasonably deferential, but never obsequious to the court. His cases were well prepared and clearly and forcibly argued. He made no pretensions to oratory, and indulged in no flights of rhetoric, but for simplicity of statement and cogency of reasoning he took high rank.

And here it may be said, and that to his credit, as I am sure will be generally conceded, that of the strong coterie of eminent lawyers at this bar who were at their prime during most of the years of his service here, including such men as Harry and George A. Bingham, Edward D. and Charles W. Rand, and Alonzo P. Carpenter, there was one—the first named and “noblest Roman of them all”—who was his chosen beau-ideal of the lawyer and the man. No great and gifted leader in professional or political life ever had a more ardent admirer, a more loyal follower, a warmer or a worthier friend than had Harry Bingham in George F. Putnam. And if there be a life beyond, and we be permitted to believe the disembodied spirits on the other shore may know and greet

their kind, what glad greeting was that, indeed, which awaited the soul of the "grand old man of the North" when it went out across the dark waters on that sad, recent day in Littleton.

In politics Mr. Putnam was an ardent Democrat from youth, and he believed it to be his patriotic duty to advance the interests of his party by all honorable means as the most effective manner of serving his country. He became, immediately after establishing himself in practice, a recognized leader among the Democrats of his town and section, and as the candidate of that party was elected to the legislature from Haverhill in 1868 and 1869, and from Warren in 1870, 1871, and 1872, serving as a member of the committee on division of towns in 1868, the judiciary in 1869 and 1870, national affairs in 1871, and railroads in 1872. During the memorable parliamentary contests which characterized the session of 1871, when the two parties were almost evenly balanced in strength, Mr. Putnam was one of the younger leaders upon whose sagacity, firmness, and courage great reliance was placed by his party associates, and he never failed them in any emergency. In 1872 he was the Democratic nominee for speaker of the house, and during his entire legislative service was ever alert in the promotion of his party's interests; but none the less zealous in the furtherance of all measures essential to the material welfare of the state which came before the legislature for consideration, and in opposition to every scheme or project which he regarded as inimical to the public good.

In 1874, he was appointed by Governor Weston solicitor for Grafton county, serving faithfully and efficiently for two years.

He was chairman of the Democratic state committee for the years 1873-'75 and 1877-'80, and the performance of his work in this capacity was characterized by the same zeal and fidelity and the same system and method which were noticeable in his professional labors. He was chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the National Democratic convention at St. Louis, in 1876, which nominated Tilden and Hendricks, and was one of the strongest supporters and most ardent admirers of Mr. Tilden both before and after the convention.

His devotion to his profession and his interest in politics did not cause him to forget or neglect the general duties of citizenship. He was ever alive to all the interests of town and community, and never failed to respond to any legitimate call for service. In educational matters he was specially interested, and served efficiently upon the school board both in Haverhill and Warren.

His removal to Kansas City in 1882 was deeply regretted, not only by his associates at the bar, but by his fellow-citizens generally throughout the county and state; but he felt that a broader field and greater opportunities in professional and business lines were there presented, and, yet in the early prime of manhood, at the age of forty years, he left the state of his birth (which, nevertheless, ever retained a strong hold upon his affections), and made his home in the growing young city on the Missouri border, familiarly known as

the "Gate of the Southwest," attracted thither undoubtedly by the fact that an older brother, Francis Putnam, also a lawyer, had been located there in successful practice, where he had died a few years previously.

He entered at once into active practice in Kansas City, and shortly acquired prominence as a lawyer, gaining no little reputation by the outcome in the trial of one of the first causes in which he was there engaged, it being the defence of a man charged with murder, whose acquittal he secured.

As he became familiar with the business life and activities of the ambitious metropolis wherein he had made his home, he came to realize the opportunities presented in the field of financial and general business operations, particularly along the line of real estate development, and he soon turned his attention largely in that direction. In 1886 he became president of the International Loan and Trust company, organized to handle city real estate, and devoted his labors, in the main, for some years, to the furtherance of its operations. Subsequently, when the marked decline in real estate, experienced throughout the country, but more particularly in the Western cities, and culminating in 1893, made it imperative that the American National bank of Kansas City reduce its capital and reorganize in order to avert failure, Mr. Putnam was selected to take charge of its affairs, and became its president, continuing in that position until some six months before his decease, when he resigned, proposing to devote his entire attention to his private investments, prom-

inent among which was that in the Independent Telephone Co., an enterprise just then being organized.

Mr. Putnam took an active part in advancing all measures and projects for developing the business prosperity and promoting the growth of his adopted city, was a leading spirit in its wide-awake Commercial club, and for a time its president. He was also strongly interested in church affairs, along the liberal line, in his later years, and was an active member and earnest worker in the "Church of this World," Unitarian, organized some two years before his death. He was prominent in Masonry, being a charter member of Ararat Temple, Mystic Shrine; past eminent commander of Oriental Commandery, No. 35, Knights Templar, and a member of Orient Chapter, No. 105, R. A. M.

On December 22, 1868, Mr. Putnam was united in marriage with Mary Rebecca Reding, daughter of the late Sylvester Reding of Haverhill, in whom he found a true and sympathetic helpmeet, and by whom he is survived, without children.

Death came to George F. Putnam in the very zenith of his physical and intellectual powers; and the "grim messenger" came, too, all unheralded. No wasting disease bore him down; no protracted bodily suffering sapped the springs of his life, but, in the full splendor of royal manhood, he was touched by the swift apoplectic stroke and the obedient spirit bade eternal farewell to the mortal form. His ashes rest in the soil of his native state, at Haverhill, amid the scenes of his early professional labors, near by the old home of her he loved, and where the happiest

years of his life were spent. His name and memory are but an added leaf in the garland of glory which New Hampshire's worthy sons have woven in her honor.

In what has been presented I have essayed no critical estimate of Mr. Putnam as a lawyer. Our relative situations were such as, naturally, to leave me unqualified for the performance of such duty. But, born as I was in the same year, and within three miles, as the crow flies, of the very spot where he first saw the light of day: familiar as I was with the scenes and influences which shaped and developed his character in early life; knowing him intimately as I did, as a man, a citizen, and a friend, during the years of his active career

in this county and state, I do not hesitate to say that God in his infinite wisdom has rarely made a more fully-rounded man than George Frederick Putnam. Endowed with mental grasp and moral fibre fully complementing the sturdy, handsome physique, which some here present so delight to remember; with a warm, human heart shining forth from a frank, open countenance; honest, just, and courteous in his relations with others; kindly considerate of the poor and the weak; yielding nothing of right to the rich and the strong,—a faithful husband, a loyal citizen, a true friend—his was, indeed, the ideal type of American manhood.

May God grant us more of his kind in the days that are yet to be!

CLOISTER MAR SABA.

[Translated from the German of Karl Zettel.]

By Laura Garland Carr.

Mar Saba rears its walls and towers
 High over Kedron's dry, rock bed.
 It is not jarred by tempest powers
 Nor beat by billows fierce and dread,
 Yet ghastly death chills and appals
 Lurking about Mar Saba's walls.

Out through the ghostly silence pealing
 Sweet bell tones stir the midnight air,
 And chanting voices are revealing
 That monks keep watch with song and prayer,
 Through rifts of rock the voices swing
 And weirdly out the darkness ring.

Then Dead Sea boatmen—praying—lightly
 Will turn their prows back through the night,
 Shunning the cliffs, gleaming so whitely
 In that uncanny, pallid light.
 Then, half in dream, will further roam
 Cleaving the phosphorescent foam.

HANNAH EASTMAN'S CAPTURE.

By Guy S. Rix.



HAVERHILL, Mass., was first settled in 1640. It was the thirtieth town within the limits of the state of Massachusetts, thirty-second in the list of incorporated towns, and forty-ninth in the New England list. It was a frontier town for more than seventy years, and there are few of the New England towns that suffered so severely from the depredations of the Indians. Its early history is one long record of blood and misery.

The early colonies suffered from six wars: First, the Pequot war; second, King Philip's war; third, King William's war; fourth, Queen Anne's war; fifth, the Three Years' war or Lovewell's war; sixth, the second French war.

Hannah Eastman's capture occurred during Queen Anne's war, which commenced in 1703 and ended in 1713. The foes with whom the colonists contended were the Indians and the Canadian French.

It would be hard for the present generation to conceive of the suffering of the inhabitants of that time. Haverhill village in those days consisted of about thirty houses, and it was rare to find a family that had not lost some of its members at the hands of the Indians. The men went armed to their daily labors, and to church with a Bible in one hand and a loaded gun in the other.

They were safe from Indian attacks nowhere. Their fields, their dwellings, and their churches were alike subject to their stealthy and fiendish raids. It was really an "Age of Terror" for those hard and courageous men and women, and history can show none more heroic and none that exhibited a more fearless and undaunted spirit.

At this period Jonathan Eastman and his young wife, Hannah, made for themselves a home in Haverhill. Jonathan was born in Salisbury, Mass., Jan. 8, 1680, and was married April 8, 1701, to Hannah Green, born Dec. 20, 1677, on the historic "Dustin Hill," in Haverhill, Mass., daughter of Peter and Elizabeth Green. Jonathan's first child (Thomas) was born March 17, 1702; their second child (Abigail) was born Feb. 1, 1704.

The Indians seldom made their appearance before the opening of spring, and on this account less care was taken to guard against surprises during the winter months. But, as a means of defense, the selectmen had appointed six garrisons and four "houses of refuge." These were either built of brick or had a single layer of brick between the outer and inner walls. They had but one outside door, often so small that but a single person could enter at a time. The buildings were of two stories, with windows two and a half feet

long and eighteen inches wide, secured inside by iron bars. There were two rooms on the lower floor, and the entrance to the chambers above was by a ladder, that could be drawn up should the lower floor be taken by the enemy. The fireplaces were of enormous size, and wood of sled length was often burned in them.

Late in March, 1704, Jonathan removed with his wife to the fifth garrison, which was owned and commanded by Joseph Bradley. It was situated in the northerly part of the town, and has long since been torn down, but a trace of it remaining. In one of the upper chambers of this garrison their little daughter Abigail was born Feb. 1, 1704. Eight days later (Feb. 8th) Jonathan left the place to attend to some necessary duties at their old home, intending to return before nightfall. Before leaving he stopped for a moment at the bedside of his wife. He was not a demonstrative man, but he bent down and kissed her and turned away, carefully drawing the covers over the dimpled hand of his tiny daughter. Mrs. Bradley was in the lower room boiling soap. He stopped only to inform her when he expected to return, and passed outside.

It was a lovely day; the air was crisp and keen; the sun shone brightly; the snow was deep upon the ground and drifted in many places quite deeply. During the winter the settlers had grown secure and careless of danger; the sentries were absent from their stations, and even the gates were open. Little did Jonathan think as he rode forth that he was being watched by cruel eyes; far less did he think that he was never

again to see his infant child, or that many weary months would pass before he would again meet his beloved wife.

Why the Indians allowed Jonathan to escape will never be known. His powerful frame and commanding presence may have deterred them. However, they let him pass on, and waited until between three and four o'clock in the afternoon before attacking the garrison. They then cautiously approached, and, finding the way clear, rushed through the open gates before they were discovered. Jonathan Johnson, a sentinel, who was standing inside the house, shot at and wounded one of them, but the savage, infuriated by the pain, made the air ring with terrific yells as he pushed forward into the house. With great presence of mind, Mrs. Bradley filled her ladle full of boiling soap and threw it over him, burning him so severely that he soon died. The rest of the party rushed forward and killed Johnson, and made Mrs. Bradley and some others prisoners. (Only three persons escaped of the entire garrison.) They then mounted the ladder and entered the room where Mrs. Eastman was alone with her child. Afrighted, she sat up in the bed, but the movement disturbed the child and it began to cry, when she took it in her arms, pressing it to her wildly-beating heart. With a fiendish yell the foremost savage snatched it from her clinging hands and brutally dashed it against the door-post, beating out its brains, when, with a satisfied grunt, he threw it into a corner and ordered Mrs. Eastman to arise and prepare to go with him. The poor woman was so stunned and

horrified by seeing her child murdered before her eyes that she could not move. The savage then seized her by her long hair, and brandishing his tomahawk over her head, compelled her to obey.

The party hastily collected their prisoners and plunder and commenced a hurried retreat toward Canada. The captives were separated, some being taken in one direction and some in another. Night was coming on, the weather was cold, the snow quite deep, and the wind blew keenly over the hills, yet Mrs. Eastman was compelled to rise from her sick bed; her yearning eyes were fastened upon the little heap in the corner, and her arms ached to clasp again the tiny form, but it was not allowed. Her captors were in a hurry, forcing her down the ladder with threatening words and gestures, and compelled her to go forward on her weary march towards Canada. She was first taken to Ossipee lake, where she remained until spring, when they went on to the "Ox Bow," in Newbury, Vermont. Here they planted corn, and remained until it was in the second hoeing. One day they were visited by another party of Indians, who probably informed them that a scouting party in search of them was near, for they soon abandoned camp and left for Canada.

Pen cannot describe the tortures endured by Mrs. Eastman during that terrible journey. Weak and weary she dragged through the long days and the still longer, lonely nights. Often she tried to escape, but her captors guarded her so closely that she found no opportunity. The memory of that journey to

Canada remained with her through life. It was a deep, unbroken, and seemingly inexhaustible wilderness that daily grew between her and her beloved home and friends. Pathless mountains, swollen and almost impassable rivers, lay behind and before her; no friendly smoke curled from the chimney of a white inhabitant, but she sometimes saw the red flames leaping heavenward—flames kindled by her savage captors,—telling the fearful story of other wrongs. When within a few miles of their destination Mrs. Eastman was too exhausted to go on; she was therefore left behind to spend the night in the wilderness. A kind squaw gave her a piece of punkwood, set on fire, to ward off the mosquitoes. Their poisonous bites had caused her face to swell so badly that the Indians called her "Fat Hammer." The next morning they sent a squaw to find her. The swelling had subsided so as to show her extreme emaciation, and the squaw, seeing her thus, pitifully exclaimed, "Why, Hammer!"

The tribe were encamped at Three Rivers in Canada on the St. Francis river, near a French settlement, and soon after their arrival there a French woman became interested in Hannah, seeing she was a captive, and was very kind to her, often giving her salt to season her food. She finally proposed that Mrs. Eastman make her escape and offered to secrete her from the Indians. Mrs. Eastman gladly accepted the offer, but was obliged to keep out of sight, lest she again be captured.

Winters passed with their snows and wind. Springs succeeded with their early buds. Summers followed, filled with flowers and sunshine.

The autumns brought forth their abundant harvests, but the heart of the lonely woman grew sick with hope deferred. For nearly three years she had been held a captive, but she well knew that if Jonathan were living he would search for her, but she fully understood how small his chance was for finding her.

A plan for escape began to take form in her mind, for she felt an intense desire to return home. The thought grew upon her and finally took definite shape. She shuddered as she remembered the fearful journey through trackless forests, infested by fierce wild beasts and ruthless savages. Could she hope to pass such dangers alone?

One day she stood beside her chamber window, thinking deeply on her plan of escape, when her attention was attracted to a man who was passing the house. Her breath came faster as she gazed upon the tall, deep-chested, broad-shouldered man, with a strong serious face. In the whole settlement there was not as splendid a specimen of manhood. He was fully six feet four inches in height, and of powerful frame. He was dressed in a long jacket, or what was called a "flycoat," made something like a surtout, reaching half way to the thigh; a striped jacket under a pair of small clothes, like the coat, made of flannel cloth: a flannel shirt buttoned loosely at the throat; woolen stockings, and thick leather shoes, and a broad brimmed fur hat. But his unusual height, broad shoulders, and erect carriage seemed strangely familiar. She was almost certain that it was her husband that was passing, and she called him by name, "Jonathan," when he stopped

and looked around, but seeing no one, passed on. She called again, but this time he did not hear her. She flew down stairs and informed the French woman, who immediately sent a little girl to call him back. The child could speak no English, but by motions and pulling his coat, she persuaded him to return with her. There were many changes in Hannah's appearance, caused by exposure and hardship, and at first Jonathan did not recognize her, but it was the happiest moment of his life when he again clasped her in his arms. He had passed the house before but could get no trace of her, though he had heard of her.

Jonathan redeemed his wife and started for Haverhill, their home. Their journey was of long duration, for they had to walk the entire distance. But despite its necessary hardships the journey was a delightful one, and left in their minds impressions destined to bear future fruit.

We have no record of their stay in Haverhill, but in 1710, we find Jonathan Eastman enrolled as a "snowshoe man." The general court (June 19, 1710) having ordered that a large company of soldiers under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Saltonstall be kept constantly armed, equipped and exercised in the town, and we find Jonathan Eastman enrolled in that company. In April, 1723, the pastor of the first church in Haverhill, finding that the church records were lost, or that there had never been any, requested all members then living to give their names to him. Among the members was Hannah, wife of Jonathan Eastman.

It is a tradition that Jonathan lived

at one time in Andover, Mass., but there is no record of it. In 1746, they lived in Concord, in a fort at "St. Paul's School," about two miles west of the city on what is known as the "Mill Road." It was for this fort that the party were destined when massacred by Indians August 10, 1745, about one mile out of Concord.

March 2, 1747, Jonathan executed a will, appointing his son Amos executor, which will was admitted to probate in Exeter, May 30, 1758. The following year (1759), Amos removed to Hollis, taking his mother with him. Mr. Eber Eastman, a great-grandson of Jonathan, said, when living, that his mother had seen Hannah, when an old lady, riding horseback behind her son, Amos, in Hollis.

The date of the deaths and the place of burial of Jonathan and Hannah Eastman are unknown, but as we trace the life and character of this devoted couple, we can not fail to observe that they possessed to a notable degree the true pioneer spirit. We find the tribe ever the leaders, but never the followers, of civilization.

Was it simply a coincidence that along the line of that fearful journey, where Hannah Eastman once trudged a miserable captive, where the path had been marked by fire and the tomahawk of the savages, that with her devoted husband, she should return to plant the seeds of civilization and religion?

Where the Indian once hunted and fished and lived his savage life pretty villages now cluster among the trees and hillsides, and well filled barns and storehouses attest to the fruitfulness of the country and the industry of the inhabitants.

Hard, indeed, would it be to find a hamlet, however small, that did not contain one or more of the descendants of Jonathan Eastman and wife, Hannah. From the Massachusetts line to Canada, they have left the impress of their lives upon the land, and upon the people.

The descendants of Jonathan Eastman show on the New Hampshire Revolutionary rolls their loyalty to the colonies in 1778. Five brothers, grandsons of Jonathan Eastman, served in the War of the Revolution. Another, Daniel Eastman, served in the same war in a Maine regiment. Taking the Eastmans as a whole the writer has found them extremely patriotic, and all, with the exception of one only, very fond of their country.

No costly granite nor sculptured marble marks the resting-place of this devoted couple. Mournfully and sweet the breezes chant a requiem over those lonely graves hidden among the granite hills, but in the hearts and memories of their descendants, they will ever be held in honored remembrance, until that "Last Great Day" when each hillside grave shall give up its dead, "Touched by God's Right Hand."

NOTE.—Mr. Rix is compiling a "Genealogy of the Eastman Family," and the information contained in this article came to him in the course of his labors upon the same.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

By C. L. Tappan.

Beyond the still flowing river,
Beyond the impenetrable veil,
Where dark clouds can never gather
Where neither winds, nor storms prevail ;

Where the fragrant flowers are blooming,
Touched by heaven's own bright rays ;
Where the joyous birds are singing
Jubilant songs and chants of praise ;

Where the clear, life-giving waters
Flow on with mirth and song ;
Where animals from all quarters,
Mingle peacefully in the throng ;

Where the redeemed in love abide,
From every land, from every clime,
With them the Saviour glorified,
Elder brother, human-divine.

Here my darling, through God's goodness,
Is crowned with dazzling, golden light,
Clothed in the Saviour's righteousness,
In robes of pure and spotless white.

Here now she awaits my coming,
With open arms and loving heart ;
And we shall be, at my coming,
United, never more to part.

Then our love and gratitude will
Be perfect for the Crucified ;
His promises He will fulfil,
We shall be fully satisfied.

We shall not sit in idleness,
Nor find our joys in dreamy rest ;
But, doing our " Father's business,"
In deeds of love, at His behest.



By Joseph B. Walker.

THERE was no discount bank in the central part of New Hampshire until 1807. Previous to this time, there had been but seven in the whole state, viz.: The New Hampshire Bank at Portsmouth, incorporated in 1792; the New Hampshire Union Bank at Portsmouth, in 1802; the Portsmouth Bank at Portsmouth, the Exeter Bank at Exeter, the Strafford Bank at Dover, the Cheshire Bank at Keene, and the Coös Bank at Haverhill, in 1803.

In answer to petitions of citizens of Concord and several neighboring towns, the New Hampshire legislature, at its June session in 1806, granted a charter for the first discount bank established in Concord to the following individuals, viz.:

To Timothy Walker, John Bradley, Robert Harris, Richard Ayer, William A. Kent, and John Chandler of Concord; Thomas W. Thompson of Salisbury; Caleb Stark of Boston; John Mills of Dunbarton; Baruch Chase and Joseph Towne of Hopkinton; Joseph Clough of Canterbury; Joshua Darling of Hennessey; Aquilla Davis of Warner; Ebenezer

Peaslee and William Whittle; in all sixteen. Of these, John Bradley was a member of the senate that year, and William A. Kent, Joshua Darling, John Mills, and Aquilla Davis were members of the house.

The proceedings under this charter were unprecedented, inasmuch as two distinct banks, each bearing the same name and claiming to be the lawful institution, did a successful business in Concord for twenty years, until the charter under which they claimed to act expired by limitation. As a specimen of the New Hampshire bank charters, an hundred years ago, a copy of this one is here introduced:

{ L. S. }

State of New Hampshire.

In the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and six.

An Act to incorporate sundry persons by the name of the President, Directors and Company of the Concord Bank.

Sec. 1st. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened that, Timothy Walker, Caleb Stark, John Bradley, John Mills, Robert Harris, Ebenezer Peaslee, Richard Ayer, William Whittle, William A. Kent, Joshua Darling, Thomas W. Thompson, Aquilla Davis, John Chandler, Baruch Chase, Joseph Towne and Joseph Clough and their associates, and those who may hereafter associate with them in said Bank, their successors and assigns, shall be

and hereby are created and made a corporation, by the name of the President, Directors and Company of the Concord Bank, and shall so continue from the first day of July next until the expiration of twenty years next following, and by that name may sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, defend and be defended, in any court of record having competent jurisdiction, and also to make, use and have a common seal, and the same at pleasure to break, alter and renew; and also to order, establish and put in execution such bye laws, ordinances and regulations as to them shall appear neces-

shall be made, and also the mode of transferring and disposing of the stock and profits thereof, which, being entered in the books of said corporation, shall be binding on the stockholders, their successors and assigns; Provided that, no stockholder shall be allowed to borrow at said Bank until he shall have paid in his full share or proportion of said sum of fifty thousand dollars, at least. And said corporation are hereby made capable in law to have, hold, purchase and receive, possess, enjoy and retain to them, their successors and assigns, lands, rents, tenements, and hereditaments, to the amount of ten thousand dollars, and no more at any one time, with power to bargain, sell and dispose of the same lands, tenements, and hereditaments, and to loan and negotiate their monies and effects, by discounting on banking principles, on such security as they shall think advisable.

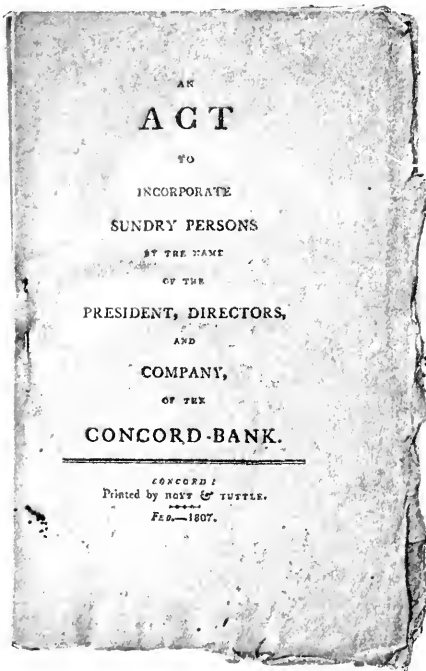
Section 3d. And be it further enacted that the following rules, limitations and provisions shall form and be the fundamental articles of the corporation.

First. That said corporation shall not issue nor have in circulation, at any one time, bills, notes or obligations to a greater amount than twice their stock actually paid in, in addition to the simple amount of monies deposited in said bank for safe keeping; and, in case of any excess, the President and directors under whose administration it shall happen shall be liable for the payment of the same in their private capacity, but this shall not be construed to exempt said corporation or any estate, real or personal, which they may hold as a body corporate, from being liable for and chargeable with such excess.

Second—That said corporation shall not vest, use nor improve any of their monies, goods, chattels, or effects in trade or commerce, but may sell all kinds of personal pledges lodged in their hand by way of security, to an amount sufficient to reimburse the sums loaned.

Third. None but a member of said corporation, being a citizen of this state and a resident therein, shall be eligible for a director, and the Directors shall choose one of their own number to act as President. The Cashier, before he enters on the duties of his office, shall give bonds with two sureties, to the satisfaction of the board of directors, in a sum not less than ten thousand dollars, with condition for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office.

Fourth, That for the well ordering of the affairs of said corporation, a meeting of the Stockholders, from and after the time of the first meeting, shall be held at such place as they shall direct, on the first monday of September, annually, and at any other time during the continuance of said corporation, at such



Title-Page of Charter and By-Laws.

sary and convenient for the government of said corporation and the prudent management of their affairs; provided such bye laws, ordinances and regulations shall in no wise be contrary to the laws and constitution of this State. And the said corporation shall be always subject to the rules, restrictions, limitations and provisions herein described:—

Section 2d. And be it further enacted that, the capital stock of said Bank shall consist of a sum, not less than fifty thousand dollars nor more than two hundred thousand dollars, in specie, and shall be divided into one thousand shares, and the stockholders, at their first meeting shall, by a majority of votes, determine the amount of the payments to be made on each share and the time when the same

place as shall be appointed by the President and directors for the time being, by public notification being given for at least three weeks previous thereto, at which annual meeting there shall be chosen by ballot five directors, to continue in office the year ensuing their election; and the number of votes to which each stockholder shall be entitled shall be according to the number of shares he shall hold, in the following proportion; that is to say, for every one share, one vote, and every two shares above one share shall give a right to one vote more, provided that no one member shall have more than ten votes; and absent members may vote by proxy, being authorized in writing.

Fifth. Not less than three directors shall constitute a board for the transaction of business, of whom the President shall be always one; except in case of sickness or necessary absence, in which case, the directors present may choose a chairman for the time being in his stead.

Sixth. No director shall be entitled to any emoluments for his services, but the stockholders may make the President such compensation as to them shall appear reasonable.

Seventh. All bills issued from the bank aforesaid and signed by the president shall be binding on the corporation.

Eighth. The directors shall make half yearly dividends of all profits, rents, premiums and interest of the bank aforesaid.

Ninth. The directors shall have power to appoint a Cashier, Clerk and such Officers for carrying on the business of the bank, with such salaries as to them shall seem meet.

Section 4th. And be it further enacted that said bank shall be established and kept in the town of Concord.

Section 5th. And be it further enacted that the persons herein before named, or any three of them are authorized to call a meeting of the members and stockholders of said corporation as soon as maybe, at such time and place as they may see fit, by giving public notice thereof, at least three weeks prior to the time of meeting, in the Farmers Cabinet, printed at Amherst, and in one of the papers printed in the County of Rockingham, for the purpose of making, ordaining and establishing such by-laws, ordinances and regulations for the orderly conducting the affairs of said corporation, as the Stockholders shall deem necessary; and for the choice of the first board of Directors and such other officers, as they shall see fit to choose.

Section 6th. And be it further enacted that any person or persons specially appointed by the Legislature of this State for the purpose, shall have a right to examine into the affairs of

the bank, and at all times, when the bank is open, have access to the bank books.

State of New Hampshire.

In Senate June 11, 1806. The foregoing bill, having had three several readings, passed to be enacted.

Sent down for Concurrence,

Clement Storer { President
of the Senate.

In the House of Representatives, June 17th, 1806.

The foregoing bill, having been read a third time, was enacted with the following amendment: *And be it further enacted* that if said corporation shall at any time hereafter divide their stock, previous to the payments of all their bills, or shall refuse or neglect to pay any of their bills when presented for payment in the usual manner, the original stockholders, their successors and assigns, and the members of said corporation shall, in their private capacities, be jointly and severally liable to the holder of any bill or bills issued by said corporation, for the payment thereof; and any such member or members who shall be compelled to make payment, as aforesaid, shall hereby be authorized to recover of the remaining members of said corporation, their proportion of the sum or sums paid as aforesaid; to be estimated according to their respective shares in said Bank incorporation.

Sent up for concurrence,

Samuel Bell, Speaker.

In Senate, June 17th, 1806.

Read and concurred,

Clements Storer, President.

Approved June 18th, 1806,

John Langdon, Govr.

The grantees met for organization at the inn of David George, in Concord, on the 17th day of July, 1806, and chose Timothy Walker moderator, and William A. Kent clerk of the meeting. Mr. Walker was at this time seventy years of age, still active and in close touch with all the interests of his town and state. Mr. Kent, then in the prime of his life and about forty years of age, had been a citizen of Concord some seventeen years, and was then and ever afterwards, so long as he lived, one of its most prominent citizens.

The business of Concord was then confined to Main street, extending then, as now, from Horse Shoe pond to the gas works, a distance of about one mile and a half. Originally most of the business of the town was transacted at the north end of this street, but had now begun to move southward, causing a spirited rivalry between the two sections, which continued for many years, until the growth of the town and broader views had obliterated it. Prominent among the leaders of the North End was Judge Walker, and equally so among those of its rival was Colonel Kent. With this explanation, the proceedings in the meetings held for organizing Concord's first bank will be easily understood; the efforts of each party being exerted to gain control of its location and management.

At this first meeting of the grantees, it was moved by the Kent party that the Concord and Hopkinton petitioners "who are not grantees of the Concord Bank have each — shares, provided They make application for the same within — days."¹ This proposition exceeded the generosity of the other party, who were in a majority of about two to one. It was admired, but respectfully declined.

The grantees then voted to complete the subscriptions to the stock of the bank, and appointed a committee of five to devise a scheme for doing so. One is a little surprised that the majority should have allowed three of the minority to be placed on that committee. It may possibly have been for the reason that they

preferred that the report should be partial to that interest, inasmuch as its rejection would be more sure.

This committee soon afterwards reported, recommending,—

1st. That the "*whole number of shares become common stock*, to be disposed of by a majority of the grantees who may be present."

2d. That each grantee take a subscription paper and give to each of the petitioners, "*particularly the petitioners on the Concord and Hopkinton Bank petition*, an opportunity to subscribe for such number of shares as They may wish."

3d. That the subscription papers be returned at an adjourned meeting, and that it be there determined by a majority of the grantees present, "which of the subscribers shall become stockholders, and in what proportion the shares shall be held by those gentlemen who shall have so subscribed."

Whether the majority of the grantees were most surprised or most amused by this ingenious scheme of the minority to control future meetings in their interest the record does not state. "This report was considered by paragraphs and negatived. The yeas and nays were then taken on the whole report as follows: Yeas,—Ayer, Darling, Thompson, Chandler, Kent; nays,—Walker, Bradley, Towne, C. Stark, Whittle, Peaslee, Clough, Davis,—5 yeas, 8 nays."

This vote disclosed the personnel and the strength of each of the two contending parties, as well as the further fact that the minority could win the organization of the bank only by its transfer to a body of stockholders in their interest, secured

¹ Mss. records of meeting.

as yet but in part. To the attainment of this end it gave earnest efforts.

After passing two important votes and reconsidering the same, the grantees finally "Voted, That the grantees who were on the Hopkinton petition furnish the Hopkinton petitioners and other gentlemen in that vicinity with such number of shares as they shall reasonably desire, and that the grantees who were on the Concord petition do the same with respect to the Concord petitioners and other gentlemen in that vicinity."

Having passed this vote, the meeting was adjourned to the fifth day of the next August (Aug. 5, 1806), when the grantees again assembled and voted that, no share shall be held in the Concord bank until subscribed for, and that every share shall be made transferable to the president, directors, and company of the Concord bank only, provided the bank will pay the owner thereof the first cost of said share. The grantees also voted that the sum payable on each share at the time of subscription should be three dollars, and adjourned their meeting to the first day of September (Sept. 1, 1806).

Pursuant to adjournment, the grantees met for the fourth time on the first day of September, and the final contest for supremacy by the two parties ensued. It was moved, in the interest of the minority, "That the petitioners on the Hopkinton petition and the petitioners on the Concord petition be admitted to act with the grantees named in the act of incorporation, provided neither set of petitioners assume more than five hundred shares." This motion was negatived by a vote of eight to five;

Messrs. Walker, Bradley, C. Stark, J. Stark for Mills, Peaslee, Ayer, Whittle, and Davis opposing; and Messrs. Towne, Thompson, Chandler, Darling, and Kent sustaining the motion; while Messrs. Chase and Clough refrained from voting.

None of the debates at these meetings appears upon the records. The majority seem, at length, to have become tired of the contest, and have determined to end it. In its interest, it was moved and carried, "That the grantees named in the act proceed to organize the bank," by a vote of ten yeas to five nays, viz.:

Yeas,—Messrs. Walker, Bradley, C. Stark, J. Stark for Mills, Peaslee, Ayer, Whittle, Davis, Chase, and Clough.

Nays,—Messrs. Towne, Thompson, Chandler, Darling, Kent.

To this action the following protest was presented by the minority:

The subscribers protest against and dissent from the last vote, because, in their opinion the assumption of the right to choose the officers of the Bank by the grantees named in the act, to the exclusion of their associates and the stockholders, who may be admitted to subscribe to the original stock, is contrary to the letter and spirit of said act.

Joseph Towne.

William A. Kent.

Joshua Darling.

D. Webster, Attorney to T. W. Thompson.

Isaac Chandler,

Attorney to John Chandler, Jr.

The minority seem to have taken no farther part in the meeting, at which Timothy Walker and John Bradley of Concord, Caleb Stark of Boston,¹ Baruch Chase of Hopkinton, and Joseph Clough of Canterbury were elected directors, the first four

¹ Caleb Stark of Boston, ineligible under the charter, probably did not assume to act as a director, although his name appears as such in the N. H. Register of 1807.

receiving eight, and last one seven, votes, respectively.

Several votes were subsequently passed to which no opposition seems to have been made, one of which directed the clerk to "deliver over the records to the first director as



Concord's First Banking House—1806-1826.

soon as convenient after directed." The meeting was then adjourned to the twenty-ninth of the following December (1806).

At this a new clerk was chosen, and measures were taken to start upon its career the first discount bank organized in the central part of New Hampshire, whose doors were opened for business in February, 1807.

But the contest so vigorously waged in the meetings of the grantees did not end there. The minority transferred it to the court of common pleas, where separate actions of debt *qui tam*, against the directors were entered at the August term of 1807, by Nehemiah Jones, plaintiff, against Timothy Walker, John Bradley, and Joseph Clough, and by William Starrett, plaintiff, against Baruch Chase and Caleb Stark.

The first action seems to have been

made a test case, and the others were continued from term to term until its final determination was reached, when they were similarly disposed of. At the first and second terms, this case was continued, saving all advantages to the defendant, who filed his plea in abatement January 9, 1808, and, at the August term of that year, was given leave to withdraw it and plead double, which he did, and filed his plea August 8, 1808.

At the January term of 1809 the case was again continued, and the plaintiff was ordered to file his replication by the first of July, 1809. At the July term of this year, the action was again continued, and the plaintiff farther ordered to file his answer to the defendant's plea by the first of the next November, or become nonsuited. The last entry upon the docket of the January term of 1810, regarding this case of "Dismiss," closes the second chapter of this peculiar contest. A tradition has been preserved that Mr. Jeremiah Mason, who was of counsel for the plaintiff, and saw the uncertainty of success, intimated to his client "that as he had got into *gentlemen's* company, he must expect to pay gentlemen's prices," and he chose to withdraw.

While these suits were pending, a second Concord bank was organized under the charter before mentioned, by parties in the interest of the minority. The exact time of its commencing business does not appear. Its name is found for the first time upon the list of banks given in the New Hampshire Register of 1808, where Joseph Towne is published as president and director, and Wm. A. Kent as cashier. A full list of direc-

tors does not appear in that publication until 1810; but a notice dated December 19, 1808, and signed by Wm. A. Kent, cashier, informing the stockholders "that the installment of ten dollars, voted at their annual meeting, in September last, must be paid on or before the first day of January next," may be found in the *American Patriot* of December, 1808.

Thus, as before stated, two discount banks went into operation in Concord, bearing the same name and doing business under the same charter. Why this was allowed by the state authorities is a matter of conjecture. At the expiration of this charter, which was limited to twenty years, the stockholders of the original bank closed up its business, and having obtained a new charter, organized a new bank, known as the Merrimack County Bank, which under two charters of twenty years each, subsequently did a successful business until 1866, when, at the expiration of its third charter, it closed up its affairs and returned to its stockholders their unimpaired capital, accompanied by a surplus of forty-three and one-half per cent.

The second Concord Bank obtained a renewal of the original charter in December, 1824, and continued in operation until 1840, when serious financial embarrassments removed its name from the list of New Hampshire banks. During the first twenty years of its existence, the first bank in Concord lived in Spartan simplicity in the northwest front room of the house of its cashier, Mr. Samuel Sparhawk. This stood upon the site now occupied by the house of Mr. John C. Thorne, on North Main

street.¹ Whether it was desirous or not of outdoing its rival, which owned and occupied a two-story brick building, does not appear. Certain, however, it is that in 1826, it erected the three-story structure, now owned and occupied by the New Hampshire His-



The Bank's Second Building—1826-1866.

torical Society, and there installed itself under its new charter on the first floor of the north portion thereof. Here it had its home for the next forty years. This and Hill's brick block, both probably erected under the direction of John Leach,² at about the same time, were for many years the most imposing business structures in Concord. The latter was burned some thirty years ago. The former still stands, without external altera-

¹The bank occupied the northwest corner room on the first floor of this house. The vault, which opened out of it, was built on the outside of it, projecting from its north wall. It was removed some years ago to the east side of Jackson street where it now stands divided into two tenements numbered 26 and 28.

²The name of John Leach should be kept in remembrance. His name appears in Concord's first Register, in 1830, and in its successors down to 1861. He was the architect of two of the finest buildings erected in this town, in his time; the first being the First Baptist church, built in 1825; and the second, the Merrimack County Bank, in 1826, at a cost of thirty-eight hundred dollars. He was doubtless the architect of Leach's block and, probably, of Hill's block, which formerly stood at the corner of Main and Capitol streets. He was also the master builder of the first Unitarian church, erected in 1829.

tion, a good specimen of a fine building of the period of its erection.

The officers of the Concord Bank under its first charter were :

Presidents,	Timothy Walker, 1806-1815.
	Baruch Chase, 1815-1818.
	Charles Walker, 1818-1826.
Cashiers,	Samuel Sparhawk, 1807-1810.
	Charles Emery, 1810-1812.
	Joseph Walker, 1812-1814.
	Samuel Sparhawk, 1814-1826.

The portions of this building not occupied for its own use were leased, from time to time, by the bank to different tenants. For many years,

do business, the whole building was purchased for that institution.

The volume of business done by the early banks of New Hampshire seems very small, in contrast with that of to-day. This contrast is strikingly manifest upon a comparison of the published statement of the joint condition of the two Concord banks, in 1820, when the population of the town was 2,393, with that of the three national banks now doing business in the city in this year of Our Lord 1900, when the city's population is supposed to be some 20,000.

	Capital stock.	Loans and discounts.	Deposits.	Circulation.
Joint condition of Concord's two State Banks in 1820*.....	\$89,600.00	\$115,188.54	\$6,664.08	\$50,531.50
Joint condition of Concord's three National Banks in 1899†.....	\$500,000.00	\$1,595,300.72	\$1,618,137.32	\$274,500.00

* New Hampshire Bank Returns, 1820. † U. S. National Bank Returns, 1899.

the south half of the first story was occupied by the New Hampshire Savings Bank and by the Merrimack County Fire Insurance Company.

In the second story, Gen. Charles H. Peaslee had a law office, which was subsequently occupied by ex-President Pierce and by Judge Asa Fowler. Other apartments upon the same floor were rented for different periods, by the Register of Deeds for Merrimack County, by the selectmen of Concord, and by various other parties. For several years, the Rev. Dr. Bouton occupied one of them for a study.

In the hall of the third story, public gatherings of various kinds were held until 1840, when it passed to the occupancy of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Some years later (1869), when the bank's third charter had expired and it had ceased to

The writer's personal touch with the affairs of Concord's first bank embraces a period of a little more than twenty years; beginning a year or two before the expiration of its second charter, in 1846, and extending on to the end of its third—when, as before stated, it terminated its career.

Its banking-room, now occupied by the librarian of the New Hampshire Historical Society, was about twenty feet square. To it was attached a small directors' room, some ten feet long and six feet wide, and a stone vault about seven feet square and six and a half feet high, guarded by two heavy, wrought-iron doors and rude, ponderous locks which a skilful; up-to-date burglar might pick in fifteen minutes. It should, however, be said of them that they sufficed at the time, inasmuch as this profes-

sional had not then reached his present development.¹

These rooms were furnished with Spartan simplicity. A pine table, painted red, and a few straight-backed, hard-wood chairs, of the same color, with a small stove, constituted the entire outfit of the room occupied by the directors.

The same economy of furnishing was also apparent in the public banking room. This was divided into two unequal parts by a pine counter, covered with oil cloth and running across it from east to west; the lesser section being occupied by the cashier and the larger by the customers of the bank. In addition to this main article of furniture, should be added a long table and three high, pine desks, one of which rested upon the west end of the counter, having its top divided longitudinally by a partition into two equal sections, one for the use of the cashier and the other for that of the public. These articles, with the addition of a few chairs, a box stove, and a set of banker's scales in a pretentious case of wood and glass, completed the entire equipment of this room. Tradition says that it was once proposed to buy some more comfortable chairs, but that it was waived aside upon the ground that such a depar-

ture from the bank's traditions might cause its failure; and that the old ones having proved good enough in the past, would answer well enough in the future.

The affairs of Concord's first bank were managed by the directors and the cashier. The latter had immediate charge of its property and was its chief executive officer. It was open for business five and a half days each week, from seven and a half o'clock each morning to five in the afternoon during the longer days of the year. As the daylight diminished, the period was proportionately shortened.

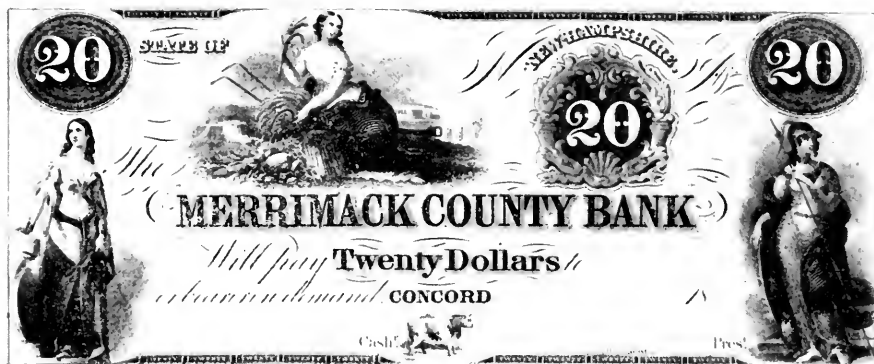
Loans and discounts were made by the directors. These met for that purpose in their room every Monday morning. At these meetings all propositions for loans or discounts were laid before them by the cashier, together with a statement of the bank's available funds; entered in a book kept for that purpose. They were always confidential, and each application was considered in its order and disposed of in accordance with its supposed merits and the bank's present means. If decided objection was made to any application by one or more members of the board, it was almost always declined, the majority yielding to the minority.

This practice, a continuance, doubtless, of that of an earlier day, prevailed during the entire period personally known to the writer. It kept the directors in current knowledge of the bank's condition, and relieved the cashier of much unwelcome responsibility. To it may be attributed in no small measure the institution's uniform prosperity.

And it may be proper to state here-

¹The entrance to this vault, which was seven feet square and six and a half feet high, was guarded by two wrought-iron doors, fabricated, evidently, by a local blacksmith. Each of these, six feet high, and two feet three inches broad, was riveted to heavy hinges and fastened by a large lock, about fourteen inches long, ten wide, and two and a quarter thick. The two, with their keys and bolts, weighed thirty-eight pounds, each large key being seven inches long and weighing nine ounces. To these fastenings were added a large padlock and two inside steel bars, moved horizontally by concealed cog-works.

The interior of this vault was divided into two sections by a brick partition, and an iron door fastened by a lock somewhat less cumbersome than those just mentioned. The first was for the use of the cashier. In the second, the president kept bills and other papers of which he was the special custodian.



Facsimile of the Bank's Twenty-Dollar Note, Issued under its Third Charter.

and now that while the directors differed in personal characteristics, as well as in political and other opinions, they were of one mind as to the interests of their trust, continually realizing their duties and their responsibilities. "*Memor et Fidelis*," mindful and faithful both, was the motto each unconsciously adopted, and in the spirit of which he uniformly acted. The position of director, honorable in itself alone, was made doubly so by the fidelity which accompanied its acceptance.

Two kinds of loans were made by this bank. The first upon personal notes, signed by the principal and sureties, payable on demand, with interest in advance every four months. Such notes often ran by sufferance for long periods.

The second kind were made upon time notes, given for merchandise sold, and were endorsed by the borrower. The former were most in vogue down to the middle of this century, when they began to be supplanted by the latter.

Originally, the bank mainly depended for its profits, over and above the interest on its capital, upon the circulation of its bills. These, by

its first charter, it was allowed to issue to double the amount of its capital stock paid in. They were made redeemable in specie, at its counter, on demand. To keep them afloat at times required care and some effort, particularly if specie rose to a premium or interested parties were collecting them for redemption. As a consequence, loans were sometimes made with that end in view.¹

The bank issued its circulating notes in different forms under its successive charters. Under the first these were simple promises to pay to bearer, on demand, the sum designated, printed from engraved copper plates on plain white paper, dated and signed by the president and cashier. The second, of similar imprints, were printed from general plates, known as the "Perkins plates," containing slots for the in-

¹ "Gentlemen Directors of Concord Bank,

"I have 410.00 specie to exchange for your bills—provided you will discount a note for me of one thousand dollars—& if discounted I will pay 20 Pr. cent each 60 days, & one half or 500.00 shall be paid in specie or Boston money—or pay the premium.

John Mann Jr.

"I also present a note from Bethuel Cross & Darius L. Morey which I have signed for them—they authorized me to engage one half of the payment to be made in specie or Boston money if the money could not be obtained without

John Mann Jr.

17th Nov. 1807."

section of any particular bank which might use. Bills printed from these plates were made difficult to counterfeit by covering the blank spaces on their faces with repetitions of their denominations in very fine letters.

The bank's last issue under its third charter was ornamented with prints of finely engraved portraits, classical figures, and scenery. On the preceding page is a half tone copy of one of the \$20 bills:

In the redemption of its bills this bank was eminently successful. During the panic of 1837, the severest, perhaps, all things considered, this country has ever encountered, it was the only one in New Hampshire which continued their redemption in coin.

Long experience gave to the managers of this old bank a faculty of judging almost intuitively of the financial responsibility of parties applying for loans. Back in the fifties or early sixties, when the hack accommodations of Concord were limited to two one-horse cabs, and most people went about town on foot, one of the aforesaid vehicles backed up one day to the curb in front of the bank. Immediately afterwards, a stranger, dressed in furs and fine clothes, and profusely bedecked with jewelry, entered the banking room, at which several of its directors chanced to be present. Handing to the cashier a promissory note, he asked its discount. A faint and instantaneous change of expression hardly discernible flashed over the faces of these officials. Having read the note, the cashier immediately returned it, with a civil remark, that, as the bank's discount day was some time away, he would do well to apply elsewhere. Had he come on foot

and in plain clothes, his application would, doubtless, have received consideration.

In strong contrast with this incident, on another occasion, when the cashier was alone in the bank,¹ an old patron entered, in a state of some mental perturbation, and said to him, "Our mill went up in flames



E. S. Towle, Cashier, 1832-1858.

last night, but there is enough left to secure our indebtedness to the bank if it will attach it immediately." To the cashier's reply, "Do you think we had best sue you?" he inquired, "How else can the bank secure its claim?" In answer, said the cashier, "By our lending you some more money, with which to build a new

¹One of the ablest and most methodical of the bank's later cashiers was Capt. Ebenezer S. Towle. As he went to and from his house to the bank, persons living on his route and keeping in mind the season of the year could, by watching his passings, tell quite accurately the time of day. He held the office of cashier from 1832 to 1858.

mill." The debtor looked at him in silence, with tears in his eyes. The new mill was built and has since expanded into one of the most important manufactories of the state. This timely offer evinced, on the part of the cashier, not only Christian benevolence, but keen business sagacity as well.

The old time usages in banking differed somewhat from those now practiced. While the books and papers of Concord's first bank show a nicety and correctness not since surpassed, the relations between it and its patrons were less formal than those of modern times. The volume of business was small, and the cashier had time to show them social attentions. The straight-backed chairs indicated a welcome reception and leisurely methods of business.

More or less of its friends could be found there at certain hours on almost any day; present primarily for business, perhaps, but quite often tarrying for friendly converse. Memory readily recalls the presence of many of these on such occasions. Most distinctly does the writer remember Richard Bradley, possessed of much rare common sense and the best town-meeting orator in Concord; his near neighbor, the venerable Abiel Walker, uncle to everybody, a man of few words and excellent judgment; Samuel Coffin, slow of speech, brusque, honest, "who would not flatter Neptune for his trident nor Jove for his power to thunder;" Francis N. Fisk, for many years the bank's president, mild in manner and courteous; John George of positive convictions and unimpeded utterance; Moody Kent, often the bank's largest private depositor, of ponderous per-

son and declamatory speech, an admirer of Dr. Johnson, and not unfrequently quoting from Horace.

While these two last named gentlemen were friendly it can hardly be said that they were mutual admirers of one another. They were sitting in the bank one day while it was raining quite hard. Presently, the latter, addressing the former, inquired, "Is it likely to stop raining, Squire George?" Quick as the lightning's flash came the reply, "Yes, sir." Thereupon the interrogator, in some apparent surprise, stalked across the room to the window, and looking out, again inquired, "When, Squire George?" Immediately thereafter came the answer, "I have no idea, sir."

Besides those above mentioned, memory also recalls the frequent presence of Kendall O. Peabody, of Franklin, hearty in disposition and highly successful as a manufacturer of paper; Ira Perley, impulsive, learned, for many years the ablest lawyer at the New Hampshire bar; Matthew Harvey, at one time governor of the state, and later a justice of the District Court of the United States, ever affable and prudent; Worcester Webster, of Boscawen, an old-fashioned country trader, nervous, polite, keen. To this partial list of the bank's habitués, the limits of this paper will only allow the addition of the name of George W. Nesmith, of Franklin, a particular friend of Daniel Webster, well known in the legislative, legal, and business circles of the state.

On the first day of January, 1866, the bank's third charter was to expire by limitation. Its stockholders, few in number, were mostly well

advanced in years. The national banking act, then recently enacted, rendered its continuance under a state charter out of the question, and they did not care to reorganize it as a national bank. Measures were therefore taken to call in its loans and circulation, sell its building, and divide its assets.

In the execution of this purpose a question arose extraneous to the matter in hand, which temporarily caused the directors some solicitude. When, in 1840, the New Hampshire Historical Society, a body at that time eminently respectable but embarrassingly poor, was obliged to leave its quarters in the hall of the Blazing Star lodge, it found shelter in the upper story of the bank building. Here it had since lived for twenty-six years. In the meantime its membership, books, manuscripts, and publications had increased in number, but, while it had attained a high reputation and fair prosperity, it was without endowment. In case the building which sheltered it was sold, whither should it go? The bank directors were among its members, and shared this anxiety the more fully as they might be the unwilling agents of its removal.

This dark cloud, which had for

some month's obscured the society's future, was at length summarily dissipated. Four of the bank directors met one afternoon to devise, if possible, some means for its relief. Soon after assembling, one of them suggested that the building be bought and presented to the society, emphasizing his proposition with the remark, "towards its purchase I will give two hundred dollars." "So will I," at once responded a second, and, in turn, a third, and anon a fourth. Thus eight hundred dollars was secured in less than eight minutes. Later, other friends joined in the enterprise, and this first sum was more than quintupled.

In due time the building was purchased, essentially modified, and presented to the Historical Society, which has ever since had a permanent home. Which party to the transaction—the donors or the recipient—was most gratified, it is neither possible nor important to determine. Fit was it, however, that at the end of its career, when its activities ceasing passed into the quiet realm of history, this ancient bank should transfer its local habitation to this old and cherished neighbor, whose companionship it had enjoyed so long and loved so well.

COMPENSATION.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

From grief and sorrow oft we find
Our rarest blessings flow,
And where the deepest snow was piled
The sweetest violets blow.

THE MCCLARYS OF EPSOM.

By Warren Tripp.

IN a ship leaving Port Ruch, Ulster, Ireland, on Aug. 7, 1726, came Andrew McClary with his family, reaching Boston, Oct. 8. He seems to have passed the winter in Haverhill and reached the Scotch-Irish settlement at Londonderry on April 19, 1727, and immediately after to have located at Nottingham.

The McClary family at this time consisted of Andrew McClary, his wife, and son John, who was seven years of age. Here the family remained for eleven years, during which time there were born to them another son, Andrew McClary, Jr., and three daughters, Margaret, Jane, and Ann.

In 1738 they moved to Epsom and settled upon a rising knoll of beautiful land on which now stands the old McClary house, where he reared his family to habits of industry and thrift, and was himself a competent business man, as well as a brave pioneer. The records show that he was chosen selectman for eight years prior to 1756. The family was not large and never became so; at no time were there more than four, and most of the time but two or three, eligible to public office. Yet the records show that from 1743 to 1804, a period of sixty-one years, they filled the office of selectmen of Epsom for thirty-one years; that from 1796 to 1819 they served ten terms in the

New Hampshire senate, and that one of them, "Hon. John," was a delegate from the senate to the provincial congress in 1775; that all through the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars they were prominent members of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, which for twenty five years held its sessions at the McClary house; that they were active and influential in the organization and support of the state militia, one of them holding the position of adjutant-general for twenty-five years, and two of them holding at different periods the office of brigadier-general; that one of them, "General Michael McClary," was tendered the nomination of governor of the state, but refused it; that for eighty-three consecutive years they held important positions of trust and honor in the state.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the family comprised the old emigrant, probably about eighty years of age; his two sons, John, about fifty-five, and Andrew, about forty-five; also three daughters, Margaret, who married Dr. Samuel Wallace, Jane, who married John McGaffy, and Ann, who married Richard Tripp. There were also two grandsons, aged twenty-one and twenty-three, making only three men of proper age for army life.

These three men promptly enlisted at their country's first call, and one

only returned. Andrew McClary, who held the rank of major under Stark, was killed at Bunker Hill. John McClary, with rank of lieutenant in Whipple's brigade, was killed at Saratoga in 1779. Michael McClary, who served in Dearborn's company as ensign at Bunker Hill, was promoted to a captaincy in Scammell's brigade, and served four years. He lived to be seventy-two years old, and died at Epsom. So influential was he in all local affairs that it became a trite saying among the mothers that if their children would obey them as readily as the people of Epsom obeyed General McClary, they would be fully satisfied.

Major Andrew McClary of Revolutionary fame was the second son of Emigrant Andrew McClary. For ten generations his ancestors had lived in an atmosphere of danger, and exercised that eternal vigilance which was to them the price of safety as well as liberty. The earliest recollections of his childhood must have been of the gatherings at the block-house, where in times of danger the mothers took their little ones for safety. The stories of his youth were the recitals of adventure from the lips of brave scouts, who made his father's house a common resort. Thus we find him at an early age acting as scout himself, and later an officer in Rogers's famous company of New Hampshire Rangers. He was also a leader in all local expeditions against the Indians. While he possessed in full measure the true Scotch-Irish thrift, he could not be classed with the Presbyterian congregation, for tradition says he was open-handed and generous and much given to hospitality.

It is more than possible that the innkeeper's comments on a Scotch-Irish settlement that "they were a people who would praise good whiskey and drink it and damn bad whiskey and drink that with equal relish," may have included the major, for it cannot be denied that he was somewhat given to conviviality.

He was a favorite officer, nearly six and one-half feet in height, with a herculean form in perfect proportions, a voice like Stentor and strength of Ajax, never equaled in athletic exercises and unsubdued in single combat. Whole bodies of men had been overcome by him, and he seemed totally unconscious that he was not equally unconquerable at the cannon's mouth. We find record of his visiting Portsmouth, and while in an argumentative state of mind entering into discussion with six British officers, who, not being pleased with his sentiments, undertook to eject him from the room, with the result of themselves being thrown through the window by this doughty patriot.

As an officer, he was the idol of his troops, "hail fellow well met," but whose kind heart would give him no rest until every wounded soldier was personally looked after. A true history of all his adventures would be as thrilling as Cooper's tales, but if he kept any record of his work, which is improbable, it was burned with his house and other effects while he was fighting at Bunker Hill.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he was at Epsom, cultivating his large and productive farm. On April 20, 1775, while he was ploughing the parade ground, which is the field now belonging to Joseph Lawrence, a messenger came with

news of the Battle of Lexington. Within twenty-four hours he was at Medford, seventy miles away, ready to take his part in the impending conflict.

Cogswell's "History of Northwood" gives an account of this forced march; of his being chosen captain of a company of eighty heroes, who traveled on foot from Nottingham square to Medford in the short time of about twelve hours, a feat unparalleled in the Revolutionary war. His being chosen major of the regiment, his cool judgment and daring feats in the battle are matters of history with which we are familiar.

He was killed by a random shot from one of the British frigates that was stationed at a point in the Charles river, now known as the center of Cragie's bridge. The shot which passed through his body put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man. He leaped two or three feet from the ground and fell dead upon his face.

At the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, the orator of the day, Daniel Webster, in mentioning the important part taken in the battle by Major McClary, closes in words as follows:

"Thus fell Major McClary, the highest American officer killed at the battle, the handsomest man in the army and the favorite of New Hampshire troops. His dust still slumbers where it was laid by his sorrowing companions in Medford, unhonored by any adequate memorial to tell where lies one of the heroes who ushered in the Revolution with such auspicious omens. His death spreads a gloom not only over the hearts of

his men, but all through the Suncook valley; his sun went down at noon on the day that ushered in our nation's birth."

James Harvey, the oldest son of the major, succeeded to his father's business of taverner, storekeeper, and manufacturer. He served one or more terms in the senate, and was for several years brigadier-general of the state militia. He built the house and kept store where Charles Steele now lives. Andrew and John became military men and died in public service. William, the youngest son, emigrated to Canada. One of the daughters married Mr. Heseltine, the first settled Orthodox minister in Epsom.

John McClary, the oldest son of Michael, was born in Ireland in 1719, settled in Epsom with the family in 1738. John became industrious, methodical, and exacting, a stern Presbyterian, very different from his jovial, rough, impulsive, convivial brother, Major Andrew. He early became one of the leading men in Epsom; was chosen moderator, and for over forty years was one of the principal officers and advisers in town affairs. He was justice of the peace under the provincial government, and all cases of litigation in this vicinity came before Esquire John McClary for trial.

He was called out to do scouting duty in the French and Indian war; was captain of the militia at that time and rose to the rank of colonel before the Revolution.

While his brother represented the military spirit of the Suncook Valley, Esquire John represented the civil authority. The towns of Epsom, Allenstown, Chichester, and Pitts-

field were classed together and Esquire John McClary was annually chosen to represent them in the convention at Exeter.

Esquire John McClary was a prominent member of the first convention to organize a colonial government, and afterwards in framing our state government, and was an active member for twenty years. He was treasurer of the Committee of Safety from 1777 to 1783. This committee had power to call out troops at such time and in such numbers as they deemed necessary.

In 1780 he was elected to the council, and annually for the four succeeding years. In 1784 he was chosen to the council and also to the senate, and served as member of that honorable body for three years.

He was tall, erect, commanding, dignified, and made an excellent presiding officer. In early life he was married to Elizabeth Harvey of Nottingham. When she came to this town with him they rode on horseback, she having for a whip a willow stick which she stuck in the ground near the entrance of the driveway leading to the McClary house. The tree is now standing which grew from the twig placed there by the hand of the bride, 161 years ago.

They had four children,—the oldest son, John McClary, Jr., was killed at the battle of Saratoga in 1779. They had but one daughter, Mollie, who married Daniel Page of Deerfield.

The McClarys owned a very large landed estate which was divided into several valuable farms for the sons and daughters. In 1741, Esquire John built a one story house on the south side of the road. This house was enlarged at various times and

became the venerable looking mansion it now is. For twenty-five years it was the headquarters of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, and the Society of Cincinnati, of which he was president, met here three times. Many of the schemes influencing the early history of New Hampshire were concocted within its walls. In it great men have been born and have lived. In its dining hall famous men have sat at the board. In its chambers distinguished statesmen, jurists, and heroes have slept. Before the wide fireplace in the reception room have gathered the wit and beauty of a time when men were strong, and women fair, and wine was red. No wonder that the echoes of long lost and forgotten music are said to return at night when darkness and silence reign.

Alone in this great guest chamber one might fancy he had for companions the shades of Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, General Sullivan, and other distinguished men, who have in other days slept within its walls. It is at present owned and occupied by Michael McClary Steele, of the fifth generation of the McClarys, and great grandson of Esquire John. This is the most historic place in all southern New Hampshire, and a visit here will be found very interesting. The present owner is a gentleman of ability and will receive you most cordially.

General Michael McClary, second son of Esquire John, married Sally Dearborn, daughter of Dr. Dearborn of North Hampton. They had five children. The oldest, John, born, in 1785, was of great personal beauty and accomplishments. He was representative, senator, and held a clerk-

ship at Washington. He was killed by a falling timber while assisting to raise a shed, when but thirty-six years of age. The funeral was said to be the largest ever held in the Suncook valley.

The second son, Andrew, born in 1787, sailed for Calcutta and was lost at sea. General McClary also had three daughters of rare attraction. The oldest, Nancy, married Samuel Lord of Portsmouth. A son of theirs, Augustus, once purchased a part of the McClary estate and improved it for some years. Elizabeth Harvey married Jonathan Steele, a lawyer from Peterborough. They settled on the homestead now owned and occupied by their son, Michael McClary Steele. The third daughter, Mary, married Robert Parker of Fitzwilliam.

After the marriage of Ann McClary, the youngest daughter of the old emigrant, to Richard Tripp, they settled on the farm now owned by Samuel Quimby, where he cleared a small place and erected buildings thereon.

The country being new and they being poor, they were subject to many hardships, but being Scotch-Irish they were strong and muscular and enabled to endure the hardships which circumstances compelled them to pass through. Tradition says she was able to pick up a barrel of cider from the ground and place it in the cart. And at one time she traveled on foot seven miles through the woods to visit a neighbor, carrying a child in her arms, and the cloth to make a shirt. After making the shirt, she returned home the same day. There are many other instances that might be related that go to show the wonderful muscular power which this woman possessed.

In the year 1781, they, with their two sons, Richard and John, moved on the place now occupied by the writer at Short Falls, they having cleared a few acres previously. At this time their nearest neighbor lived where Benjamin Fowler now resides. They afterwards built a sawmill, just above where the Short Falls bridge is, where they sawed out four-inch white oak plank and sold them for one dollar and fifty cents a thousand, delivered on the hill near the house where Hiram Holmes now resides, where they were purchased by parties from Durham for shipbuilding, using the money to pay for the land, the price of a thousand of lumber paying for an acre of land.

D. H. Hurd's history of New Hampshire says: "The town of Epsom has furnished many worthy men during the past one hundred and fifty years who have held positions of trust and honor in the state and nation, but none stand out in such bold relief or are more worthy of remembrance than the McClarys. In fact no family in the Suncook valley fills so large a space in its history or the hearts of its people. For nearly a century they were the leading influential men in all our civil, political, and military affairs, and were identified with all the important events and measures that received the attention and governed the acts of the successive generations during that long period of time. We know of no instance in our state where history has so sadly neglected to do justice to a family which has rendered so efficient service in defending the rights and promoting the interests of our commonwealth and nation, as in this instance."

SEA-DREAMS.

By Emily E. Cole.

I love to lie at ease,
Where I smell the salt sea-breeze,
And note the gulls sail by,
And hear their piercing cry :
To watch the waves below
In their rhythmic ebb and flow,
And see the shore slip down
To catch their foamy crown,
As they fling it in their play
On the shingle, bare and gray ;
To scan the farther main—
A level, shining plain,
Where distant sails flit by,
Like ghosts 'twixt sea and sky,
And fancy they beckon me
To join them as they flee,
To seek some golden clime
Where we take no thought of time :
Where the rose is without a thorn,
And Life is new each morn.

KEARSARGE IN AUTUMN.

By Eugene R. Musgrove.

Oh, noble Kearsarge, would I could speak
The simple grandeur of thy wind-swept peak !
In early morn thy beauteous form doth rise
Serene and graceful 'gainst the sunlit skies
 Out in the peaceful west ;
Thou art the first the rising sun to greet,
Yet while the sunbeams play about thy feet
I think thou art in grandeur most complete—
 Thou art the loveliest.
But when the setting sun enwreathes thy head
With matchless tints of scarlet, crimson, red ;
When sunset splendors slowly fade away,
And twilight bids farewell to parting day
 And kisses it to rest ;
With fondness, yea, with rapture do I gaze
Upon thy misty robes of purple haze
And dream once more of autumn's golden days—
 'T is then I love thee best.

IS THE NORSE CLAIM AUTHENTIC?

By George W. Parker.



IN determining the validity of any nation's claim to discovery, political conditions, national life, maritime enterprise, and colonial settlement are important considerations. A turbulent and changing government, unrest at home, an adventuresome and commercial spirit, are the greatest incentives to emigration, discovery, and settlement. Especially is this true in the case of the Norsemen whose preëminent characteristics were adventure, discovery, and colonization. Norway and Sweden have a much greater sea-coast than almost any other country of equal area. Their maritime situation had early invited the Norse to commerce and sea-faring. These were further stimulated by the barrenness of the soil, which provided a scanty subsistence and drove many either to traffic with foreign nations or to plundering. Emigration was also caused by political revolutions. The usual effect of a change in the government was the exodus from the country of numerous jarls with their followers.

The adventuresome spirit of the inhabitants of Norway and Sweden, and the discoveries and settlements hitherto made, are seen in the fact that from an early time these searovers had made their way to almost every maritime country and to the islands of the sea. Depredations on the coasts of Northumberland and Scotland were made by the Norse in 787 and again in 793 and 794. After

the eighth century these free-booters continually preyed upon Scotland, Ireland, England, Flanders, and Normandy. In the Danish invasion of England large numbers of the Norse took part. From an early time Norse influence was felt in the Shetlands, Hebrides, and Orkney islands, where considerable numbers had settled. The neighboring island of Iceland was found by them in the tenth century. After the victory of Harold Fairhair in the battle of Hafrs Fjord, many of the leading jarls and nobles, with their families and dependents, sailed to Iceland and the Scottish isles. Erik the Red, being driven out of Iceland, discovered Greenland and made the settlement of Brattahlid.

Nautical knowledge was developed among the Norse to a high degree, and was more complete with them than among any other people. First and last the Northmen were seamen. They were equally at home whether on land or sea. In their crude, open boats they would spend weeks on the sea, often without chart or compass, guiding their course by the stars. Some have doubted the possibility of the Norse making trans-Atlantic voyages in the simple, open boats they then used. To remove this doubt, Captain Anderson, with a small crew and a boat modeled after the Viking ships of the tenth and eleventh centuries, successfully crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 1893. Furthermore, repeated voyages to all northern British and Baltic regions

had perfected their knowledge of seamanship as well as their acquaintance with the sections visited.

The story of the Norse voyages to America is contained in certain Icelandic historical writings, chief of which are the Sagas in the Arna Magnean collection and the Flatey book. Here are recorded four expeditions of considerable size and several smaller ones. The first of these was about 985 when Bjarni Herjulfsson, on a journey from Iceland to Greenland, was driven out of his course until he sighted a low-lying wooded land. Leif, son of Erik the Red, was stimulated by this news to fit out an expedition for the exploration of this new land.

Accordingly in the year 1000, with thirty-five men, he set sail for America. The land they first saw was barren and covered with flat rocks. To this they gave the name Helluland, and, without tarrying long, set sail southward. The next land reached was level and densely wooded, hence they called it Markland. After continuing a southerly direction, they at last entered a landlocked bay and sailed up a river which ran from west to east. Salmon abounded in that region and on the shores vines and grapes were found, whence they called the land Wineland.

It seemed to Leif that this was a goodly place, so he built a house and passed the winter in Wineland. On his return to Greenland the following spring, Thorwald, Leif's brother, went to Wineland with a company of thirty men. They spent the winter in Leif's house. In a battle with the Skrellings (a name given the natives), Thorwald was mortally wounded and

the rest hastened home. In 1003 Thorfinn Karlsefin and Snorri Thorbrandson resumed the exploration with sixty men, five women, and several kinds of cattle. They remained two winters in Wineland and bartered considerably with the natives, until the latter were frightened at the bellowing of a bull and waged battle. The next expedition was conducted by Freydis, Helgi, and Finnbogi, who had two ships and sixty-five men. During the winter in Wineland Freydis instigated a merciless slaughter of the party of Helgi and Finnbogi, after which she and her company returned to Greenland. Various other expeditions were undertaken to Wineland after this date. Thus in 1121 another voyage was made, and in 1347 Markland was revisited by certain seamen from the Icelandic colony of Greenland. That the regions explored were on the North American coast, and not elsewhere, is conclusively proved by the descriptions of the courses taken and the lands visited. It is stated in the sagas that all the expeditions sailed in a southwesterly direction from Greenland. The description of the climate, natives, and regions explored applies best to the eastern coast of North America, and Wineland corresponds with known localities on the New England coast.

The main line of evidence for the substantiation of the Norse claim is to be found in the historical sagas contained in the Arna Magnean collection and the Flatey book. While some of the sagas of Icelandic literature are mythical and unreliable as historical evidence, the credibility of the saga of Erik the Red is generally

considered as based on sound historical data. Other Icelandic records of the same period confirm the main statements made concerning the discovery and settlement of Wineland. In a manuscript of 1334 we have the earliest account of the discovery of Wineland. In this the narrative as it appears in saga of Erik the Red is preserved. In another manuscript written between 1370 and 1390 the chance discovery made by Bjarni is assigned as the stimulus to Leif's journey. Wineland is referred to in the books of Priest Ari Thorgilsson, who was born in 1067. These books are "*Islendingabók*" ("*Icelander's Book*"), "*Landnámabók*" ("*Book of Settlement*"), and "*Kristni-Saga*" ("*Narrative of the Introduction of Christianity into Iceland*"). Another of the Arna Magnean collection making mention of Wineland is the "*Codex Frisianus*." In the saga of "*Olaf Tryggvason*" further reference is made to Wineland. Besides the literary evidence cited, there is a collection of Middle Age wisdom literature known as numbers 194-800 of the Arna Magnean library; also numbers 736-4 to and 764-4 to. The mention of Helluland is also made in certain fabulous writings of the eighth and ninth centuries, showing that the discoveries of Leif Erikson had become a matter of common knowledge. References to Helluland are made in several sagas, among which are the "*Saga of Arrow Odd*," the "*Saga of Halfdan Eysteinsson*," the "*Saga of Halfdan Bransfasterling*," and the folk-tale of "*Bard the Snow-fell-god*."

Numerous attempts to locate definitely the regions visited by Leif have

been made with little success. That these efforts should be unsuccessful is due to the rash choice of sites believed to have historical connection, and the over credulity of enthusiastic devotees in the questionable evidence afforded. Thus we see that the "*Norse Tower*" at Newport, R. I., was long proclaimed to be the work of Norse hands. Later and better evidence shows it to have been an old stone mill built in 1676 by Gov. Benedict Arnold after the pattern of mills then common in England. Some years ago, at New Bedford, was found a "*skeleton in armor*," which many attributed to the time of the Norse settlement. This has also fallen into disfavor with historical critics. The inscription on a rock near Dighton, Mass., for a long time baffled deciphering, and this was claimed to be the writing of the Northmen. Now these hieroglyphics are known to be the work of Indians.

Of the more recent attempts at location and verification may be mentioned the painstaking labors of Eben Norton Horsford to establish the location of Leif's Landing as identical with Gerry's Landing on the Charles river, and Leif's house near that spot. The "*Norse Stone*" at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, is also to be classed among the much-disputed historical evidences. Such idle attempts as these do little toward establishing the validity or falsity of the Norse claim. Even admitting that there is little or no historical evidence in these much-disputed relics, the absence of any Icelandic remains makes neither for nor against the credibility of the Norse discovery. During the brief period of their occupation of Wineland they would not leave be-

hind them any building or implements which would survive the ravages of nine centuries. If runic inscriptions or archæological remains were demanded as proof of the discovery of Iceland the case would be insoluble. Like several other countries, its discovery does not rest upon relics but documentary evidence, and so the Norse claim to the discovery of America depends upon the historical facts furnished in the "Icelandic Sagas."

A very common objection met with is that the validity of the Norse claim may be questioned since "no practical benefit" resulted. Even if the Northmen did visit America, theirs is an empty title, many say, because it is barren of results. They will tell you that in the case of Columbus' discovery the news was heralded throughout Europe, and the European nations pushed the exploration and colonization of America. The exploration and colonization of America by England, France, Spain, and the Dutch are mentioned as quickly following the news of Columbus' discovery. On the other hand, the Norse settlements in America were but of short duration and none permanent. Internal discord or hostilities with the natives compelled the settlers to return to Greenland without having explored the country extensively.

Notwithstanding these objections, the Norse discovery was sufficiently extensive and productive of results to entitle it to primary consideration. We know that four expeditions explored and spent the winter in that region known as Wineland, also that three others sailed within sight of land. The expedition of Leif visited America at three points; Helluland,

Markland, and Wineland. The company of Thorfinn also explored the country to a considerable extent as did also that of Thorwald. Nearly all carried away proofs of their discovery. The record of these discoveries was preserved in Icelandic literature, and other visitors outside of Iceland knew of it. That the news of the discovery of America was somewhat commonly known is shown by the fact that several writers refer to Wineland. By its very geographical position Iceland was not so favorably located for the spread of intelligence concerning discoveries as was Spain. The introduction of gunpowder and firearms by the time of the permanent settlement of New England immensely aided its colonization. The Norse had only spears, axes, and shields, and could not cope successfully with the superior numbers of the Skrellings. Columbus visited Iceland about 1470, and he could scarcely have failed to learn at that time of the earlier voyages of Leif and his followers. In the light of this fact, his positive conviction in the existence of a western land has a peculiar significance.

The Norse claim to the discovery of America should be recognized as authentic because the Northmen were a sea-faring people whose pre-eminent characteristics were adventure, discovery, and settlement; Icelandic historical writings record four expeditions made from Greenland to the shores of North America: the validity of these documents can be historically proven both by internal and external evidence, thus making unnecessary any attempts at location of the regions explored.

NECROLOGY

HON. HARRY BINGHAM.

Hon. Harry Bingham, known for forty years as the ablest lawyer in New Hampshire, died at his home in Littleton, September 12, having been in failing health for some time previous.

Mr. Bingham was born in Concord, Vt., March 30, 1821, being the third child of the late Hon. Warren and Lucy (Wheeler) Bingham. His father was a substantial farmer, and he was reared to farm life, but early developed a strong love for study, and determined to secure a liberal education. He labored so diligently in this direction that his common school privileges, with a few weeks attendance upon select schools, had so far advanced his preparation for college at the age of seventeen, that it was completed by a year's attendance at Lyndon academy, and he entered Dartmouth college, graduating with the class of 1843.

Immediately after graduation, having determined to enter the legal profession, he commenced the study of law in his native town, borrowing books for this purpose from the office of David Hibbard, Esq., father of Harry Hibbard. Subsequently he pursued his studies for some time in the office of Hon. George C. and Edward Cahoon at Lyndon, Vt., and completed the same with the Hon. Harry Hibbard at Bath. While studying for the bar, as during his preparatory and collegiate course, he taught a term of school each year.

He was admitted to the bar at Lancaster at the May term of court in 1846, after passing a rigorous examination. At that time Littleton was, as it has ever since remained, a leading business and commercial town in the northern part of the state. Certain of its citizens applied to Mr. Hibbard to recommend some promising Democratic lawyer of ability and integrity to settle in the town, and he at once named Mr. Bingham, then hardly twenty-five years of age, thus conclusively proving that Mr. Hibbard had discovered in his student evidence of that commanding ability and those sterling qualities of which he and all others subsequently had such abundant confirmation. He located in Littleton in the fall of 1846, and entered upon the professional career, which ultimately won him first place among the distinguished lawyers of a state whose bar has always compared favorably in character and ability with that of any other in the Union.

He was for six years without a partner in practice, and then formed a partnership with his brother, the late Hon. George A. Bingham, which continued until 1874, ex-Chief Justice Andrew S. Woods and his son, Edward Woods of Bath, also being associated with them for several years during the time. In 1874 the firm was formally dissolved, and Mr. Bingham formed a partnership with Hon. John M. Mitchell, now of Concord, Mr. Mitchell having received his legal edu-

cation in his office. In July, 1879, the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor was admitted to the firm, the style of the firm being changed to Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor. In July, 1881, Hon. William H. Mitchell, who had been a student with Mr. Bingham, was admitted to the firm, the new firm being Bingham, Mitchells & Batchellor. In 1880 John M. Mitchell removed to Concord and opened an office there under the firm name of Bingham & Mitchell. Mr. Bingham's name was connected with each firm at the time of his death, although he had for some time previously ceased to take an active part in the transaction of the business of either.

Space forbids detailed mention in this connection, but it is safe to say that Mr. Bingham was engaged in a great majority of all the important trials, civil and criminal, coming before the courts in northern New Hampshire for at least a third of a century during his active career; while his advice on all matters of much importance was sought by clients from all parts of the state. Not only were his services required in his own state, but he frequently appeared before the courts of Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, the Federal courts, and occasionally before the supreme court of the United States at Washington.

While preëminently noted as a lawyer, he was no less conspicuous in politics, through his earnest devotion to the principles of the Democratic party, and his long recognized leadership in that organization in the state. He was first chosen to the legislature in 1861, when, although a new member, he took a foremost position in the house and was accorded the leadership among the Democrats, a position which he held by common consent and by force of intellectual preëminence for more than thirty years. He was reëlected to the house in 1862, when he was a candidate for speaker, in 1863, 1864, 1865, 1868, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1881, 1889, 1891; and he was state senator for two terms, 1883-1887. Upon the floor of the house, as well as in the judiciary committee, of which he was a member during each year of his service, and of which he was chairman in 1871 and 1874, when the Democrats were in the supremacy, he occupied a prominent position, commanding the respect of both parties and impressing his personality upon all important legislation. His party has testified to his standing and ability as a statesman and party leader by giving him the Democratic nomination for congress, first in 1865 and again in 1867, and seven times making him the choice of his party for the United States senate. He was nominated by Governor Weston for chief justice of the supreme court in 1874, but petty jealousy defeated his confirmation by the council, and in 1880 he declined a nomination to the bench at the hands of Governor Head.

Mr. Bingham was a delegate to the famous Philadelphia Peace convention in 1866. He was a member of the Democratic National Convention of 1868, and was chosen as the New Hampshire member of the Democratic National committee, serving four years. He was also a member of the New Hampshire delegations in the National conventions of 1872, 1884, and 1892, and was a Democratic candidate for presidential elector in 1864 and 1888, and presided over Democratic state conventions in 1870, 1872, 1878, and 1896.

He received the degree of doctor of laws from Dartmouth college in 1880. For the last seven years of his life he was president of the Grafton and Coös Bar

Association, and had long been a member of the New Hampshire and American Bar Associations. In the latter years of his life Mr. Bingham devoted much attention and labor to constructive literature, being the author of numerous addresses and essays on general topics covering a wide range. His contributions to the literature of history, biography, sociology, and the living questions of race movement, government, religion, and jurisprudence disclose vast erudition, clear and well-reasoned opinions and profound convictions. They are the product of the study and the reflections of a thinker who has always been in close contact with practical affairs.

REV. SAMUEL C. KEELER.

Rev. Samuel Crofut Keeler, pastor of the Bethany M. E. church at East Rochester, and a prominent clergyman of that denomination in this state for many years past, died at his home in that village, September 18.

Mr. Keeler was a native of Reading, Conn., son of Munson and Mabel (Crofut) Keeler, born April 1, 1828. He was reared in Danbury and Bethel, Conn., and was educated at the public schools and at Ardenia seminary, New York, a Methodist institution. He was licensed to preach in 1852, and joined the New York Conference, with which he remained connected twenty-four years, twelve of which were spent in New York city and Brooklyn pastorates, one of which was that of the historic John Street church, the oldest Methodist church in the country.

In 1877 he was transferred to the New Hampshire conference and has since served as pastor of churches in Suncook, Sunapee, Laconia, Keene, Concord, Bethlehem, Epping, and East Rochester. He was presiding elder of the Concord district for a period of six years, beginning with 1890. In 1892 he was elected delegate to the Quadrennial general conference, which met at Omaha, Neb., and was the leading member of the delegation. He was recognized as one of the ablest clergymen of the denomination in the state, and was a poetical writer, and a lecturer of no little merit.

In 1852 he married Miss Lydia Williams by whom seven children survive. These are Mrs. E. S. Edmunds of North Andover, Mass., Edward C., of Denver, Col., Miss Emma A., a teacher in Brooklyn, N. Y., Frank E., of New York city, Charles P., of Attleboro, Mass., manufacturer, Miss Harriet T., of Andover, Mass., and I. Eugene Keeler, correspondent of the Boston *Globe* at Concord.

HENRY C. MOSES.

Henry C. Moses, born in Exeter, September 26, 1828, died in that town, September 17, 1900.

Mr. Moses was the son of Deacon John F. and Mary (Pearson) Moses, and spent his life in Exeter, becoming in youth a partner with his father in the firm of John F. Moses & Son, wool pullers and tanners of sheepskin, with a large plant on Academy street which was burned about twenty years ago. For many years, and especially during the war, the firm's operations were very extensive, and it was always a leader in its field. Upon his father's death in 1877, Deacon Moses closed the Exeter business, and he has since been a leading wool dealer in

Boston, latterly with quarters at 560 Atlantic avenue. He was admittedly one of the best judges of wool in the city, and at his death was probably the oldest dealer actively identified with the trade.

He was a Republican in politics and served in the legislatures of 1864 and 1865. He was for seven years a trustee of Robinson seminary, and for some time president of the board. His interest in the school was manifested by the gift of \$1,000, with which was purchased the superb collection of casts and photographs illustrative of architecture and sculpture, and of \$500 to endow the Moses Normal Scholarship. He was a charter member of the Union Five Cents Savings Bank, and had been a director of the Machine Works and president of the Exeter Building Association. He was one of the senior members of Star in the East lodge, A. F. and A. M., which he joined in 1862.

The two institutions, however, to which he gave most liberally of his means and effort were the Baptist church and Sunday-school. He united with the church in 1842, and since 1871 had been a deacon. He recently resigned the superintendency of the Sunday-school, an office he had filled for more than twenty-five years.

He married Miss Lucy Hoyt of Exeter, daughter of Ira D. Hoyt, long time clerk of court of Rockingham county, who survives him, as does one son, Herbert H. Moses.

ELEAZER C. CONVERSE.

Eleazer C. Converse, born in Lyme, June 2, 1827, died in Newport, September 21, 1900.

Mr. Converse was a son of Theron and Miriam (Carpenter) Converse, and a grandson of Joel Converse, one of the early settlers of Lyme. He located in Newport in 1849, and for several years was engaged as a clerk in the store of Mudgett & Higbee, and later with Richards & Co. In 1859 he established himself in the drug business in Newport and was engaged in the same most of the time there until 1893, except a short residence at Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mr. Converse was a Democrat in politics, and for many years was the nominee of the party for moderator, serving in that capacity in the years 1867, 1875, 1876, and 1878. He was town clerk in 1861 and 1862, and in 1873 represented this town in the state legislature. He was also a candidate for register of deeds for several years on the Democratic ticket. He became postmaster of Newport under President Cleveland in 1894, serving four years, to the general satisfaction of the people.

In 1848 Mr. Converse was married to Amanda Tibbetts of Syracuse, N. Y., and to them were born five children: Alzira, who died at the age of fourteen years; Hattie C., who became the wife of E. B. Temple, and died in 1894; Annie M., wife of Dr. David M. Currier; Sarah, wife of David A. Leach, and Eleazer C., who resides in Boston, Mass.

LEMUEL M. BROCK.

Lemuel M. Brock, a prominent citizen of Lynn, Mass., who died there September 18, was a native of the town of Strafford, born in the year 1837. He was

educated at the South Berwick (Me.) academy. He went to Massachusetts when about twenty years of age, where he taught school, kept a hotel, engaged in the grocery business, dealt in real estate, and engaged extensively in the manufacture of patent medicines, also buying a large tract of land on the Saugus border when the Thomson-Houston Electric company established itself in Lynn, and building extensively thereon. He owned the formula for Mrs. Dinsmore's cough medicines, had an extensive laboratory at West Lynn, and spent vast sums in advertising.

Politically he was a Democrat and quite active in politics. He was twice elected to the legislature from the Twentieth Essex district, and was the party candidate for mayor and state senator. He was associated with the Masons, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, and Elks.

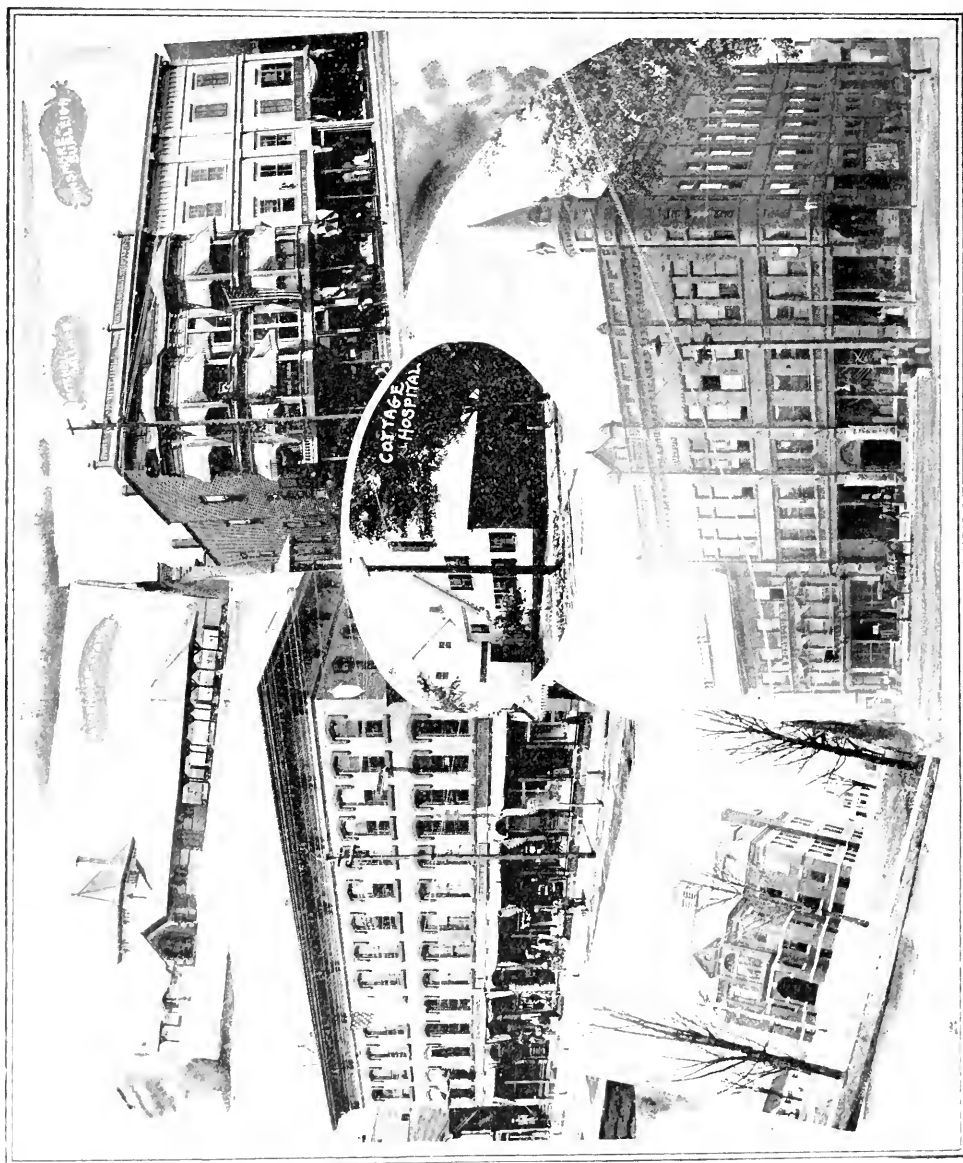
HON. GEORGE F. DREW.

Hon. George F. Drew, a native of the town of Alton, seventy-eight years of age, died suddenly at Jacksonville, Fla., his home, September 26, from heart disease, his death following, in half an hour, that of his wife, who was ten years his junior, and had been stricken with paralysis. Mr. Drew went South many years ago and settled first in Alabama but subsequently removed to Florida, where he was long and successfully engaged in lumbering, retiring in 1878, when he was elected governor of the state. Afterward he engaged in the hardware trade at Jacksonville with his two sons, who have recently carried on the business.

REV. H. W. L. THURSTON.

Rev. H. W. L. Thurston, born in Hartford, Vt., November 20, 1823, died in Wilmot, September 21, 1900.

Mr. Thurston was a farmer and mechanic in early life, and was afterward for many years a clerk in G. W. Worthen's store in Lebanon, and subsequently in the grocery business himself. It was not until 1875 that he engaged in the ministry, being ordained in the town of Goshen, August 25 of that year, where he preached two years, and was subsequently located in Harrisville, Sullivan, and Chichester. In 1885 he became pastor of the Congregational church in Boscawen, but in 1891 removed to Wilmot and was pastor there until failing health compelled him to retire in 1895. He was twice married, surviving both wives but leaving a daughter, Mrs. Ellen Walker of West Lebanon.



SOME "LAKE CITY" PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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SOME "LAKE CITY" MEN AND INDUSTRIES.

By E. W. Forrest.



THE city of Laconia, otherwise known as the Lake city or the City on the Lakes, was originally incorporated as a town, July 14, 1855, it being the lower portion of the old town of Meredith, including the lively and enterprising village of "Meredith Bridge," or that portion thereof located on the north side of the Winnepesaukee river, and which constitutes the central portion of the present city. The portion of the village on the other side of the river, in the town of Gilford (originally Gilmanton), was annexed to Laconia by the legislature in 1874, and when the city charter was granted in 1893, the village of Lakeport, formerly known as Lake Village, was also taken from Gilford and annexed to Laconia, which thus became the sixth city in the state in population and business importance; and, although it has since given place to one or two others in regard to population, it is safe to say that as an industrial center it retains the same relative rank.

Located geographically at the center of the state in the midst of the most delightful scenic region in New Hampshire, in a rich agricultural section, and favored with abundant water power, this fair young city certainly enjoys marked advantages, and the character and success of her enterprises, and the reputation and standing of her public and business men are in entire keeping therewith. Her churches, schools, and public institutions; her electric railway, streets, parks, and general public improvements, are such as would do credit to a city of far greater population, and in which her citizens naturally take no small measure of pride.

The hosiery business has been a prominent industry in town for a long series of years, being extensively carried on by several firms, making Laconia one of the leading places in the country in this line of enterprise. At the front of the hosiery manufacturing establishments in town is that of J. W. Busiel & Co., whose business was established by the late John W. Busiel,

a native of Moultonborough, born March 28, 1815, who in early life learned the woolen manufacturing business of his great uncle, Lewis Flanders of London; was then engaged for a time in a mill in Amesbury, Mass., and finally started for himself in the manufacture of knitting yarns, satinets, etc., in a mill at Meredith, removing ten years later,

fancy. The sons grew to manhood and became partners with their father in business, continuing it under the same firm name after his decease. They are Charles A., John T., and Frank E., the two latter remaining in active charge of the enterprise to the present time.

CHARLES ALBERT BUSIEL, eldest son of John W. and Julia M. (Til-



Belknap County Court House.

in 1846, to the "Bridge," now Laconia, where he established the J. W. Busiel hosiery mills, continuing and increasing his operations until his decease in 1872, and winning for himself and his establishment a first-class reputation throughout the country, and at the same time gaining the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, for his public spirit and unselfish devotion to the welfare of the community.

Three sons and a daughter were born to John W. and Julia M. (Tilton) Busiel, the daughter dying in in-

ton) Busiel, was born in Laconia, November 24, 1842. He received his education in the public schools and at the old Gilford academy, and after completing his studies entered his father's hosiery mill, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the business in all its details, and was actively engaged in the same, until his increasing interest in public, financial, and railroad affairs largely commanded his attention in other directions. He was one of the active promoters of the Lake Shore railroad and largely instrumental in securing



L. A. Russell



The Busiel Hosiery Mills.

its construction, and was for some time a managing director of the Concord & Montreal road. He is also prominently identified with the banking interests of the city, being president of the Laconia National bank and of the City Savings bank. For some years past he has been an ardent champion of the extension of electric railways, and was the moving spirit in the organization known as the New Hampshire Development association.

In politics he was originally a Democrat, and as such was a representative from Laconia in the legislature in 1878-'79, and was a delegate to the National Democratic convention in Cincinnati, in 1880. Disagreeing with the bulk of his party on financial and tariff questions he subsequently affiliated with the Republicans, by whom he was elected mayor by a large majority, upon the organization of the city government in 1893, though Laconia had previously



Residence of Hon. Charles A. Busiel.



Horace H. Wood

been strongly Democratic, and was reëlected for a second term by a still increased majority. In 1895 he became the Republican candidate for governor of New Hampshire, and was elected by a majority far in excess of any ever before given a candidate of the party. In his administration of the office he pursued a course so thoroughly independent as to surprise party bosses and the people generally, and since his retirement to private life his position upon all questions has been in perfect accord with the reputation he established while governor.

Mr. Busiel is prominent in Masonry, the order of Knights of Pythias, and other fraternal and benevolent organizations. He attends the Congregationalist church and contributes generously to the support of its work.

In 1864 he was united in marriage with Miss Eunice Elizabeth Preston. They have one daughter, Frances E., wife of Wilson Longstreth Smith, of Germantown, Pa.

Another extensive hosiery manufacturing plant, figuring prominently among the industries of the Lake city, is that of the Oriental mills, H. H. Wood & Co., proprietors, of



Residence of Horace H. Wood.

Lakeport, whose buildings, appurtenances, and yard occupy about two acres of ground. These mills run 10 sets of cards, 2,200 spindles, and employ 150 hands in the manufacture of seamless, ribbed, and plain hosiery, which is marketed all over the country, the New York office being at 51

Leonard street. B. S. Wadleigh is the superintendent.

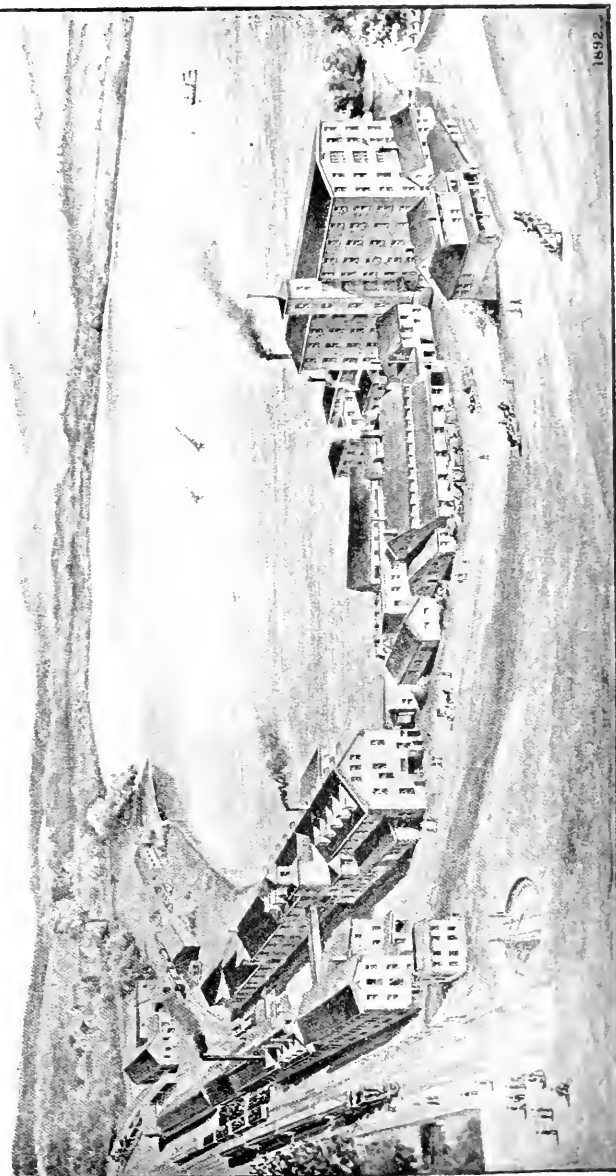
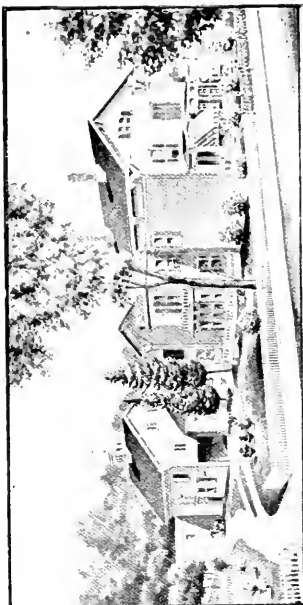
HORACE H. WOOD, head of the firm of H. H. Wood & Co., is a native of the town of Hillsborough, fifty-eight of age. He was educated in Henniker, and has been engaged in hosiery manufacturing at



Hosiery Mills of H. H. Wood & Co.

COLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 FOUNDERS, MACHINISTS & FORGERS.
 LAKEPORT, N.H.

PAVING CO.
 NEW YORK



Lakeport since 1870, developing a successful business and establishing a superior reputation as a business man. He is a prominent thirty-second degree Mason. He married Miss Mary J. Lovejoy of Meredith, but has no children. Their residence is in Lakeport.

An important industry, and one of no little prominence throughout the state also located in the Lakeport section, is that of the Cole Manufacturing Company, of which the late Hon. Benjamin J. Cole was the head for nearly half a century, having bought, in 1836, the foundry established here by his father in 1827, and ultimately developed an extensive business, including a large iron and wood machine shop, the buildings for which were erected in 1852. In 1872 the concern was incorporated and a year later a steam forge was added and the manufacture of car axles commenced, which line of business has since been prosecuted with great success. The concern produces hosiery, needle, bobbin, and sawmill machinery, and all kinds of forgings, castings, and iron work generally, including Worrall's friction clutches, shafting, pulleys, and hangers.

Mr. Cole was treasurer and manager until 1883, but resigned the latter position at that date, when he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Henry B. Quinby, retaining the treasurership until his death in January, 1897, when Mr. Quinby succeeded to that, also.

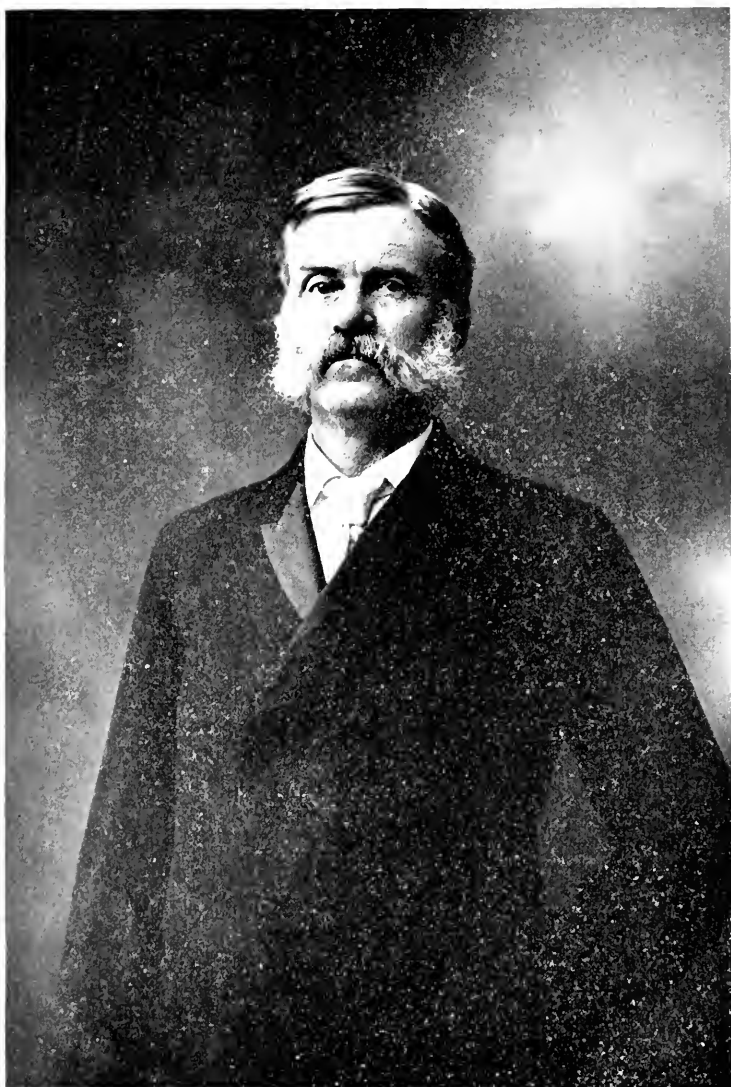
HENRY BREWER QUINBY was born in Biddeford, Me., June 10, 1846, son of Thomas and Jane E. (Brewer) Quinby. He comes from good old New England stock on both sides of his family. Through his

father he is a direct descendant of John Rogers, fifth president of Harvard college, of Maj.-Gen. Daniel Dennison, the famous colonial officer, of Gov. Thomas Dudley of the Massachusetts colony, and of many other colonial celebrities. On his mother's side, Colonel Quinby is descended from Maj. Charles Frost, the famous Indian fighter, and numbers among his great-great-great-grandmother's two sisters of Sir William Pepperell, the colonial baronet, who won renown at the siege of Louisburg, and is a direct descendant of Reverend Jose Glover in the ninth generation, at whose charge the first printing press was established in America. He attended the Biddeford schools and Nichols' Latin school at Lewiston, as well as Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Me., being graduated from the latter in 1869. He received the degree of A. M. in 1872, and in 1880 was graduated in medicine at the National Medical college, Washington, D. C. He is manager and treasurer of the Cole Manufacturing Company, with which he has been connected since 1869. Colonel Quinby is a Republican in politics. He was a member of Governor Straw's staff in 1872-'73, a member of the legislature of 1887-'88, state senator in 1889-'90, member of the governor's council in 1891-'92, being chairman of the state prison board, delegate-at-large to the Republican National convention at Minneapolis in 1893, and president of the State Republican convention in 1896. He was appointed a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane in 1897.

He was made a Mason in 1871, and is junior grand warden of the



HON. HENRY B. QUINBY.

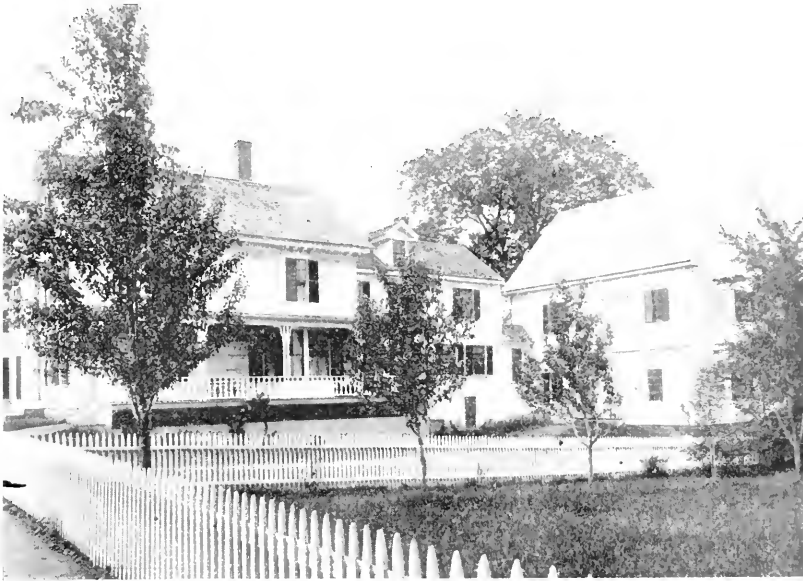


COL EDMUND TETLEY

Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of New Hampshire, Right Eminent Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of New Hampshire, and an active member of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States of America. He is vice-president of the Laconia National bank

years. At fifteen, when his parents were residing in Gaysville, Vt., he left home to make a living for himself.

He first went to Lowell, and from there to Lexington, Mass., where he obtained employment, thence to Cherry Valley, Mass., where he remained during the winter of 1859-'60; thence to Amesbury, where he



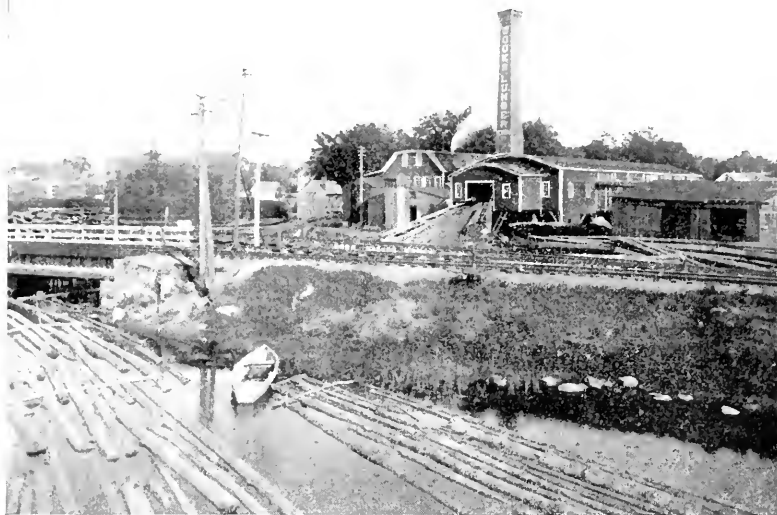
Residence of Col Edmund Tetley.

and the City Savings bank of Laconia.

Colonel Quinby married, on June 22, 1870, Octavia M., daughter of the late Hon. B. J. Cole of Lakeport. He has two children,—Henry Cole Quinby, a lawyer in New York city, and Candace Ellen, wife of Hugh N. Camp, Jr., of New York city.

COL. EDMUND TETLEY, who has been an active factor in Laconia business life for over twenty years past, is a native of England, born October 26, 1842, removing to this country with his parents at the age of twelve

was located until September, 1861, when he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps at Portsmouth. He participated in the attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip at the capture of New Orleans by Admiral Farragut, being on board the United States sloop of war, *Portsmouth*, which was subsequently stationed at New Orleans for more than three years. He was made first sergeant in 1863, and was in command of the Marine Guard on the *Portsmouth* from that time until the ship came home in September, 1865 (the Marine



Cook's Lumber Works.

officer having been ordered home previously). He was discharged at Brooklyn Barracks in September, 1865, by reason of expiration of term of service, having served four years.

At the close of the war he returned to Amesbury, Mass. Later he went to Appleton, Wis., thence to Utica, N. Y., thence to Olneyville, R. I., from there to Amesbury, and then to Lowell, where he engaged in the paper box business. On leaving Lowell he obtained a situation in a paper box factory in Methuen, Mass., from there he went to work in Haverhill, and thence came to Laconia to work for F. P. Holt in the paper box business. Five years later he succeeded Mr. Holt and has since carried on a successful business on his own account.

When Co. K, Third regiment, N. H. N. G., was organized, he became a member of it, and in 1878 was made a lieutenant. Two years later he was made captain and served as such until

his resignation in 1883. Previous to 1892, Co. K having been disbanded, he organized a new company at Laconia in the same regiment and was chosen captain. May 8, 1894, he was promoted to the rank of major. In 1898, at the call of the president for troops he enlisted with his regiment, the First New Hampshire volunteers, being promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, June 30, 1898, and serving with the regiment until it was mustered out. March 7, 1899, he was made colonel of the Third regiment, N. H. N. G., now the Second, which position he still holds.

In politics Colonel Tetley is a Republican. He served on the board of selectmen in Laconia in 1883, and was a representative in the legislature in 1895. He was chosen sheriff of Belknap county in 1888, and re-elected in 1890. In March, 1899, he was elected mayor of Laconia by a large majority, and is now serving his second term in that office.

Colonel Tetley is a thirty-second degree Mason, an Odd Fellow, Red Man, Knight of Pythias, and member of the G. A. R.

December 9, 1868, he was united in marriage with Ella F. Merrill of Lowell, Mass. Of their seven children, five are living: Edmund B., now a student in theology; Guy M., superintendent of the Tetley box factory; Gertrude, a resident of Lowell, Mass.; Blanche and Charles, now at school in Laconia.

Laconia is a city of varied industries, and not the least important among those which contributed to the city's prosperity and development is the plant of the Wardwell Needle Company, which was established nearly forty years ago by C. P. S. Wardwell, and was carried on with moderate success under various managements until 1885, when the present owners came in charge, erected new buildings, put in modern improved machinery, and brought the

establishment into the present superior condition, which enables the company to take a leading position in the manufacture of the celebrated Excelsior needles for all kinds of hosiery machinery, which are used exclusively by many of the largest mills in the country.

The reputation and excellence of these needles is such, indeed, that this company makes and sells more each year than any other concern in the world. A liberal policy toward employes, of whom there are a large number, and weekly payments have contributed to the general prosperity.

The mechanical departments are under the personal supervision of Mr. S. A. Whitten, an expert needle maker, and the whole business is managed by Mr. Julius E. Wilson, the treasurer, who came to Laconia with the parties now owning the concern, and has devoted himself to the building up of a large permanent industry.



Wardwell Needle Company.



Julius E. Wilson.

JULIUS E. WILSON, manager and treasurer of the Wardwell Needle Co., was born in Swanzey, July 16, 1849. His early life was spent upon a farm, and he acquired his education in the public schools and academies of that section. In 1867, after completing a course in the Bryant & Stratton Business college in Manchester, he entered the employ of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co., at Manchester, and was engaged in the insurance business for many years. Later he became manager of a large clothing house, where he remained until he came to Laconia in 1885, to take charge of this business.

In politics Mr. Wilson is a Republican. He was elected a member of the first Laconia city council in 1893,

and has served constantly since in that body, being the oldest member of the city government in point of service. He has served upon important committees, and much reliance is placed in his judgment.

Mr. Wilson is connected with the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities, and he is also a member of the Home Market club of Boston. He is an enthusiast in all matters pertaining to hunting and fishing, and was one of the organizers of the Belknap County Fish and Game League, of which he has been president from the start. He is also president of the Lakeport Mutual Building and Loan Association, and a trustee of the City Savings bank. In religion he is a Unitarian. He married Morgia M.

Porter of Manchester, well-known in musical circles throughout the state.

Laconia has been the home of many able representatives of the legal profession. The names of Bell, Stevens, Hibbard, and Whipple are among the most brilliant in New Hampshire jurisprudence, and at the present day the Lake city lawyers compare favorably with their brethren at the bar in other sections of the state.

COL. STEPHEN SHANNON JEWETT, of the firm of Jewett & Plummer, is one of Laconia's best known lawyers at the present time, and has also a state wide reputation as a politician and Republican leader. He is a son of John G. and Carrie E. (Shannon) Jewett, born in that part of Laconia formerly belonging to Gilford, September 18, 1858. He comes of Revolutionary stock, his great-grandfather, Samuel Jewett, who resided for a time in the town of Hollis, being one of the patriots who fought at Bunker Hill, and who subsequently estab-

lished his home in Laconia or Gilford (then a part of Gilmanton), being one of the first settlers of the locality.

Colonel Jewett was educated in the Laconia schools, and under the private tuition of his father, who was an old time school-teacher, and commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. Charles F. Stone at the age of seventeen years. He was prepared for admission to the bar before he was twenty-one years of age, but had necessarily to wait for admission until that time. Being admitted at the March term in 1880, he at once entered upon practice in Laconia, conducting an independent business until 1889, when William A. Plummer became his partner. During the twenty years of his practice but few important cases have appeared on the Belknap court docket without his name in connection, either for plaintiff or defendant. In 1884, he accepted the position of clerk of the supreme court for Belknap county, as



Residence of Hon. Stephen S. Jewett.



Stephen T. Jewett

an accommodation for the convenience of the court, and served for a short time. He drafted and secured the passage of Laconia's city charter, was the first city solicitor, and has held the position ever since. He is actively interested in numerous local enterprises outside of his professional duties. He is a director in the Laconia National bank, in the Laconia Building and Loan Association, in the Laconia Land and Improvement company, the Standard Electric Time company, the Masonic Temple association, etc.

Colonel Jewett first actively engaged in politics in 1876, when a youth of seventeen, and was soon recognized as a leader in political matters. He conducted the affairs of the Republican Town committee from 1880-'90, and becoming a member of the Republican State committee in 1884 was elected secretary of that body in 1890. His capacity has been tried in several hard-fought campaigns, he having served as chairman and manager of the Republican canvass in 1892 and 1894. He has served as engrossing clerk, assistant clerk, and clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives, was chosen a member of that body from Ward Two, Laconia, in 1894, and elected speaker upon the organization of the legislature, filling the office with signal ability.

Colonel Jewett gained his military title from service as a member of the staff of Gov. David H. Goodell in 1889-'90. He was a member and chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National convention which nominated President McKinley at St. Louis in 1896. He is still a member of the ex-

ecutive committee, of the state committee, and the executive committee of the Republican National league.

At the state election in 1898 Colonel Jewett was elected to the New Hampshire senate from the sixth district, and was a leading member of that body during the session. He is a thirty-second degree Mason, has been an officer in all of the local Masonic bodies, and grand master of the Grand Council of New Hampshire. He is also a member of various other social and fraternal organizations.

June 30, 1880, he was united in marriage with Annie L. Bray of Bradford, Eng. They have one son, Theo S.

ERASTUS P. JEWELL, of the present firm of Jewell, Owen & Veazey, is among the oldest lawyers now in active practice at the Belknap County bar, and likewise among the ablest. He has devoted himself almost exclusively to the work of his profession, never dabbling in politics, though an earnest Democrat, and an uncompromising supporter of the principles of his party. He is a safe counsellor, a sagacious manager in the conduct of causes, and a particularly strong and convincing advocate.

Mr. Jewell is a native of the town of Sandwich, born March 16, 1837, and entered the office of the late Col. Thomas J. Whipple as a student in 1859. Completing his studies he was admitted to the bar in Laconia and has since been in active practice here—first as a partner with Colonel Whipple, and subsequently with Hon. Charles F. Stone and others, his connection with Mr. Stone ceasing when the latter was naval officer of the port of Boston.

Mr. Jewell's diversion, if he may



Hon. Erastus P. Jewell.

be said to have any, is state and local history, particularly that pertaining to the Indians or aborigines of this section of New England, with which he is probably more familiar than any other man in New Hampshire.

EDMUND LITTLE, treasurer of the Laconia Savings bank and cashier of the People's National bank, is one of the most substantial residents of the city, and has a high reputation as a sagacious financial manager. He is the eldest son of Otis Warren Little of Merrimac, Mass. (president of the Merrimack Savings bank, a prominent citizen and lifelong resident of that town). He was born in West Amesbury (now Merrimac) in 1856, and received his education in the public schools of that place.

Mr. Little is a direct descendant, in the ninth generation, from the founder of the family of that name in this country, George Little, who came from London, Eng., in 1640, and settled in Newbury, Mass., engaging in agricultural pursuits. He has been a resident of Laconia since 1874. He was made treasurer of the Laconia Savings bank in 1886, and cashier of the People's National bank at its organization in 1889. He has also been for fourteen years treasurer of the Laconia Water company, is treasurer of the Board of Trade, a director of the Citizens' Telephone company, and of the Laconia Street Railway company, of which latter he was also, for some years, treasurer.

Mr. Little is a Past Grand of Win-



Yours Respectfully
Edmund Little.

nipiseogee Lodge, and a member of Laconia Encampment, I. O. O. F., and a member of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Union Chapter, Pythagorean Council, and of Pilgrim Commandery, K. T. In politics he is a Republican. He married Dora Inga Saunders in 1894, and they have one daughter, Inga. Their home is on Harvard street.

ALBERT G. FOLSOM has been a leading citizen of Laconia, prominent in social, financial, and general business circles, for more than half a century. He is the son of Jonathan and Sarah (Rowe) Folsom, who were early residents of "Meredith Bridge," and was born October 12, 1816. He was educated in the common schools, but on account of poor health was sent,

at an early age, by his parents, to Portsmouth, where he went into a store kept by an older brother, with the hope that the change might be beneficial, as proved to be the case. His brother eventually went West and

an ex-mayor, to whom he sold out in 1869, retiring from mercantile business.

Mr. Folsom has been identified with the Laconia Savings bank for nearly sixty years, and its president for more



Yours Truly
Albert G. Folsom

he was left in charge of the store, but when twenty years of age he returned to Laconia, and three years later went into business for himself, George F. Boshier subsequently becoming his partner, which firm continued till 1860. Afterward he was in partnership with S. B. Smith, now

than a quarter of a century. He has also been president of the People's National bank since its organization. He was a prime mover in the organization of the Laconia street railway. He opened the Folsom opera house in 1862. He is a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow, being the oldest



THE NEW HOTEL WEIRS.



Dr. J. Alonzo Greene.

member of the latter fraternity in the city.

Mr. Folsom has been twice married. His first wife was Olive B. Robinson of Gilford, and of four children only one now survives, Mrs. Samuel B. Smith. His second wife was Miss Imogene F. Harris of Franconia, and they have one daughter, Miss Alberta.

SIMEON CHENEY FRYE, city clerk of Laconia, was born in Sanbornton, April 26, 1865, a son of Jonathan J. and Ruth H. (Leavitt) Frye, and is a lineal descendant of Thomas Dudley, second governor of Massachusetts

Bay colony. Two of his great-grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers.

He was educated at the New Hampton institution, and came to Laconia in January, 1887, as bookkeeper in O'Shea Bros.' store and hosiery mill. He left this firm in March, 1890, to engage in the "ice harvest," caused by a famine of frozen water down country, which resulted in a boom in this industry in Laconia and vicinity. From January 1, 1891, he was with Coburn & Leavitt as bookkeeper until the firm went out of business, and then entered the office of the Crane Manufacturing Co., Sep-

tember, 1893, as bookkeeper, and remained with them until elected city clerk March 29, 1894. Mr. Frye has been re-elected city clerk at each subsequent election and still holds the position, in which he has served with great efficiency. His books and records are models of neatness and correctness, and in the discharge of his official duties he has no superior in New Hampshire. He was auditor of state treasurer's accounts in 1897, appointed by Governor Busiel.

Mr. Frye is connected with several of the secret and fraternal orders. He is a member of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, No. 32, A. F. & A. M., of which at the present time he is junior warden. He is also a member of Chocorua Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F., and of Granite Lodge, No. 3, Ancient Order of United Workmen, of which latter organization he has been recorder since 1892.

In the very midst of the lake region

of New Hampshire, Laconia is favorably located with reference to the summer boarding interest, which has been of so much advantage to the state in recent years. There are many popular resorts in this line in the vicinity, that at "The Weirs," which is located within the city limits, of course, taking the lead.

It is here that the celebrated DR. J. ALONZO GREENE of Nervura fame, who has done so much for the development of the state in other directions, has been giving free course to enterprise of late, he having purchased Hotel Weirs, and greatly enlarged and improved the same, making it one of the largest and finest summer hotels in the state. It is equipped in first-class order in every respect, and under the management of the popular and experienced landlord, Col. Freeman C. Willis, has already established a reputation second to none.



Laconia, from Vue de l'Eau Hotel.

LIFE'S PATH.

By Ormsby A. Court.

Fair fringed the path that strays through meadows lush,
Sun-kissed and echoing the linnet, lark, and thrush,
Caressed by vines that tenderly embrace,
Embowered with greens that intertwining, lace.

Up, up the hill the path now turns and twists
'Midst boulders huge and everblinding mists,
'Neath suns that glare and storms that fiercely beat,
On twines the path, still threatens grim defeat.

Now on the crest the path rests, sighs, and weeps,
Then plunges downward in long, graceful sweeps,
'Neath shading trees, through grasses sweet and tall,
'Neath suns that smile and rains that gently fall.

Amongst the trees that skirt the wooded deep,
The path now winds with steps that, lagging, sleep ;
The sun sinks low ; the night-birds silent loom—
The sun has set.—The end is lost in gloom.

AN OLD HOUSE AND ITS TRADITIONS.

By A New Hampshire Girl.



THE bar room was a large, square room, with windows facing south and west, an old-fashioned fireplace extended half way across one side, and on the other side was the entrance into a spacious hall. It was wainscoted from floor to ceiling, and painted in Spanish brown. This was grandmother's room, and her room was the children's room. Her presence was its constant light, for the infirmities of age had deprived her of the use of her limbs, and she left it only once a year for a brief visit to a daughter who lived half a mile away. Then she was lifted in her chair upon a stone drag, which was drawn by oxen. Grandmother's room was a place of refuge to which the little folks of the house could flee when childish troubles vexed them elsewhere. Here they always found

solace and sympathy. Here they could indulge in sports that were prohibited in rooms where the household duties were performed. Nothing ever disturbed the tranquil old lady's equanimity, and around her hearthstone many were the arrows shaped to shoot imaginary Indians, many the leaden bullets molded to kill make-believe bears. This room was not only a safe retreat and a play-ground, but it was also a story depository. It was a group of eager listeners that gathered about the cheerful fire of logs, while grandmother beguiled the hours of the long winter evenings by relating incidents of the Revolutionary War, Indian traditions, and stories of pioneer life.

The "bar room," modernized, is in a large farmhouse, situated in a rural town of central New Hampshire; the town borders upon the Merrimack river. The main house is a square, three-storied, substantial building. The L is one storied. Large elms and maples on the east, south, and west afford grateful shade from the summer's heat, while on the north side of the house a double row of firs breaks the force of the winter storms. The house stands on the brow of a hill at the foot of which runs a charming brook. This, when swollen by the melting snows of the springtime, rushes along with the force of a torrent, but in midsummer is often dried to a purling rill.

The L is one of the first frame houses built in the town, and is more than a century and a half old. It has three rooms, kitchen, "meal room," and "cheese room." The main house was added about thirty years later for a "tavern stand." Situated on the stage route from Concord to

Plymouth, and at a convenient distance from the former place, the house had a liberal patronage, and the arrival of the stage three times a week bringing the mail, the news from the outside world, and "travelers," who lodged for a night, was an event of no slight interest. But the railroad came, the stage-coach disappeared, the tavern closed its doors. The bar room, however, retained its name long after the tavern sign was taken down.

A mile to the west of the house, across an interval or meadow, is the site of an old fort. Here, until 1865, stood the original garrison house of the town, a square, two-storied building, with loop holes through which guns could be fired. In case of an alarm of Indians the inhabitants repaired to the fort.

The traditions of the old house or L date back to the time of the French and Indian wars. To the original inhabitants of this place the war-whoop was a not unusual sound, and the tomahawk and scalping knife not unfamiliar sights. It was a frontier town, an unbroken forest extending to the north and northeast. What wonder then that the early settlers gave it a name which signifies "Stronghold of the woods." The extensive forests were not only good hunting ground, but there was excellent fishing in the many ponds and brooks. For this reason Indians were accustomed to frequent it. So troublesome did they sometimes become, and so much were the farmers interrupted in their work, that they were compelled to call in help from neighboring towns; armed men standing sentinel while the fields were being plowed and planted. In

the year 1757 the red men were an unusual terror, the war in which they were then engaged as allies of the French, rendering them especially hostile to Englishmen.

The family, which at this time occupied the house we have described, consisted of Mr. Thomas and his wife Mary, five children, the youngest a boy four years old, a boy by the name of Jackson, nephew of Mr. Thomas, and two negro slaves, Pomp and Dorset. The house stood near the frontier, and was especially exposed to an enemy. Mrs. Thomas on returning home one day, after a brief absence, found a formidable looking Indian in her cellar drinking milk from a pan. He was evidently greatly in fear of detection, for he was much agitated, his hands trembling violently as he held the pan to his lips. He did not see Mrs. Thomas, and she very wisely preferring her safety to an Indian's scalp quietly left the house. Several Indians were discovered one evening lurking about the premises of a neighbor, without doubt, intending to kill or capture the inmates of the house, while asleep. To escape to the garrison was impossible. Some plan to rout them must be devised. They were equal to the emergency. Equipped with tin pans, dinner horns, pails, kettles, and other kitchen implements, they went to the door. At the signal "Stand to your arms," all rushed out of the house and beat their pans and kettles with the energy of men whose lives were at stake. This put the reds to flight, and the family was not again molested. In another quarter of the town, two men had been fired upon by the Indians who were lying in ambush behind a large log. One

escaped uninjured, the other received a wound from a poisoned arrow, and died in great agony. Scouts often came upon beds of coals, where the enemy had roasted corn and cooked their game. The red men were becoming bold, and the inhabitants thought it prudent to retire to the fort. Here a close watch was kept for some time. No Indians were seen. Provisions were getting short, the men were growing weary of confinement, and were desirous of returning to their fields.

Mrs. Thomas, believing that the enemy had left the place, went one morning to her house to make preparations for the return of her family. Upon opening her meal chest she discovered that a considerable quantity of meal had been taken in her absence. It was apparent who had committed the theft. Indians might then be concealed in or about the house. No time must be lost. She must make her escape, hasten to the fort, and put the inhabitants again on their guard. Going to the door she called loudly, "Boys, boys. Come, come quickly," and continuing to call thus she passed along the frontier, where she narrowly escaped falling into an ambuscade, crossed the meadow, and reached the garrison in safety.

Dorset and Jackson had gone from the fort early the same morning to the Thomas farm to hoe corn in a field in the rear of the house. This field was enclosed on two sides by a high log fence, on another side was a dense forest. Glad of their release from confinement the boys were in fine spirits, and work, this bright June morning, was more a pastime than toil. Jackson was at intervals

whistling a lively tune, the sharp stroke of the hoes as they cut the rocky soil forming a not unpleasant accompaniment. The negro, meanwhile, giving full play to his imagination was relating stories of his life in Africa. He told of how he was wont to hunt the lion in his native jungle, of savage encounters with these lords of the forest, of marvelous escapes from the infuriated beasts. He boasted of his athletic accomplishments, claiming that he could outstrip all his dusky companions in leaping, jumping, and running. He told of wounds received in wars, which his race had made upon other black races, of defeats and victories. As the hours wore away they neared the fence. Suddenly, with a shrill warwhoop, four Indians bounded over it, and swooped down upon them. So unexpected was the attack, that it was impossible to defend themselves with their guns. Two of the men seized the lad, who became an easy prey; not so Dorset. The reds grappled with him, but after a fierce struggle he tore away and escaped to the forest. Here he made a brave and stubborn resistance. It was a hand to hand fight, and a savage fighting savages. Taking advantage of his knowledge of the woods, Dorset fought from behind great trees, and from this point of vantage he dealt heavy blows right and left with his powerful arms. In turn, he received severe wounds on the face and head. His cries of "Murder!" "Indians!" were heard by some boys who had been sent on errands to the meadow, and they ran to the garrison to give the alarm. Scouts were immediately sent out to search the woods and

other retreats of the savages, but they found no trace of captives or captors.

Meantime Dorset and Jackson were taken on the march, the negro bound by a wicopy cord to one of the men. This band was soon reinforced by other Indians of the same tribe, the St. Francis, all on their way to Montreal, to dispose of their winter harvest of furs. It was a motley and picturesque company, this strolling band of men, women, and children, the Indians tall and lank with skins so intensely copper colored as to give them a just title to the name of redskins, the chiefs hideous with war paint, the squaws, large and squat, some with their papooses strapped upon their backs; Dorset, broad-shouldered, muscular, and black as midnight darkness; the lad, fair-faced, slender, and delicate.

Having gone a considerable distance from the settlement, the prisoners received their initiation into a life of captivity with the Indians. Their hands were tightly tied behind them, and bundles of booty that the red men had taken from houses they had plundered were fastened upon their backs. Marching under their heavy loads was difficult, but if they lagged behind the rest of the band they were goaded to greater exertion. The hours of the afternoon dragged on slowly, and they were weary and footsore when the company halted for the night. Their supper consisted of a little pounded corn. When they lay down to sleep their hands were so tightly bound with cords that they were benumbed, and they were surrounded by Indians in order that they might not escape.

At the end of the second day's journey the negro and the "pale

face" were asked to point toward the place from which they had come. Expecting this test they were both prompt to indicate the wrong direction, and no longer apprehensive that they would escape, the reds relaxed their vigilance. This was our captives' opportunity, and when all were asleep they stole away. They had observed carefully objects which they had passed on the way, but traveling in the darkness of night was bewildering, and after a long day's march fatiguing, especially to the lad, and they had not gone far before he was overcome by exhaustion, and both lay down to sleep. They fell into a heavy slumber from which they did not waken till startled at daybreak by the yell of the savages. Again the wretched captives were completely at the mercy of the most merciless of foes, but there was no release, and they were hurried back to the encampment. Their condition now was more intolerable than before. First, they were compelled to run the gauntlet. They were forbidding-looking men that formed the lines between which the captives must pass, armed as they were with whips and clubs, but to show reluctance or hesitation would only add to their torture, and affecting Indian bravery they boldly accepted their fate. Dorset being wary and a swift runner, escaped without serious injury; his companion fared worse, receiving many cruel blows. The labor that they must perform in the encampment, before considerable, was now made excessive. They were obliged to pound the corn, to heat stones and put them into the kettles for cooking the venison, to assist the squaws in bringing the slain bear and deer to the camp.

As a precaution against another attempt to escape, the captives were not permitted to be together.

In a few days the Indians reached their fish weirs, on the borders of the beautiful lake which they designated as the "Smile of the Great Spirit." At this famous rallying ground and banqueting place of Indian tribes they halted and prepared for a stay of several days, their object being to feast upon the shad then so abundant at this place. Everything here was novel to our captives. They had never before seen fishing on so grand a scale, for the red men had built great stone dams over which they stretched their fish nets, and at this season of the year they caught great quantities of shad. The rude implements with which the red men dressed their fish, the many fires over which they cooked it, the company spread out upon the grass for the feast, some sitting, others lying down, the jargon of the Indian language, the indolence and greediness of the men, the weary patience of the women while serving their lords and masters, all contributed to the picturesqueness of the scene, and made their stay here a respite, at least, from the weariness and hardships of the march. They had suffered from hunger on the way, having had only two meals a day, if indeed the meager allowance doled out to them morning and evening could be called a meal, but now they shared in the feasts, and in a measure recovered their strength and spirits.

The banqueting over, the company resumed their journey. The Indians were astir early in the morning leading their captives, an addition hav-

ing been made to their number by trading with other tribes. A short march brought them into the valley of the Pemigewasset river or "Place of Crooked Pines," the course of which river they followed many miles. Where the water was deep and smooth they paddled up in their canoes, where it was rough or shallow they followed along the bank, careful always to retreat into the forests whenever they approached a settlement. They usually tarried a few days when near a frontier town and sent some of the men for booty and captives. These often returned with milk, poultry, corn, and other grain. Their trail lay through the Franconia Notch, and as northern New Hampshire was at this time an unbroken wilderness from here it turned west, crossed northern Vermont to Lake Champlain and passed into Canada.

It was several weeks before they reached their destination, and although the captives did not know what fate more dreadful awaited them here, they were glad that their journey was at an end. For long weeks their only bed had been the bare earth, sometimes made a little softer by spreading down hemlock boughs; in heavy dews or drenching rains their only covering was the open sky. Some days their food was reduced to a few berries or even acorns.

In Montreal the captives were imprisoned for several weeks while the Indians were disposing of their furs and skins. Jackson was then sold to a Frenchman, with whom he passed a somewhat eventful captivity of four years. He was then redeemed and returned to his home. The negro

was retained by the Indians. Being a good hunter and a skilful trapper they found him a valuable assistant when they were in pursuit of game or fur-bearing animals. Resenting the abuse he had received from them, he could not, however, always be relied on. Once when the band to which he belonged was lying in wait about an English settlement, near Montreal, to make captives, he betrayed them into the hands of the English. They would have been mercilessly put to death had it not been for the intercession of a friendly Indian. At his entreaty they were returned to their tribe without punishment. For this act of treachery Dorset was put to torture. He was driven barefoot over sharp stones being goaded to the greatest speed, was tormented by hunger and thirst, was deprived of sleep, was suspended by his arms to a tree and lashed with rawhide.

The red men decided to part company with their captive, after three years' trial. Accordingly they sold him to an Englishman for trinkets of jewelry and firearms. He was little valued by his new owner, and in the year 1763, Mr. Thomas received intelligence that for a moderate sum he could redeem his slave. Desirous of recovering him he set out with a companion to make the journey to Canada. It was winter, the snows were deep, the roads almost unbroken, and the weather severe. After a tedious journey, they reached Montreal. Dorset was found and his freedom purchased. He was much rejoiced to see his master, and to know that his captivity was at an end. Next day they started homeward. Owing to the bad condition

of the roads one of the party must walk. In the vicinity of Lake Champlain, Dorset, while taking his turn, lagged behind. He was urged to keep up and for a time no other notice was taken of his behavior. He loitered farther behind till, at length, Mr. Thomas lost sight of him. They waited, but he did not appear; they turned back, but he was not on the road over which they had come. After a long search they found him on a wood road, cold and bewildered. Taking him to the nearest shelter, a woodman's shanty, they administered such restoratives as the inmates could furnish, and in a few hours they were able to proceed on their way.

On arriving home the slave was kindly cared for, but his feet had been so badly frozen that amputation was necessary. In explanation of his strange conduct in leaving the rescuing party he acknowledged that he loved a pretty Indian girl, then in an encampment near Montreal, and that he had tried to find his way back to the city in the hope of inducing her to accompany him. As he was not able to work on the farm he became a house servant, learning to perform many household services with much cleverness. He could sew, knit, card wool, and make boots and shoes. Grateful that he had been rescued from captivity, he rendered willing service to his master's family. His eventful life with the Indians had lionized him in the estimation of the Thomas children, and they always treated him with consideration. He bore to the grave the scars of the

wounds received in his affray with the red men.

At his death, which occurred at an advanced age, he was buried beside his fellow slave, Pomp, in a field near the house. A mound of earth and a rude stone were all that for many years marked the spot. In course of time a gooseberry bush sprang up upon the grave, and grew to large proportions. Grandmother told it, and credence was given to the tradition that Dorset had gooseberries in his pocket when he was buried, and from the seeds came this bush. It was commonly believed by the children that there was something uncanny about the berries, and they were never relished. This was the only monument to Dorset, but he slept, where, as often as the spring-time came, Nature decorated his grave with flowers from her own hand, where the roses of June gave sweetest perfume to the air, where from lofty elms the birds sang their most joyous notes.

Many changes have occurred since roving bands of the red men were accustomed to resort to this place. From a frontier town it has become a center of population, surrounded on all sides by thriving towns and villages; the old fort has given place to a substantial set of farm buildings; Dorset's grave, by successive plowings of the field, has been nearly obliterated; the gooseberry bush had its brief day and perished; the old house remains, the only witness of the events that were so often rehearsed at grandmother's fireside.

GRAMMA'S HOLLYHOCKS.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

An old-time garden full of bees
And sweet with old-time flowers,
I have in mind when I recall
My childhood's happy hours.

There were the pinks and marigolds,
The honeysuckles tall,
The morning-glories, blue and red,
That clambered o'er the wall.

There were the roses, all in bloom,
The lilies and the phlox,
But dearer than them all to me,
Were granma's hollyhocks.

I see them now just as they stood
With blossoms pink and red,
And snowy white, high o'er the flowers
Within the garden bed.

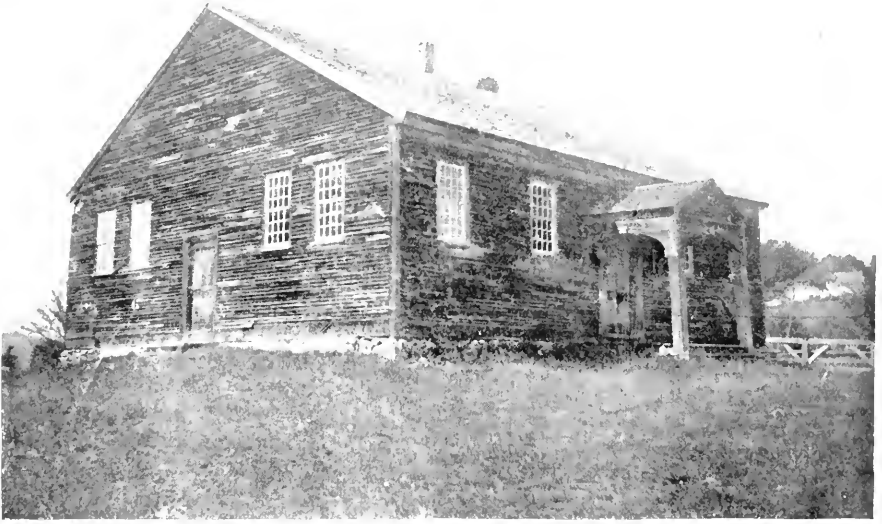
I hear the drowsy bumblebees,
That used to stay and sup
Within the fragrant blooms till night
Would come and close them up.

That dear old garden long ago,
How sweet and cool it seems;
But granma she is now asleep,
And all I hold is dreams

Of those old scenes I loved so well,
Of faces and of flowers,
Where, in my childhood's days, I passed
So many happy hours.

Since then my pilgrim feet have strayed
Through many pleasant ways,
And many golden afternoons
Have crowned my passing days.

But ever will abide with me
The lilies and the phlox,
And the old garden full of bees
And granma's hollyhocks.



The Dr. Dana Meeting-house.

THE DANA MEETING-HOUSE, NEW HAMPTON.

By A. Chester Clark.

REMOTE from the village, in the town of New Hampton, stands the Dana Meeting-house which reaches the one hundredth year of its age this fall, and which is truly a relic of by-gone days. It is located in a wild and romantic place, surrounded by the ancient homesteads of its builders, and where even the roadside and the forests seem to impress one with a sense of the antiquity of the place.

The exterior of the building itself is of ancient design. Three entrances, one from the front and one from each end, admit to the building. Over the front entrance juts a portico of rude workmanship. The win-

dows are placed high as if to confine the attention of the worshiper within instead of allowing his thoughts to revert to the affairs of the world without.

One must go inside, however, to see this ancient edifice under the most favorable circumstances. Here everything except the simple means for lighting and heating is of an ancient pattern. The pews are large spaces enclosed by rails which are supported by rounds standing on a more substantial base of old growth pine boards. Around these enclosures, on all sides except where entrance is made through a gate, run rude seats of uncushioned pine boards. Thus the backs of the seats are rigidly perpendicular. These en-

closures were originally designed for separate families and a few manifestly for very large families. Some kindly disposed person of late has obtained the names of those who occupied these enclosures in the past and has tacked a card with the name of its former occupant on each pew for the information of those who now visit the place.

Among these names are those of many of the oldest and best-known families of the town. These names are as follows: Daniel Smith and Caleb Ames, Joseph Young, Robert Huckins, Deacon John Huckins, James Flanders, Page Smith, Zebulon Gordon, Benjamin Hanaford, Dr. Simeon Dana, Elder Samuel Thompson, Deacon Nathaniel Drake, Simeon Smith, John Smith, Daniel Randlett, Jonathan Dow, Joseph Smith, Darius G. Drake, James Howe, Stephen S. Magoon, Ira Gordon, Jacob Drake,

Winthrop V. Hanaford, Eben Howe, Benjamin Magoon, John Gordon, Elder Josiah Magoon, Samuel P. Smith and Timothy Dalton, Rufus Prescott, Henry V. Simpson, Abraham Drake, Levi Smith.

The pulpit is raised to be above the heads of the congregation, and is a long, narrow enclosure, reached by a flight of stairs from the front. Immediately in front of the pulpit is a seat facing the congregation, designed to be occupied by the ruling elders.

The story of the establishment of this church is an interesting one. New Hampton was originally a part of that gore of land, including also Centre Harbor, purchased by Gen. Jonathan Moulton in 1765 of Governor Wentworth, the purchase price being an ox fattened for the purpose and decorated with a British flag. Ten years later the first inhabitants



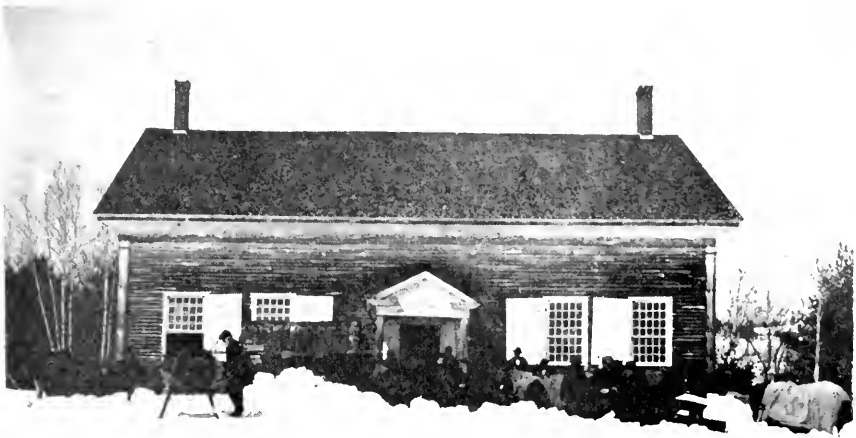
Interior of the Dr. Dana Meeting-house

came, and in 1777 the town was incorporated. These early settlers were Congregationalists, and June 8, 1789, began the erection of the first church building. Funds not being available the town came to the rescue and finished the edifice on condition that it should be used for town purposes. This building still stands. The denomination which began its erection has ceased to exist as a working factor in the town,

bers. The Congregationalists were now fully aroused, and, at the town-meeting held March 20, the town voted to settle the Rev. Mr. Hibbard as the first regular minister in the town. The Freewill Baptists voted against this, but being outnumbered they entered the following protest at an adjourned meeting held May 5 :

To the Selectmen of New Hampton :

Whereas, you have lately called a meeting and voted to raise a certain sum of money to



The Old Town House.

but the town-meetings are still held in the old building each year.

There were some, however, among the early settlers who were not pleased with the idea of a paid ministry; and when, in 1799, Rev. Winthrop Young, of Canterbury, a preacher of the then recently formed denomination of "Freewill Antipedo Baptists," came to town and preached to them they readily accepted his doctrines, and January 6, 1800, organized a church of sixty-four mem-

hire preaching in said town, this is, therefore, to certify that we, the subscribers, have no fellowship with raising money to pay those who preach for hire, or divine for money; and as the constitution we live under gives liberty of conscience, we wish to continue a free people, and desire you not to tax us with any part of such sum or sums, as may be raised for such use, as we are determined not to pay it.

This protest, couched in such strong language, was granted.

The new organization, however, had no regular place in which to hold their services. For a number of months meetings were held at private

houses and even in barns, as was oftentimes the custom with the early settlers. The town very reluctantly granted the use of the meeting-house for a session of the New Durham Quarterly Meeting with which the new church had united. The religious flame now raging beyond the control of the established church was undoubtedly fanned by the zealous preaching of the early fathers who met there on this occasion. The church grew, and, at about this time, the question of building a new meeting-house began to be agitated. In the fall of 1800 another church edifice was begun. This edifice is the old Dana Meeting-house. Although in May of this same year, when an assessment was made on all the churches of the denomination, New Hampton paid an amount exceeded by only two other churches, yet the new organization was poor and for four years the building was without seats other than those made from a few pine boards placed around the walls. After the lapse of this time the present unique pews were put into place. The building was now complete, and was dedicated in 1805.

The accounts of the meetings held here in the early days are very interesting. The following from Rev. I. D. Stewart's History of the Free-will Baptists tells of the session of the New Durham Quarterly meeting held here May 20, 1801 :

About forty Christian friends, on their way through Laconia, had fallen into the company of each other, and arrived at the farm house of Samuel Crockett just before noon. He kept "pilgrim's tavern" and would have them all stop and dine. Two hours were spent in either cooking, eating, singing, prayer, or devout conversation; when man and beast being re-

freshed, they journeyed onward to the Meredith church where a meeting was held in the orchard of Deacon Pease. By the time they were ready to depart the next morning, the procession numbered one hundred strong, all on horseback, constituting an imposing and holy cavalcade. Randall led the van and a couple of hours' ride brought them to the place of meeting. As they approached, all united in a song of praise. The hills and woods resounded with the song and the effect upon themselves and those at the house of God, who bade them welcome, was peculiarly impressive. The meeting of business soon commenced, and "the most beautiful order was observed through the whole audience," of five hundred in number. As they reassembled the next day, it is said that "the glory of God so filled the house that there was no room to enter upon business for the space of two hours and upwards. The scene was indescribably glorious."

Elder Benjamin Randall, who was the founder of the denomination, came here again in January, 1805, to attend the quarterly meeting. So great was the power of his preaching that the congregation listened "until dark." Here also came, in 1811, John Colby, the young and talented itinerant. David Marks, whose travels in the interest of the church encompassed many states, was at the yearly meeting held here in 1832, and preached in a nearby grove.

Other preachers of note have come here from time to time but none has left a deeper impression than those who spent their lives in this town.

First and foremost among these stands Simeon Dana, the preacher-physician, whose name has been perpetuated by being attached to the church. Dr. Dana was a native of Lebanon, having been born there in 1776. Unlike a large per cent. of the Freewill Baptist clergy of that time, he was well educated, having been a student at Dartmouth. When a young man of twenty-two years he came to New Hampton to take up

the practice of his professson, or, "if the people desired it, to teach a district school, singing school, or dancing school." Soon afterwards he was converted under the labors of Elder Young, and December 8, 1803, was ordained in company with Josiah Magoon. From this time until his death in 1853, a period of fifty years, he continued to minister to the spiritual needs of this and surrounding communities. Wherever he went, whether to nurse the sick or preach the gospel, he was looked upon as a model of true manhood by his large circle of acquaintances. One of Dr. Dana's sons, John A. Dana, became a noted physician, practising at Ashland, and was also quite closely identified with the Free Soil movement and well known in musical circles. Inheriting this latter talent, his daughter, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, is now one of New England's best known pianists.

Rev. Josiah Magoon, mentioned above, was eighteen years the senior of Dr. Dana, having been born in Kingston, January 23, 1758. He fought gallantly through the War for Independence, and among other engagements was present at the capture of Ticonderoga. In 1793 he settled at New Hampton. Being ordained, he preached in turn with Dr. Simeon Dana and Rev. Thomas Perkins at the home church, and also itinerated in the neighboring towns of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine. At the close of his life he was in his eighty-third year.

Rev. Thomas Perkins was well known not only in New Hampton and vicinity, but throughout the state. For eleven years he was a member of the New Hampshire legis-

lature, where he gained a reputation as a man of sound judgment and of the highest integrity. The town also honored him with seventeen elections to the board of selectmen. Elder Perkins was a native of Haverhill, Mass., where he was born February 22, 1783. On his thirteenth birthday he came, with his father, to New Hampton. Here under the preaching of Elder Young he was converted but was not ordained until 1816, although he had been preaching for a number of years. Habitually in the various quarterly and yearly meetings of the denomination his thoughtful countenance was looked upon with confidence, and his well-weighed words of counsel carried a deep and lasting influence. Six times he was called to act in the general conference of the denomination, and here also he was looked upon with the same high esteem. Modest and unassuming in his manner, "his light was unlike that of the blazing comet, but very like the clear, pure, silver star that is never dim."

Another of the converts of Elder Young in the memorable revival of 1799, was Samuel Thompson. He, too, afterwards became a preacher, being ordained in 1836. He was in the legislature of 1811 and 1812, representing New Hampton. Afterwards he represented Holderness, his native town, for two terms.

For many years after its organization the Dana church was remarkably prosperous for one located in a farming community. Many years saw a large annual addition to its membership, but as the first three quarters of a century drew to a close it had suffered much by the death of many of its most staunch supporters and

the removal of others to a different part of the country. Therefore, in the early seventies it transferred its membership to the Freewill Baptist church, organized at the village when New Hampton Institution passed from the control of the Baptists to that of the Freewill Baptists.

Yet services are still held here each Sunday, sometimes conducted by the pastor of the village church, sometimes by a student from the Institution, or often by a visitor in the town. Among these last was the late Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon, D. D., the lamented pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist church of Boston, who returned here to his native town each summer to breathe the pure air of its hills and vales. As a boy he had visited the sacred edifice, and as age grew upon him he loved to gaze upon its antique architecture. Here he preached sermons such as thousands came to hear in his city church. Nor was he lacking in auditors at this place, for from miles around the citizens came to listen to the noted divine. But the burden of years was resting on the building erected under such great difficulties by the devout Christians of early days and lest no other should take the work of repairs



Rev. A. J. Gordon.

in hand Dr. Gordon himself contributed his money and influence to its preservation. It was newly clapboarded and shingled and otherwise repaired, but the individuality of the building was preserved in every detail. It now stands with all the impressiveness that a hundred years can give to greet the traveler who comes from far and near to view this ancient home of religion.



GOODMAN KEYZAR.

By George Roly Bennette.

The streams of old Pentucket flow
By bend and grove and nook.
The waters dance in wild Hoghill,
Fair Darby laughs to turn its mill,
But not like these Deep brook.

With movement slow and silently,
It glides between its banks,
Through smiling meadows sweet with hay,
Or alders dark, where wild things stray,
And trees in stately ranks.

It winds about the wooded slope
Of Misery's lonely hill,
And flows through Barcelona's wood,
By bend where crooked oak once stood,
And on by Kimball's mill.

The speckled trout once loved full well
Its shady woodland springs,
And where it skirts the meadow bright,
The wild duck tarried in its flight
To rest its tired wings.

Two hundred years or so ago,
No white man's foot had stirred
Those lonely woods ; nor paused to dream
Beside the darkly flowing stream ;
No English voice been heard.

The redman knew its sylvan depths,
Where hid the startled deer,
Wild game birds through its shadows played,
The lone wolf to its coverts strayed,
His savage whelps to rear.

To its lone banks one bright spring day,
A sturdy wanderer came,
With store of leather, russet brown,
And last and hammer weighted down,
John Keyzar was his name.

On southern slope of Misery's mount
A canvas tent he reared ;
And as he labored day by day,
He passed the lonely hours away
In peace, and nothing feared.

His leather, moistened in the stream,
Upon his knee he wrought.
The folks in old Pentucket town
Wore shoes that Keyzar brought them down,
With woodland fancies fraught.

And as he worked the leather round,
And handled awl and thread,
'Neath sturdy blows the lapstone rang,
While many a stirring hymn he sang
Woke echoes overhead.

A Canty man was Goodman John,
And famed for feats of strength ;
'Tis said he jumped an oxcart o'er,
And seized a man by his own door
And threw him twice his length.

From old Pentuck to Boston town
He ran in one short night,
And back again, before the dew,
On grass that by the wayside grew,
Had dried in morning's light.

A man of curious fancy, he
Had many a saying quaint,
He loved the shady forest's gloom,
Its sunny dells where wild flowers bloom,
Its freedom from restraint ;

The gentle winds of summer time,
The crashing thunder loud,
Faint rosy tints that morning's flush,
The midday's heat, and twilight's hush,
The sunshine and the cloud.

The speckled rovers of the pools
Were by his cunning wooed,
And hill and wood gave many a thing,
With sparkling water from the spring,
To furnish daily food.

One morning in late summer time,
Long ere the sun appeared,
He left his tent beside the stream,
And, guided by the moon's pale beam,
For far Pentuck he steered.

He strode across the timbered ridge,
And skirted round the crown
Of Sweetser's height. Crossed Darby's brook,
Up Pecker's hill, where he could look
Down on the sleeping town.

He passed the lonely garrison,
All rapt in slumber deep,
And reached the river's wooded shore,
When night is darkest, just before
The day began to peep.

About him stretched the forest dim,
Filled full of sleepy life ;
The hush of morning's early hour
Lay over tree and bush and flower,
With woodland incense rife.

On his right hand the waters ran,
Swift flowing to the sea ;
Below, the sleeping village lay
Beside the river's winding way,
From fear and caution free.

What 's this that checks his swinging stride,
A sudden sense of fear,
Foreshadow of impending woe,
The coming of an unseen foe,
Or footsteps drawing near ?

He glides behind a sheltering tree
And sees with straining eye
A hundred shadowy forms appear,
Their every look a thing to fear,
As, one by one, pass by.

With painted face, and scalplock grim,
In single file they stride ;
Keen tomahawk and gun in hand,
And scalping knife in each waistband,
They through the forest glide.

From their far land beyond the lakes,
A French and Indian band,
Down through the summer, winding came,
To bring disaster, death, and flame,
Upon the English land.

On hellish errand they were bent,
To find it sleeping sound,
With fiery torch and murderous hand,
To strike Pentucket from the land,
Their old time hunting-ground.

Now Goodman John, the time has come
To test your vaunted speed,
Below you stand a score of homes,
Unconscious that the foeman comes,
Now haste thee in their need !

Like hunted deer he speeds along,
Until the town he spies ;
From house to house with flying feet
And hurried knock, nor paused to greet,
“ The Indians come,” he cries.

And when a little later on
The savage foe alarmed,
And painted forms with warwhoop loud,
About the little village crowd,
They found it fully armed.

Each log-built house a fortress was,
By sturdy yeoman manned ;
And answering yell and death-winged ball,
Caused many a red-skinned foe to fall,
And drove the murderous band.

Back to their homes behind the lakes
Returned the savage crew,
And for a time Pentucket town,
Beside the river nestled down,
In peace and plenty grew.

In gratitude to Goodman John,
They gave a vote of thanks,
Of common land a goodly store,
A hundred acres less or more,
Near Deep brook's shady banks.

For many years he lived thereon,
With children half a score,
And his descendants to this day
About the lonely hillside play,
Where stood his tent, of yore.

A century and a half has flown
On time's relentless wing,
The Indians with the years have fled,
And murmuring pine trees overhead
Their lonely requiem sing.

But still his well-remembered fame,
In song and stories taught,
The quaint and wondrous things he told,
His journeys long and actions bold,
The warning that he brought.

On Misery's mount the lonely winds
About his hearthstone moan,
Deep brook flows by with silent rush,
From out the wood the bird songs gush,
But human life has flown.

Pentucket town still stretches down
Beside the river clear,
But it is now a city proud,
With streets in which the busy crowd
No more the savage fear.

About it still the sheltering hills
In smiling beauty stand,
While stately buildings rising high,
With beauteous homesteads make it vie
With fairest in the land.

Beyond the hills lie smiling fields,
And sweet wild waters dance,
The quaint old names about them cling,
And over lake and hillside fling
A glamour of romance.



COUNT RUMFORD.¹

By Charles R. Corning.

AMID the austere environments of a simple village in Colonial Massachusetts, just as the eighteenth century had half run its course, was born a child of Puritan parents, who in after life was to become one of the famous men of all history. So wonderful and so varied were the characteristics of that child that we may well believe that the Graces stood around his cradle. Surely if there ever was an occasion summoning the fairies from ideal retreats, that occasion might have been seen at Woburn March 26, 1753.

In a land with never a castle and never a knight, in a community as primitive as it was lovely, the fabled spirits played as pretty a drama as ever the storied and illuminated East had ever seen. Out of the wild en-

tanglement of the forest the fairies constructed a palace and within its walls of fantasy they brought their favored offspring. Gifts precious to the gods, they lavished on the sleeping boy and in unseen train they filed about the favorite, each whispering in his ear the secret of human achievement.

Never in the Western Empire had fate shown more prodigality or bestowed its gifts more becomingly. Rarely indeed, have the attractions of mind been more closely allied with the beauties of body than in the case of this genius. No wonder then that qualities so rare should have been displayed so early and that the career of Benjamin Thompson should have been marked with brilliant achievement. Childhood had scarcely given way to youth before we see the mani-

¹ An address before the Colonial Dames of New Hampshire, convened at the residence of the Hon. Joseph B. Walker at Concord, June 17, 1899.

festations of that superb mentality. Whether that impetuous current of intellect could have been turned aside or partly confined by circumstances and environments need not give us trouble. Happily it was that the barriers of his early days were so easily overcome and that despite the discouragement of poverty, his soul was not chilled nor his ambitions dulled. The education common to that period was undertaken, then followed a brief experience in mercantile life, his entrance into the office of a prosperous merchant of Salem. In 1769 we see the young man enter the counting-house of Hopedill Capen, one of the pillars of Boston commerce. It is evident that the apprentice was by no means negligent of personal appearance and becoming accomplishments, for he purchases small clothes, owes for a seat in church, and begins taking lessons in French.

Two years later, with personal means somewhat enlarged through school teaching, Thompson sets his mind seriously towards the profession of medicine by enrolling himself as a student in the office of Dr. Hay of Woburn. It was at this time that his friend, Loammi Baldwin, secured permission not only for himself but for Thompson as well to attend lectures on chemistry at Harvard, given by Prof. John Winthrop. This was surely another manifestation of the Graces' favor, and all through the summer of 1771 the two young men, both destined to add new lustre to science, walked blithely over the eight miles of intervening highway from Woburn to Cambridge. If bread was ever cast on the waters to return weighted with gifts in years to come, it was in this instance.

With becoming gratitude for this privilege of his youth, Count Rumford in after times made that splendid donation to Harvard which exists to-day in fulness of purpose. As a punctuation mark in his career let us stop to read a set of brief rules which the young student prescribes for his own observance. The date of this self-inflicted discipline is not clear, but 1772 would not be far amiss.

"From eleven to six, sleep. Get up at six and wash my hands and face. From six to eight exercise one half and study one half. From eight till ten, breakfast, attend prayers, etc. From ten to twelve, study all the time. From twelve to one, dine, etc. From one to four, study constantly. From four to five, relieve my mind by some diversion or exercise. From five till bedtime, follow what my inclination leads me to; whether it be to go abroad or stay at home and read either anatomy, physic, or chemistry, or any other book I want to peruse."

It would not be incorrect to accept this code of action as true of his whole life. His vigorous mind like his athletic body needed constant exercise and one may search in vain to find a single mental waste spot in his long career. Even as a school boy, not alone by the kindly traditions of the time but by the more authoritative records, he is described as full of inventions and experiments, putting to the test those hidden powers which were soon to charm the world. As a strange coincidence, too, we are told of how narrowly he escaped disfigurement by the sudden explosion of some fireworks he had made in honor of the repeal of the stamp act.

Ambition urges him on and he be-

comes a schoolmaster at Bradford, near Haverhill; but he is scarcely identified with that village when a siren call from the wilderness sounds in his ears and fate has set its trap. A little frontier settlement bursting into life on the graceful uplands between the winding Merrimack and the dark zone of untouched forest is in need of a teacher, and Timothy Walker, son of the first minister, sets out to find one. To him the name of young Thompson is not unknown, they are relatives, and soon they are to be more closely bound. They meet, a bargain is made, and all unconsciously Concord soon welcomes her most illustrious citizen. Truly the Graces must have presided at his cradle. A splendid study of manhood he presents. Nearly six feet in height, handsome in regular features, with bright blue eyes and dark auburn hair. Lithe, muscular and graceful, fascinating in speech, polished in manner, agreeable, cultured, and winning. May we not see him now standing on the meeting-house green conversing with Colonel Walker, who points out to him the perplexing boundaries of old Rumford and explains the meaning of the new name, Concord. May we not imagine the warm welcome as the young student paused on the threshold of the parsonage and took the hand of his venerable patron and friend.

May we not, indeed, discern in this ancient dwelling, more than one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, more than a parsonage, more than a home, and may it not have seemed to the young stranger the ideal of that perfect structure called by the poet, "love's ferv'rous citadel."

In this mansion, so changed in everything save its unbroken line of

distinguished and hospitable ownership, came young Benjamin Thompson at the age of barely nineteen years. It was a period of public peace and social happiness; the controversy with Massachusetts over the Bow charter had been lately adjusted and in token of its conclusion a new and attractive name had been given to the old plantation.

Rumford had yielded to Concord in the official nomenclature only to be rescued and transmitted on in brightest significance by the handsome young schoolman from down the river.

Concord village in 1772 presented a picture of pastoral beauty, watched over by the little aristocracy of spiritual teaching and intellectual leadership already impressive in their simplicity.

Singularly acceptable must have been the coming of this bright-eyed stranger to a scene like this, and that the stranger felt it is proved by his reminiscences in after years. Fate was at his side and whispered the old, old story in his willing ears. And now begins Concord's first romance. Those bright eyes soon rested on a daughter of the house of Walker, a lady in lonely but not inconsolable state, a widow but recently bereaved. On a larger stage and amid a more ceremonious community, Mrs. Rolfe might have aspired to the hand of the proudest leader, for she was young, rich, and socially the peer of any within even the charming vice-regal circles of Portsmouth. In November, 1772, Benjamin Thompson and Sarah Walker Rolfe were married.

Proud of her handsome husband, the curricule of amusing history is brought forth and away they go to-

wards the magnet spot of Colony times, Strawberry Bank by the sea. Benjamin Rolfe, the lady's former husband, was a social and political leader, a royal councillor and an intimate of John Wentworth, governor of the Province. What then could be more fitting than a revisit to the Portsmouth court with circumstances so pleasing. The governor himself had had his love exploit with fair widow Atkinson and perhaps he saw something similar in the newly wedded pair that stood in his presence on a late day in November, 1772. John Wentworth, one of the lovable characters of our prerevolutionary period, was fascinated at once by the manifold attractions of the young bridegroom, nor did he hesitate to signify his appreciation by a most unusual mark of favor.

If we all believed in the tenets vouchsafed by predestination, as indeed some of us do believe, we should discern in that gracious official act a distinct and irrevocable influence on Benjamin Thompson. From that hour the die is cast and the blushing teacher is moulded into the man of the world, of the world and for the world. Governor Wentworth forthwith commissioned Thompson as major in the second regiment of the King's Militia, a proceeding wanting precedent, an honor surpassing favoritism. Not yet of age yet ranking more than one officer that had fought with Abercrombie and Wolfe, and ranged with Robert Rogers.

From that hour Thompson became the full fair target of jealousies and heartburnings, for to the rough soldiers of the day, the new major seemed a courtier, a fop, and a strutting upstart.

Nor indeed was this feeling confined to the militia. To the people at large, unable to comprehend intellectual gifts so dazzling or to estimate correctly a deportment so manly and so polished, Thompson was looked upon as a pretender and as the very vanity of vanities.

But events soon rushed like storm clouds to cover the land and to leave wreckage everywhere. As the gale first smites lofty turrets and imposing oaks, so that storm of passion and revolution sweeping with resistless sovereignty caught in its mighty arms those that sought to stay it. Benjamin Thompson was in the path of the tempest and it overwhelmed him. Yet no evidence impeaches his integrity or stains his birthright. The jealousy of the times struck at him and drove him from home and hearth. The Committee of Safety ransacked his papers, interrogated him face to face, sought in every way to prove him a traitor, and failed.

I do not believe that Benjamin Thompson did aught to injure his native land. He begged that definite charges should be made, yet none was offered, but we see now that nothing could have saved him. Relentless hatred hatched from jealousy and suspicion had done its work and the tyrant, public opinion, decreed his banishment.

In August, 1775, a tender letter passes from him to his respected father-in-law, and shortly after he who was to confer such undying fame on America had quitted his native land. What is meant for the world cannot be kept from the world, sober seclusion soon becomes selfishness, and in Thompson's case as in Franklin's, opportunity and liberty

were indispensable to mature and emphasize his rare gifts of intellect.

Again Fate points the way and Europe not America becomes the theater of his splendid capacities. Born to fascinate and possessing the golden key and password neither portals nor society withstand his admission. Like a bright light across the darkness of night was his entrance into the cabinet councils of King George. Stupidity was relieved by his presence, but a thousand like him could not lessen the bigotry or the blunders of the ministry. And so the war went on.

Thompson was now a lieutenant-colonel in the English Army, and as an under secretary he entered the office of his friend, Lord George Germaine, Colonial secretary in charge of the war. During these years Thompson pushed forward numerous experiments in gunnery and gunpowder, testing cannon ranges on board royal frigates, and receiving everywhere the respectful attentions of men of rank and influence. In this interesting portraiture we are more than once perplexed with certain blemishes hardly superficial and with lines too hard to suggest mere accident. Let us pass over that strange abandonment of wife and child in 1775, let us vouchsafe no explanation of that sustained silence which a stroke of his pen might at any moment have broken, nor let us make fruitless search for any message of endearment entrusted by Thompson to the willing medium of acquaintances and of prisoners of war passing constantly to and fro between London and the Colonies. Explanation has lost its force after all these years and promises no help.

How much more attractive would be that unique personality if we could forget that return to America in 1782. He comes to the land of his fathers not in quest of the abandoned, not as a bearer of conciliation, nor yet as one seeking to adjust burning differences. Alas! he comes not as friend but as foe, in the bright uniform of the King's Own, his breast glittering with royal decorations, and with sword unsheathed. Cornwallis had surrendered, but the war drags on. British opinion is at last correcting British blunders and the end is in sight. Yet we find our Concord schoolmaster high in favor and striking blows for his king first in Carolina and then along the Jersey coast. He is now colonel of the King's American Dragoons, and in August, 1782, receives from the hands of Prince William Henry, afterward King William IV, a set of colors for his regiment. Early in 1783 Colonel Thompson returns to England, hostilities having ceased. He remains an officer of the army, and the king's permission permits him to visit the continent. Already his fame as a philosopher is abroad, and even then he is poised an arrow's flight above the heads of his contemporaries. His intercourse with casual men of travel is like the track of a meteor. Gibbon meets him and is straightway made captive: at Strasburg he attracts the instant attention of Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, then a field marshal in the French army, who gives him a letter of introduction to his uncle, the elector. Again we behold Kindly Fate leading him onward. Charles Theodore, elector of Bavaria, was charmed with his guest, nay more, he saw

with surpassing intuition the talents and accomplishments of the young officer, and soon suggested to him a position at the court in Munich. To accept that honor Thompson must ask permission of King George III. The English king was pleased at such preferment, and not only gave his royal permission but added to it a patent of knighthood. With half pay as colonel, and with his title, Sir Benjamin was in easy circumstances, and presented the courtliest figure in all the court of fortune. At the age of thirty-one he entered the service of the elector between whom and himself, till the death of the former in 1799, there subsisted the closest of relations and the proudest of friendships.

Seldom indeed has there been a genius combining in the highest degree the speculative and the practical, but in this rare man we find it as perhaps never before. Rulers in time of war look to the man of action not to the philosopher, yet in this case the elector found both personalities in a single man. Bavaria in those days was an important state in Europe, autonomy was one of her attributes, and her ruler was vicar of the holy Roman empire. Munich not then, as now, famed for magnificence and ornamentation, was, nevertheless, among the principal capitals of the continent, and was through circumstances arising from the French Revolution, of great weight in the uncertain balance of power. There amid surroundings wholly foreign, confronted with problems hard and untried, among a people strange in language, and stranger still in racial characteristics, the gifted New Englander, never flinching, called

forth those extraordinary powers of intellect and will, and made himself literally the ruler of the country. His achievements at this period of his career constitute one of the most remarkable and interesting chapters of human biography. With a touch like magic he reformed the army, organized schools, started founderies for ordnance, reclaimed swamplands, introduced sanitary dwellings, pointed the way to industrial development, made homes for artisans, laid out public gardens, and stopped the curse of begging by process so thorough as to startle philanthropy with its success. And all these were accomplished in years so few as to seem incredible. If Sir Benjamin had died in the hour of these triumphs, history would still have accorded to him a unique and dazzling station. He had already done enough to establish his fame, yet during these years of ceaseless and successful achievements he continued those experiments in science which then and forever afterward made the whole world his debtor. No wonder his name was wafted to the uttermost confines of civilization, and that the proudest societies felt honored with his membership. On this lofty eminence, surrounded by all that was agreeable and inspiring, this singular unity of Buckingham and Richelieu remained for eleven years the petted and respected leader of his peers. Honors and titles were lavishly bestowed on him, the order of Saint Stanislaus from the king of Poland, a membership in the Academy of Berlin, the office of privy councillor of state, a major-general's commission, and finally, in 1791, the rank of a count of the Holy Roman em-

pire. With becoming fidelity to the far away village in New Hampshire, where first he had lighted the lamp of success, he chose the name of Rumford as his titular right, and as Count Rumford he walks the ages.

In September, 1795, Count Rumford left Munich for a time and took up his residence in England. He was now without a rival in the realm of science and honors, and degrees were conferred upon him almost without number. During this period he visited Italy, meeting with princely welcome wherever he journeyed. Ireland also had him for a guest and sent him away crowned with social laurels. It was also at this period that we behold the end of that long separation between father and daughter, and see them at last reunited.

Sarah had now reached the age of twenty-one years and was about to undergo as interesting an experience as any young lady of her time and a far more picturesque one than had ever befell an American maiden of her years. Father and daughter remained together at the first visit for five years, Sarah returning to America in 1799.

Affairs in Europe were rapidly gathering for turmoil and revolution, and the condition of Bavaria compelled the count to quit the agreeable life he was then leading and hurry towards Munich. Up to this point we have seen Rumford fulfilling every promise made by his fairy god mothers. We have seen the student, the lover, the friend of Governor Wentworth, the under secretary in the office of Lord Germaine, the colonel in the Carolinas, and withal the man of science. We are now to see him in a station surrounded by dau-

gers and difficulties almost insuperable; we are to see how completely the fairies that stood near his cradle did their mysterious work by mixing with their gifts the courage of the hero and the spirit of the true ruler.

In the spring of 1797 the flames of the French uprising had scorched nearly all central Europe; Napoleon was just coming on the stage, but the Directory was supreme, and under the Directory Moreau was leading a vast army through Germany. The strange texture of the Holy Roman Empire was tested as never before. Austria, the leader of the empire, was at war with France and sought to embroil Bavaria in the common cause. Bavaria in her turn was striving mightily to maintain that neutrality which was soon to quit the continent for a whole generation. Munich was the vantage point of both combatants. The French were advancing rapidly to seize the city, while from the opposite direction came the Austrians bound on capturing it with the object of checking Moreau and of compelling the elector to declare war against France.

Chaos was impending. The elector fled into Saxony, flinging back the appointment of a council of regency with Rumford as its president. Rumford was at the same time made commander-in-chief of the army; in fact, he was virtual dictator. For months he was not only the absolute ruler of Bavaria; he was the most powerful man in Europe. France and the whole empire were bidding for his favor. Yet as in every juncture of his career, his head was unturned, his mind clear, and his resources inexhaustible. He shut the gates of Munich and compelled the Austrians

to leave his territory ; he threatened death to any French trooper who came within the sacred zone. The danger was averted, the city was saved, the elector returned full of gratitude to his American savior.

Any gift was at his feet. There was one honor high above all others that he craved ; it was the ambassadorship to London. He was now forty-five years of age, and bore one of the most illustrious names in Europe. A residence in London as a member of the diplomatic corps would assure him a distinguished consideration while his fame as a man of science would attract to his house the choicest company of the capital. But King George III refused to receive Count Rumford as Bavarian ambassador on the ground that he was still a British subject. The decision was arbitrary, unjust, and insolent, but it was irreversable. If the truth be known jealousy and envy of Rumford's preëminence were the cause of his rejection. Humiliating as this treatment was it passed as a summer's cloud. Rumford now became a citizen of the world, his attainments and his achievements were too superb for one country, so he scattered them over all. In 1799, this wonder master of the age gave to mankind that magnificent home of science, known as the Royal Institute of Great Britain. Splendid as its work has been, its array of alumni has been even more splendid. Humphrey Davy, Michael Faraday, and

John Tyndall were students in this institution. Davy, in fact, was a protégé of the count.

In this same year, 1799, John Adams, president of the United States, instructed Rufus King, our minister at London, to offer the superintendency of the newly organized military academy at West Point to Count Rumford. This was the atonement made by the American people to their most famous exile. In honors, achievements, and fame, Rumford was without a peer. Munich, London, Paris, were his homes, and in each he enjoyed the intimacy of the highest in rank and station, even Bonaparte was an ardent admirer and an intimate. Two hemispheres recognized his claims, the whole world offered him a home. Nature had yielded to him her secrets ; mankind had given to him its boundless devotion. Four great countries profited by his attainments—England, France, Germany, and the United States.

Bavaria sees him in living reform, Great Britain knows him in her Royal Institute, the United States beholds him in his generous deeds for education. He was king in thought and deed. His scepter was the magic wand of mind ; his subjects were the children of men and their children's children. His realm grows in extent and influence year by year. His reign shall continue for it is founded on doing good to his fellow men.



TRUTH.

"Great is Truth—and mighty above all things. Ask what thou wilt, Zerubbabel, and it shall be granted thee because thou art found wisest among thy companions."—Darius, King of Persia.

*By Henry O. Kent.*¹

I'm asked to start again the mill,
Grown rusty quite by long disuse ;
To bid its product come at will
An offering to my slighted muse.

'Tis years ago since last its crank
Moved round at poesy's decree.
The flowers that then bespread each bank,
And blossomed on life's morning lea,

In memory's gardens blossom still ;
But the dull cares of daily life
Have banished far my rhyming mill,
As little useful in the strife.

But kindly bid, I'll try anew
If aught of former store remains ;
And yet perchance the grist, when through,
Will poorly pay the miller's pains.

The peasant bard, ere yet his pen
Had bade the words his thoughts determine,
Said they might frame a song, and then
With equal livelihood—a sermon.

So I, without a chosen theme
To which to beg my muse's attention,
E'en let her spur my halting brain
To heed the subject she may mention.

Perhaps few words are ever new
That tell of honor, faith, and right,
That place the record of the true
Plain in the walk of daily life.

Perhaps, my verse may tell of Truth,
The noblest attribute and best ;
The pregnant source of happy youth,
The peaceful cause of aged rest.

¹Written July, 1866, in response to the request of a local society of ladies, to be produced in a MSS. publication, and read on a gala night.

Truth in all things, in broadest sense
 Abhorrence of low art and fraud,
 That strips the mask from vile pretense
 And brings in time a sure reward !

Truth is a jewel that outshines
 The garish tinsel of deceit ;
 That in the labyrinth of life's mine
 Illumes the path for honor's feet.

Truth is a maiden—radiant, fair,
 Whose presence tests the murky soul
 As diamonds by prescience sure
 Reveal the poison in the bowl.

Based upon Truth, the life conformed
 To her, its patron, will succeed—
 As bars of sunshine rend the storm,
 Revealing glories overhead.

Take my poor rhyme, an humble strain,
 And twine it as a votive wreath
 Around the brow of Truth, whose name
 Is pledge of honor, gage of faith !

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT SOUTH SUNAPEE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.



THE old meeting-house is in the past. No stout timber of its frame has a visible form, for each sound piece has been carted to another locality. A few stones of its foundation remain to mark where it stood, and we can still trace the boundary of those walls reared with so much care and pride by the Puritan fathers of the beautiful hamlet. Soon, however, the tempest and other leveling influences will also destroy the few sacred vestiges that remain.

But the little enclosure of "God's

Acre" within the grounds, where lie the peaceful sleepers, some of whom are so dear to me and mine, is still intact, and loving hearts and willing hands will long give it faithful care.

The chemist, Nature, will work to memorialize yet a little longer the spot once sacred to holy ministrations, and a tracery of more luxuriant grass on the little common will mark the site of the old fane. The rural structure will vanish utterly to the eye of sense, but will it be really gone—completely annihilated?

It is a law of the material world

that nothing dies. The wreath of smoke that ascends like the phantom of the burning pyre is only the resolving of that pyre into other elements, and each particle of the mass re-appears in other forms. The rain that bathes the plant in beauty has coursed its way through innumerable ages, and may have listened to the morning stars singing in the dawn of time. There is no death amongst the changes of material being—no death to the soul, passing along the stages of its immortality. Is then the old meeting-house, almost for a century overlooking the lake that now shines in autumnal beauty,—is that edifice perished and gone forever?

The men and women of old Sunapee, who worshiped there in earlier days, have long since departed, and the gray heads of its latter time are laid asleep in yonder burial place. The last funeral I attended in the old church was that of a sturdy patriot, who, with his devoted companion, is resting near by until the trump shall sound. Mid-age, with its struggles and toils, has laid them down on that calm, green field, and those who were young now bear the silvery ensigns of the closing warfare, and the few children of this quiet locality are passing rapidly along the same path. To these last two classes the old meeting-house is a reality. To them it is there, at times, lifting its head in the tranquil sunlight, still braving the storm and the thunderbolt, and there it will be until a few more eyes are closed—and then all trace of it will have vanished.

All trace of it will have vanished from the earth—but in the realm of the immaterial life, in the world

where mind is not fettered and clouded by mortal vesture, will not that old temple be one of the memories that even that higher life will not divide from the spirit? Has no sin been so rebuked within its walls that it cowered and fled, and left its victim "in his right mind," and can that soul forget the circumstances of its awakening to the repudiation of that sin? Amidst thanksgiving that it was permitted to know and expiate its errors upon the earth, will there glide before it no shadow of the old fane that witnessed the penitent tear, and the turning to a better life? Has no hymn from that New Hampshire choir a power to reverberate through that world where mortal ear is not, but where each hallowed emotion of the soul finds perpetuity and exaltation? Have no sacred sympathies of kindred hearts, blended in lifelong harmony, endeared the scene of their holiest companionship in the land whose portal only debars the false and the unholy? And will not these pure and gentle reminiscences perpetuate the old temple, now gone, like all material things, to assume new phases in the circle of ever-changing forms?

Though a native of another state, I loved this house of worship built by the early settlers. Though it was but a humble one, it stood near the shore of yonder lake where the lovely trees lift their low, billowy tones in unison with the rippling waves, and full in sight was the roof of the old home-farm so dear to my wife, and which I first saw from the top of the lumbering yellow stage-coach years before the railroad to Newport was laid in the adjacent valley.

And now, of all the voices that rose in prayer, in warning and in rebuke from the seats of the old meeting-house, and from that high pulpit with its quaint sounding-board, no echoes resound through our years. At the last, occasional ministrations supplied the humble pulpit, or the devoted Deacon Lear with a little band of godly men exhorted within its walls.

The old building had a colossal frame, broad aisles, and spacious pews. It was near the center of a well-tilled district of believers, scattered among the openings in the forests and upon the breezy hill-sides.

No obstinate questioning of creeds in those times disturbed the peace of the church. No rebellious reasonings "like stumbling-blocks stood in the path of the believer." All, we think, was plain, and harmony dwelt among the faithful.

Near each door there was an inclined platform of solid Sunapee granite, probably taken from or near the present fine quarry at the "Harbor." Each stone rose to a convenient height for mounting a horse at one end, and ascended at the other by good broad steps. In those early days the population were all equestrian or pedestrian and "horse-blocks" were common.

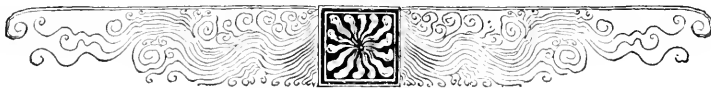
But we must not linger upon the

past. The dear old meeting-house has disappeared, and no fond greetings can sound again at its open doors. We lingered a few days since near the site where it stood, and nature had half veiled the scene with wild raspberry and other vines gracefully bending in the wind, while the long luxuriant grass partly hid the debris and made a pleasing feature in the landscape.

In fancy I heard words of sadness float upon the air, which seemed like an imploring appeal of mortal man to his Creator. "Thy years are one eternal day, and must thy children die so soon?" And the vast space seemed to echo, "So soon!"

A bright star twinkled in the fading splendors of the western skies as we turned away. Farewell, old temple of the past! Thy glory has melted and gone. The strong hands that reared thy substantial frame are dust in yonder burial-ground. Would to God that their firm faith, their earnest devotion, and their simple habits had a firmer place in the hearts of their descendants. Oh, that we all believed less in Mammon! that we refrained from bowing to success—that we did not love splendor so much!

Those who worship in gorgeous temples and listen to costly music,—do they always heed as they should the God of spirits?



MELINDA RANKIN.

By Jane Hobart Tuttle.

Scripture revised.—“Let us now praise famous women.”



ON the 21st of March, 1811, in an isolated but beautiful section of the western part of the town of Littleton, a child was born into the world—a little girl baby who was destined to carve an honorable name among her fellow men and win the crown of a life well spent.

She was born into an harmonious environment. Her cradle song was the babble of a brook, while the trees whispered tender things of the future, and the lofty hills guarded her protectingly from the knowledge of a greater and a more inharmonious realm, where the sphere of action was man made and not God constructed, as all things would seem to hint within the little maid's narrow range of outlook.

Nature sang songs and told secrets to the little lassie of the woods, and the juvenile recipient of the great dame's favor merited the confidence and imbibed something of the sturdy strength of nature in her own temperament, becoming a true nature lover and walking the devious paths of nature's grand cathedral with understanding in her heart and reverence for the great ordered Cosmos in her soul.

Ask the survivor of a bygone day to picture this maid of the wild

woods for you and he will draw a vivid representation of what Melinda Rankin was in later years when the child had grown to girlhood and the maiden had drawn near the point “where the brook and river meet.” In this picture there will always be two strong characteristics depicted. One is self-reliance—the other sturdiness of purpose—qualities that go hand in hand and support each other in the nature of man and woman. This strength of will seems to have been inborn in Melinda Rankin, and femininity in certain ways was counter-balanced by almost masculine tendencies in others.

Historic records handed down from early time show that the Rankins were prominently identified with local life. General Rankin, father of Melinda, owned mills on Rankin brook, the ruins of which are a familiar landmark which the traveler of to-day meets on the road to Partridge lake, a favorite drive with the tourists who frequent the mountains during summer days. This General Rankin was a son of James Rankin, the pioneer representative of the name who came over from Glasgow the year the British blockaded Boston harbor.

Here amid the granite hills Melinda Rankin passed the formative period of life, when impressions and

influences shed their light upon her strong and resolute nature, and the sturdiness of purpose mentioned above entered into the guiding spirit of her life and aims.

From the outset circumstances were against her, for books were limited and schoolhouses were few, and it was hardly deemed necessary for education to descend with its leavening inspiration upon woman-kind. There are in the world rare natures that are great enough to rise above environment, and Melinda Rankin's was one of these. She possessed within a facility for gaining knowledge despite obstacles, and at the age of fourteen years she was given a teacher's certificate. Her father's library was limited, but she devoured every book on the shelves, and like Abraham Lincoln she read and re-read, grasping the matter from cover to cover and retaining it.

In those days the accomplishments of woman were along domestic lines. A woman must know how to make bread light and white; she must know how to spin, to weave, to sew a seam with proficiency, to knit; to do all the things which come under the head of good housekeeping. Woman in those days was unknown in the public world, and rarely held an office, but Melinda Rankin, in reading the memoirs of Harriet Newell, learned how useful one of her sex might become by leading a life of devotion to the missionary cause.

This book seems to have had a guiding influence on Melinda Rankin's career. She pondered it in the quiet of the lonely mountain home, and more and more it was borne in upon her that what one woman could do another could perform as well.

Why should not she, too, become a missionary?

It was not a case of the Hottentots abroad getting attention paid to their stockings while the stockings of the Hottentots at home lay forgotten and neglected, for Melinda Rankin in her aspirations toward the work of an outside world did not allow home duties and cares to be forgotten. She was faithful in much; she was also faithful in little. She was a missionary in the neighborhood. One finds her proving in many a case of dire and distressing need a good Samaritan; the mark of her hand is traced in Sunday-school, in day school, in many a home throughout the community.

In the year 1840, General Rankin met with reverses and lost his property. His daughters came to the rescue and resolved that they would endeavor to mend the fallen fortunes of the family by seeking the lucrative field of the West.

One next finds Melinda Rankin with her two sisters in a Western school-room where all three earned a reputation as teachers of ability. In time Melinda was left alone in this educational work, her sisters marrying and resigning the positions which they had successfully filled.

After teaching in Kentucky and Mississippi Miss Rankin accepted a position at Barton Institute, Alabama, that being in those early days the most popular educational institution in the South. While acting as instructress in this institute, she made the turning point of her life. Reports of the war between Mexico and the United States came to her and made cognizant for the first time of the terrible condition of the Mexi-

can people, their moral servitude and benighted state, her heart was touched by the story and she longed to help them.

Unable at that time to render any personal aid she wrote to missionary boards and urged upon them the necessity of help for the country, the nearest neighbor of the United States, but as a reply came the answer, "We can do nothing for the people of Mexico until her laws are changed and a liberal government is established within her domains."

Failing in this attempt, she wrote various missionary societies beseeching their aid for the unhappy country, offering to undertake the mission herself and asking help to carry out the enterprise.

At last disheartened at the prospect of receiving outside aid, she determined to depend upon her own resources and enter the missionary field on her own responsibility.

Without any definite idea of what she would do, she took a steamer at Vicksburg and sailed down the Mississippi, it seeming to her strong and prayerful nature that God's voice was calling her to Mexico. This was in the year 1847. She met on the steamer a gentleman who was seeking a teacher for the female academy at Huntsville, Texas, and at his suggestion, and with the thought that the unsettled condition precluded her from entering the country of Mexico at that time, she accepted the position.

The years of her life at this time were uneventful. Huntsville was a quiet place and tranquility rather than excitement ruled. The chief event in her career at this point was the writing of a little book which was called

"Texas," and in which she set forth the need of evangelical labors in Texas both for its own sake and on account of the adjacent country, Mexico.

The book gives one an admirable idea of life in Texas at that period and is written with lucidity of description and clearness of detail.

It was not until 1852 that opportunity was given her to enter the country which for so many years she had longed to help.

"How slow the time

To the warm soul that in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design."

At Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, she opened a school for children. Protestant missionaries were prevented by Mexican laws from taking up their abode within the country's precinct and this strategy was needful. Bibles were distributed among the adults and in quiet but necessarily unostentatious ways, Miss Rankin sought to spread through the community the light and message of the Christian gospel.

About this time when it seemed as though the desire and ambition of her life were to be realized, there appeared at Brownsville a disturbing force in the shape of several nuns and priests who came from merry France with the idea of erecting in Mexico a French convent. The soil chosen by the newcomers was unfortunately within the town of Brownsville where already a sturdy seed had been implanted which promised a ripe harvest.

The seed-sower was undaunted by this sudden encroachment upon her field of activity and fired by characteristic zeal and energy of purpose, she resolved to maintain her

ground and battle for Protestantism. It was necessary to gain proper funds for the maintenance of a school which should in its strength of support fully equal its rival in order to be successful. With this idea as an inspiring guide, Melinda Rankin left the town, allowing the French promoters to think she had been routed from the field, and sought the United States. From state to state she went soliciting financial aid and in fourteen months again entered Brownsville. She found the convent erected and the French missionaries in full power.

With an undaunted front and serene temper, this determined woman hired several apartments as school-rooms and opened a Protestant institution. In two months all the pupils who were formerly enrolled in her ranks had left the convent and returned to their old instructress, and in time many new students joined the classes.

Mexican parents were desirous of having their children learn the English language, which branch of study was rigorously taught in Miss Rankin's school but which was not a part of the curriculum of the French convent.

Persecution from the latter institution naturally followed but this ceased within a short time, the Father Superior losing his life in a rough gale off the Mexican coast, and the convent after this tragic occurrence subsiding into a non-ambitious state with power departed.

When, in 1857, came the revolution for religious freedom in Mexico, the people of the country began to call for Protestant literature. Then Melinda Rankin came forward. Books on the Protestant religion

were in great demand, and from the states she obtained the current literature on the subject, acting as the agent for its distribution through Mexico.

With the exception of occasional towns through Mexico, Miss Rankin remained at Brownsville until 1862. In the month of September of that year there came the command from the ruling board,—“You are in sympathy with a country called the United States, and are not in sympathy with the Southern Confederacy, and no teachers not in sympathy with us can be allowed to occupy that institution.”

From the seminary which she herself had founded, from the two hundred girl students whom she had reared with faithful zeal, she was obliged to part. A sin committed in the name of a mistaken patriotism. It was a grievous wrench, as a number of time-worn letters testify. Just over the river to the town of Matamoras the exile departed, teaching in this town until the year 1863, when owing to civil disturbances she sought the safety of the Federal lines, entering first the city of New Orleans. Here she found that Union women were sadly needed as nurses; nearly every home in the city was a hospital for wounded soldiers, and Melinda Rankin, with vigorous constitution, clear head, and gentle hands, stepped into the breach.

For two years she served in the capacity of ministering angel, soliciting delicacies for the fevered soldier, administering medicines, watching the couch of pain, and going from bedside to bedside with cheerful and unwearying patience.

When the need of this work had

ceased Miss Rankin again entered the educational field, taking a position as principal of one of the first schools in the country opened for freedmen, but her first love was not forgotten, and in 1865, when the French invasion had been overcome and the country had again been opened for missionary work, she resigned the lucrative position which she was then holding, and sought Brownsville, the scene of her early labors.

The seminary had been materially injured by explosions and was demolished past recognition.

Beset by the old longing for missionary work, she expended \$200 in repairs and opened her old school, sixty pupils joining the ranks.

In the year 1865 she gave up the work of teaching and went to Monterey as representative of the American and Foreign Christian Union, where she purchased a building suited to mission needs, with slight remodeling, and inaugurated a missionary enterprise on a large scale. The entire cost of the establishment was \$10,000, and bible work and school routine were carried on, a number of the natives coöperating with Miss Rankin in the proclaiming of the Protestant faith. The funds were obtained through the latter's indefatigable efforts.

In 1873, owing to failing health, she was compelled to give up the arduous labors which the position involved, but she did not give up Mexico and the furthering of its interests.

On her return to the United States she went about among the churches awakening an interest in the Mexicans, visiting in the course of the

tour every state in the Union from the Atlantic ocean to the Missouri river. At the age of sixty-one she went to Bloomington, Ill., where she made her home during the last years of her full and rounded life.

For twenty years this woman was the ruling Protestant power in all Mexico. For twenty years she fought for its moral freedom and by her hand was instigated the beginning which was destined to reach out with kindling force in the years to come.

The American Board received as proof of the labors of this remarkable woman a valuable and extensive property consisting of more than a dozen schools, numerous Sunday-schools, and six evangelical churches.

To literature she contributed besides the little book on "Texas" another very readable creation, "Twenty Years Among the Mexicans," which has passed through several editions and is not only interesting reading matter but is also valuable as an historic record of an important mission.

The old mills where first she saw the light are deserted now and the scene is a lonely one; but to the passer-by who has within his soul a strain of reminiscence, the rippling brook babbles a tale of the long ago when the present ruins represented a populous neighborhood, and men made their abode within the picturesque but now solitary ways.

A long stretch of imagination and the traveler sees the little maid of the mills—a sturdy, self-reliant little miss with a thin face and resolute eyes, standing by the brook pondering the grave and weighty issues of life. The whole world is within reach of the encircling arms of the

maid with the resolute eyes. She is very happy among the flowers, with the song of the brook in her ears, and the hum of the birds sounding near and the mountains and trees, yonder, that say such sweet and tender things if one will only

listen. She is very happy but she 'll be happier still when she grows to womanhood and becomes a servant in the service of her brothers and sisters.

Thus thinks the little maid. Her eyes grow very resolute.



HON. JOSIAH C. BLAISDELL.

Josiah C. Blaisdell, born in Campton, N. H., Oct. 22, 1820, died at Fall River, Mass., Oct. 4, 1900.

Mr. Blaisdell attended the district school in his native town, and later attended the Literary and Scientific Institute at Hancock, N. H. While he was still a youth, he removed with his parents to Methuen. From that town he went in 1843 to Fall River, residing there continuously until his death.

During the earlier years of his life in Fall River, Mr. Blaisdell was engaged in business, being a shoe dealer. He had an excellent voice, and a good knowledge of music. He formed a singing class which he conducted for several years.

From a youth he was inclined toward the study of law, and not long after locating in Fall River he began the study of that profession in the office of the late James Ford, Esq. After completing his studies, he engaged in the practice of law, continuing for the remainder of his life. He was always interested in public affairs, and was called to several offices of responsibility, besides that of presiding justice of the second district court, in which position he was best known.

In 1858 he was elected to the House of Representatives. In 1864 he was appointed by Gov. John A. Andrew to be a member of the Board of State Charities, to fill two years of an unexpired term. In 1866 Gov. Alexander H. Bullock reappointed him to the same office for a term of seven years, of which he served two years. He was elected a member of the State Senate in 1865, and a representative again in 1866. During the years 1858 and 1859 he served the city as mayor. In 1845 Judge Blaisdell was united in marriage with Miss Sarah C. Eddy, daughter of the late John Eddy of Fall River. From this marriage four children survive, John, Mary E., Jesse, and William Blaisdell, all residing in Fall River. Mrs. Blaisdell died while her children were still quite young. In 1880, Mrs. Annie W. Mitchell, formerly Miss Wilcox of Fall River, became his wife, and survives him.

JOHN F. FRENCH.

John Farrar French, a prominent citizen of North Hampton, died at his home in that town from paralysis, Oct. 2, 1900.

Mr. French was the seventh of eleven children of Rev. Dr. Jonathan and Rebecca (Farrar) French, born Feb. 10, 1818. The salary of his father, who was pastor of the Congregational church at North Hampton for fifty-five years, was meagre as compared with the wants of so large a family, and at an early age John F. commenced to look out for himself. His opportunities for education were limited, but in his youth he taught school for seven winters, devoting all time not thus occupied to farm work, which to the last claimed much of his attention. He was a fine type of the intelligent, progressive, and successful farmer, and his North Hampton estate, with its handsome and commodious buildings, has long been one of the largest, best managed, and most productive farms in that section.

He was one of the first men to contract for the sale of milk by the can for the Boston market. He began to sell milk nearly fifty years ago, and had long made it his leading business. In 1877, at the earnest solicitation of fellow farmers who had suffered through a contractor's incompetency, he began to run a milk car between North Hampton and Boston, and the business rapidly expanded to great proportions. He established a Boston creamery and stores for the sale of milk, butter, ice, cream, eggs, and like products of the farm, and his sales have long been very large.

He had been an active member of the Congregational church for sixty years. In politics he was originally a Whig; then a Democrat, and of late a Republican. He never sought office, but had served two terms as selectman of North Hampton, and had declined an appointment to the state board of agriculture. He had made himself a remarkably well informed man and had written and spoken much of value and interest upon agricultural and miscellaneous topics.

Mr. French was married on Nov. 8, 1843, to Lemira, daughter of Simon and Dolly Leavitt. She survives him, as does one daughter, Mrs. Newell W. Healey of Hampton Falls. He had lost two sons, and another daughter, Mrs. Joseph O. Hobbs, died only last spring. Mr. French left a brother, Sperry, of Exeter, and three sisters, Mrs. Sarah T. Abbott and Miss Lucy A. French, of Andover, Mass., and Mrs. J. W. Farrar, of Lincoln, Mass.

HENRY CHANDLER.

Henry Chandler, born in Bedford, October 30, 1830, died in Manchester, October 20, 1900.

Mr. Chandler was the eldest son of Adam and Sally Chandler, and was educated in the district schools, at the institute at Reed's Ferry, and at Gilmanton academy. At the age of twenty-one he went to Nashua, where he was engaged for a time in the grocery and hardware business, but in 1854 he removed to Manchester and entered the employ of John Plumer, a tailor. Later he formed a partnership with Henry Plumer, in the tailoring business, continuing until 1870, when he sold out and became a member of the firm of Libby, Cumner & Co., of

Boston, wholesale dealers in tailors' trimmings, where he continued till 1879, though holding his residence all the while in Manchester.

Concluding his relations with the Boston firm, he entered the Amoskeag Savings bank, at Manchester, of which he became treasurer in 1884, continuing in that capacity till death, and in which position he displayed great financial ability. He also held various other responsible positions, being a director and member of the executive committee of the Manchester Mills corporation, director of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company, director of the Manchester Gas Light company, director of the Pemigewasset Valley Railroad company, treasurer of the Manchester & Lawrence railroad, in which position he succeeded his brother, G. Byron Chandler, and president of the Brown Lumber company of Whitefield. He was also a member of the board of water commissioners of the city of Manchester, and the oldest director in point of service of the Amoskeag National bank of that city.

He was a Democrat in politics and a Unitarian in religion, and was a member of the various Masonic bodies in Manchester, up to and including Trinity Commandery, K. T. He is survived by a widow, one son, and three daughters.

JOSEPH C. BURLEY.

Joseph Cilley Burley, born in Epping, January 13, 1830, died in that town October 4, 1900.

He was the only son of Captain Benjamin and Elizabeth (Cilley) Burley. He received the best education that the schools of Epping afforded, and on coming to legal age was chosen superintending school committee. In 1854 he assumed charge of the Boston & Maine station at Newmarket, but upon his father's death in 1861 he was recalled to take charge of the homestead, which was first occupied by his great-grandfather.

It is one of the finest and most productive farms in this section, and its management and improvement claimed much of Mr. Burley's attention. Many years ago he became the partner of Col. Winthrop N. Dow in lumbering operations on a large scale. In a single winter the firm has operated five steam sawmills, cutting upwards of 5,000,000 feet of lumber. Messrs. Burley and Dow never severed their business relations, and large tracts of woodland in all sections of the country still stand in their name.

Mr. Burley had been identified with many business enterprises. He was prominent in the promotion of the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester railroad, and long served it as director. He was for many years a director of the Newmarket National bank, and president of the Epping Savings bank. His counsel in all business matters was highly valued and often sought. An active Republican, he had served the county as commissioner and his town as selectman, representative, and otherwise. He was a member and liberal supporter of the Universalist church at Nottingham.

In 1855 he married Sarah E. Haley, by whom he had five children, Nannie, wife of Harry W. Burleigh of Franklin; Harry B.; Alice, wife of Dr. Curtis of Wollaston, Mass.; Jennie C., and Benjamin T., all of whom survive him.

JOSEPH N. CILLEY.

Joseph N. Cilley, born in Nottingham, February 15, 1834, died in that town October 2, 1900.

He was a son of Col. Joseph Cilley, a veteran of the War of 1812, once a member of the United States senate, and a member of the order of the Cincinnati, to which membership Mr. Cilley succeeded on his father's death, as the oldest male heir. He received his early education at Pembroke academy and Reed's Ferry, and later studied law with Hon. Daniel M. Christy of Dover, and Greenleaf C. Bartlett of Derry, being admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1871. Owing to the ill health of his father, Col. Joseph Cilley, he never engaged actively in the practice of his profession. He was prominently identified with the business interests of his native town, and his counsel and assistance were frequently sought by the people of his own and neighboring towns. He represented the town in the legislature of 1876, and for several years had been chairman of the board of selectmen. He was also president of the Newmarket National bank, which position he held at his death. He was a prominent member of the Universalist church in Nottingham, and a generous contributor to its material needs. He was also a member of St. Marks Lodge, F. & A. M., of Derry.

In 1874 he married Mary B. Butler, daughter of James H. Butler of Nottingham, by whom he had two children, Elizabeth W. Cilley and Joseph Cilley, both of whom survive him.

WINGATE N. ILSLEY.

Wingate Newhall Ilsley, born in Portsmouth, July 6, 1824, died in that city, October 18, 1900.

He received a common school education, and at an early age entered the bookstore of the late Nathaniel March of Portsmouth, where he remained several years. Later he went to Boston for a brief interval, but returned and learned the dry goods business with the late Stephen Simes, and a few years after started in the same business for himself, and carried on a store until 1871, when in conjunction with the late Joseph P. Morse he purchased the insurance business of the late John S. Harvey, and has ever since carried it on, for fifteen years in association with Mr. Morse, later with W. H. Moore, and for the past six or seven years with Mr. Fred L. George.

Mr. Ilsley was a thirty-second degree Mason, and a member of the Sons of the Revolution, being a grandson of Corporal Jewett Ilsley of Newbury, Mass.

In early manhood he married Miss Mary Pickett, daughter of Captain Pickett of Portsmouth, who with one daughter, Mrs. William A. Hall, Jr., of North Andover, Mass., survives him.

OLIVER G. CRITCHETT.

Oliver G. Critchett, a prominent shoe manufacturer, head of the firm of Critchett, Libby & Co., of Belfast, Me., who died in that city September 21, 1900.

was a native of the town of Candia, born February 8, 1831, being a son of Moses and Nancy Gordon Critchett.

He commenced to learn the shoe maker's trade at eleven years of age, and in early life became a member of the firm of C. C. Dike & Co., shoe manufacturers at Stoneham, Mass. Subsequently he carried on business himself in Candia. In 1866 he formed a co-partnership with Sumner Richardson under the firm name of Richardson & Critchett, at Stoneham, building up a good business and furnishing employment to about 150 men and women. In 1872 the firm went to Belfast, where a factory had been erected by the citizens of the town and they were induced to come and settle there. From the start the firm was prosperous, employing from two to three hundred hands, and doing a business of over \$400,000 each year. Mr. Critchett married Mary A. Smith of Candia, who survives him, their only child, Frank O., dying in the spring of the present year.

REV. WILLIAM H. ALDEN, D. D.

Rev. William H. Alden, D. D., died at his summer residence on Islington street in Portsmouth, on Tuesday evening, October 2.

Dr. Alden was born in Middleboro, Mass., April 14, 1825. He was a graduate of Brown university and Newton Theological seminary, having early in life determined to enter the Baptist ministry. His first pastorate was at North Attleboro, Mass., the second at Lowell, Mass., and third at Albany, N. Y. He came to Portsmouth in March, 1868, accepting a united call from the society, succeeding the late Rev. Henry F. Lane, and continuing an eminently successful pastorate in that city for the period of nearly twenty-one years, having resigned his pastorate July 29, 1888.

Since resigning this pulpit service, he had been settled over no church but preached nearly every Sunday until last spring when failing health demanded retirement. He had supplied for four years at Westborough, three years at Sharon, one each at Nashua and East Boston.

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HON. GEORGE A. RAMSDELL.

March 11, 1831—November 16, 1900.

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THE EVOLUTION OF A CHURCH.

By Jonathan Smith.



THE first church in Peterborough, founded in 1751 or 1752, was Calvinistic in faith, and organized upon the Presbyterian model. In the course of seventy-five years it became Unitarian. It will be interesting to trace the causes of this change, and the successive steps by which the revolution was wrought out.

Its founders were of Scotch-Irish ancestry, with a small mixture of English blood, but they were thoroughly Scotch, and had all the traits of that brave and hardy race. They accepted the five points of Calvin, election, total depravity, particular redemption, irresistible grace, and final perseverance of the saints, without doubt or question. It was a creed suited to their stern democratic natures, their logical cast of mind, and the circumstances amid which they had grown up in Ireland. It harmonized, too, with their life of toil, their pinching poverty, and the threatening dangers from their savage foes in their new home in the

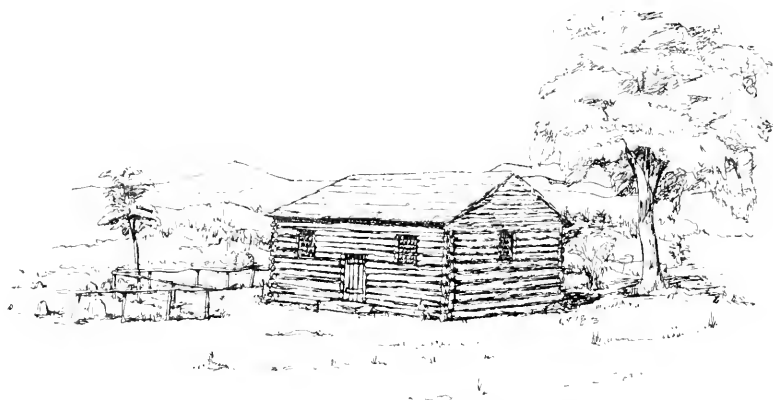
wilderness. If their natural characteristics and temper, and the environment of their lot in Ireland and this country, could have evolved for them a theological creed, the Presbyterian code of that day would have been the inevitable result.

But Calvinism contained elements which eventually repudiated and, in the end, overthrew it. The changes wrought by these destructive forces were slowly made, and were hardly perceptible to the people while going on. But when, after the close of the Revolutionary War, the members of this society came to inventory their religious opinions, a large majority found themselves far away from their original position on points of doctrine. Presbyterian forms and ceremonies were still used, but the self-destructive principles of that iron creed had done their work upon the articles of its faith, and the people waked up to the fact that they were no longer Calvinists.

A few leading causes of this change may be briefly sketched. Calvinism was a creed suited to a despotic gov-

ernment in a cruel age. It could not have originated in a democratic republic, nor could it long maintain its integrity in an atmosphere of free inquiry. Its fundamental principles were diametrically opposed to those of Rome. The Catholic church said "Believe." Calvinism commanded "Examine—Hold fast only to that which is good." Under the old faith man was made for the church, which was everything; under the new the church was made for man; he was the supreme value, and the church

throne, come down to earth and suffer, bleed, and die for worthless, insignificant creatures of a day. The Calvinistic doctrine of an eternal hell led its inquiring believer to ask whether the pit with all its fiery horrors could have been created just to punish a mere worm of the dust. If man, even a sinner, deserve such an abode, surely the awful Sovereign of the Universe must think him a creature of great possibilities for good or evil to banish him to it for all eternity for disobedience. "Why,"



Old Log Church.

was but an instrument to help him. The creed taught him that he was created by an Infinite Power; that he was responsible to it alone, and it would finally judge him. In the quaint language of Robert Brown, it "made every one of the church a king, a priest, and a prophet under Christ to uphold and further the kingdom of God, and to break down and destroy the kingdom of anti-Christ and Satan." It admitted of no hierarchy and denied the right of any man or body of men to lord it over another. It could not be possible, it led thinking men to say, that the Son would leave his Father's

men came to inquire, "if I am a person placed on this earth by an Infinite Power, have I not some rights which must be respected on earth and in heaven, too?" An infinite sacrifice could have been made only for beings "a little lower than the angels." This supreme offering, the Presbyterian said, was for me; I am responsible for rejecting it. By such questionings did Calvinism exalt the self-respect of its believer, and make him conscious of his own dignity and importance. The spirit of individualism to which it led was more marked among the Scotch of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than among

any other people, and it was in Scotland, and among that race in this country, that the true Calvinistic spirit reached its highest perfection. But in the free air of America it was one of the forces which first undermined and in the end destroyed the faith which strenuously cultivated it.

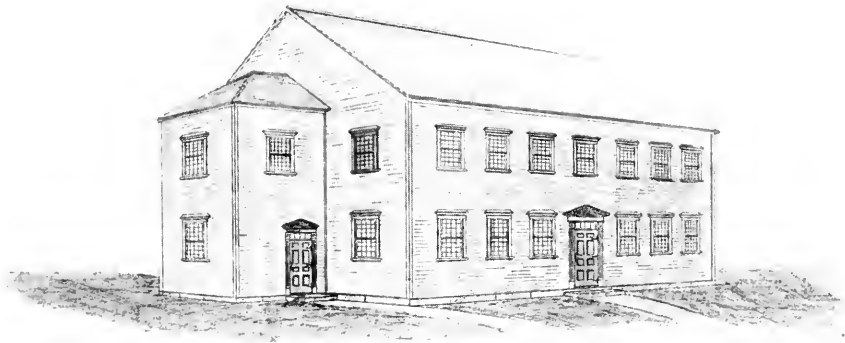
But a more potent element of destruction than individualism was the obligation laid by the creed upon every church member to read the Bible. "All sorts of people," runs the Catechism, "are bound to read it apart by themselves and with their families, with diligence and attention to the matter and scope of them, with meditation, application, and prayer." No article of the faith was more devoutly obeyed. They were to seek the meaning of its different texts in the book itself. While they might consult the minister in their search for light, in the last resort their own reason and conscience were to be the final interpreters. But "God alone is Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrine and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to His Word in matters of faith and worship." To the thoughtful, disputatious Scotchman nothing gave keener delight than to discuss its texts and apply them in proof or disproof of the different articles of his creed. The abstruse, metaphysical character of the confession, its iron logic, and the constant study of the Bible and catechism with the continual effort to think out their meaning was in the highest degree stimulating to the mind and strengthened and developed the reasoning powers. It made of its disciples strong and independent thinkers. It developed in them, especially after

they came to America, "the itch for inquiry," not only into matters theological, but into things scientific and historical also. "I am resolved," wrote Jonathan Edwards in his diary, at the age of twenty-three, "that I will be impartial to hear the reasons of all pretended discoveries, and receive them, if rational, how long soever I have been used to another way of thinking." Nothing was farther from the thought of Calvin than that the honest inquirer would find anything in the Bible which would raise a doubt upon the articles of the creed. But such were found, and the honest, hard-headed Scotch Irishman pondered them and discussed them with his neighbors and minister. The great reformer and his disciples did not once think what influence further discoveries in the fields of science and history would have, nor what changes life in a country where reason and conscience were free would bring. The settler's whole civil and industrial life stimulated this inquiring, independent spirit. He had established and maintained the town government, and had discussed, and accepted or rejected, constitutions of the state which had been submitted to him. He had discovered that he could live and prosper without the protecting arm of kings and bishops. His fear of the general assemblies and synods of his church was gone, and he came to regard them as of minor importance. The fearlessness and self-reliance developed by these experiences could not be kept from application to the problems of faith and duty. Once applied, there could be but one outcome.

While these influences were silently at work, the Revolution came. War

causes as many changes in church creeds as in the constitutions and statutes of states. Into the fiery furnace of all great struggles like those of 1775 and 1861, all political and social, all economic and religious platforms and creeds pass and are fused together; they never emerge in the same form in which they entered. "We may say," Dr. E. E. Hale recently remarked, "that the war of the Rev-

service, shrivel all differences of party and sect, and the cause for which the soldier fights becomes the one great thought and purpose of all. It becomes, too, the one thought and purpose of the people at home who sustain the armies in the field. In the great English Civil War, there were no distinctions of Presbyterian and Independent in Cromwell's army when his Ironsides got fairly down to busi-



Second Meeting-house in Peterborough. Erected, 1777. Removed, 1829.

View looks toward southwest corner of building.

olution knocked the doctrine of Total Depravity out of the working creeds of Christendom." He might have added, also, that the war of the Rebellion expunged the doctrine of Everlasting Punishment from the working creeds of Protestantism. In the military camp, on the weary march, and around the camp-fire, every shade of political and religious opinion is represented and debated. The comradeships of the camp, cemented by the sufferings and dangers of the military

ness; and in the Union army of our Civil War, after one campaign, there were no democrats, republicans, or abolitionists, only one great body of men determined to save the Union and destroy slavery. This sense of a common danger, this sharing of common hardships, and this making of a common sacrifice; and the terrible sorrows and bereavements of a common loss, break down all sectarian, as they do all party, walls both in the army and at home, which are never

re-established on the same lines nor as rigidly as before.

These experiences, all for a purpose of mutual concern, bring men together, and teach them to be more tolerant, more charitable, more humane. They come to see that behind the accidents of religious belief and political opinion is the man himself, infinitely greater and better than either. Church creeds, like the laws, are silent amid the clash of arms, and they never resume their former place when the struggle is over.

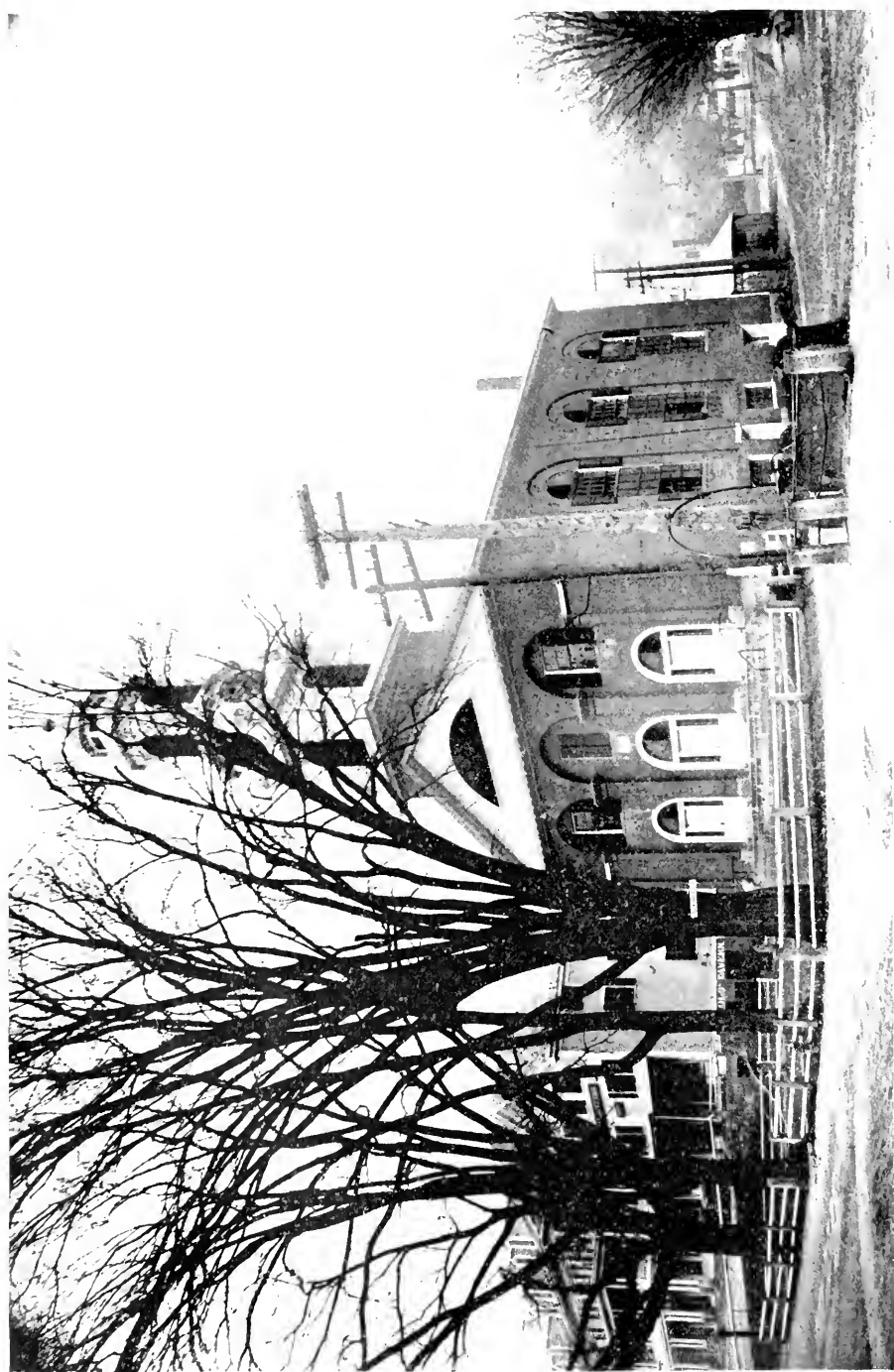
Before the Revolution the speculations of Rousseau and the French philosophers had obtained some foothold in the country, though less in New England than elsewhere. With the French alliance these opinions became more widely circulated. The presence of French troops spread them through the Continental armies. When the forces were disbanded, these ideas were carried into every village and hamlet of the nation. People did not accept them, but they debated and ceased to fear them. The discussions tended to still further soften and otherwise modify existing views, and helped prepare the people for the coming change.

It is not probable that the great awakening of 1735-1745, nor the subsequent reaction from its excesses, had any influence here. The church was not organized until after the Revival had spent its force, and the town was too remote from the centres of its influence to feel the effects of either the excitement or the reaction which followed. Hence, this factor, which had such powerful results in many of the churches of Massachusetts, was wholly absent here.

These causes, working quietly but

steadily for many years, prepared the ground for what was soon to come. The church clung to the old forms, but a majority had ceased to regard them of any importance, and only tolerated their continuance from lack of a good opportunity to cast them aside. They called themselves Presbyterians still, though privately they challenged the five points of Calvin or openly rejected them. There was only needed an opportunity for the new faith to assert itself to get embodied in public action. The chance soon came and was promptly employed.

It was hastened and made easier by another circumstance, always a powerful influence in the progress of every religious society. Soon after the close of the Revolution a new and younger set of men came upon the stage and began to take part in town and church affairs. When a younger generation assume the lead there is always a change from the older forms and faiths to newer and better, and then every society takes a stride forward. This new class had taken active part in the war, had heard, or participated in, the debates over the many questions of local and state governments which grew out of it. It was a stranger to the passions and prejudices stirred by the religious wars of Scotland and Ireland. These younger citizens were better educated than their parents, were more intelligent, better talkers, and as a whole, were an abler class of men. They wanted better homes than their fathers had, more of the comforts of life, and better schools. They demanded, also, newer and more attractive forms of religious worship. A small minority, as did many of the older generation, still held to the old faith, but a majority of both insisted



UNITARIAN CHURCH. ERECTED, 1825. DESIGNED BY BULFINCH, OF BOSTON.

upon a change. Naturally enough the first bolts of the rising tempest struck in that storm-centre of every religious society—the music.

Prior to 1788 the singing had been conducted in the old way practised in Scotland and Ireland, the elder or deacon reading a line of the Psalm and the congregation singing it after him. In that year, against the strenuous opposition of the conservative members, an edition of Watts's hymns was introduced. This led to the organization of a choir among the young people, by whom the singing was afterward conducted. The feeling against this innovation grew so strong that the question was at last brought into town-meeting, that altar on which the fathers laid all their grievances. After a warm debate, the town, in April, 1792, voted "that Jonathan Smith, John Gray, Oliver Felt, and Samuel Smith pitch the tune and invite such other young people to assist them as they think best." It was also voted "that a committee be chosen to procure seats in the breast of the gallery, decent and comfortable, to accommodate a sufficient number of singers to carry on the singing in as good order as the circumstances of the congregation will allow." That this radical departure was stoutly opposed is shown by the following memorial:

"Whereas, for a number of years past our church rules have been contrary to the Presbyterian order, by which means a considerable number, both of men and women, have been drawn away from the Word and Ordinances: first in March 1788, Doct. Watts' Psalms, against which version we protest, was brought in contrary to order, and human invention used in praising God, and a number of boys and girls tolerated to carry on the praises of God, and not reading the line, by which means the mouths of the congregation are shut, and

singing at noon practiced, we fear more for recreation than the glory of God; and also that unaccustomed way of ordering church affairs by a vote of the town at large; and also, not complying with the Rev. Synod's advice last spring; and also the underhanded manner of taking the Presbytery from the meeting house under a tree to settle the affair of Psalmody; and also the uncommon tunes used in praising God; therefore, we being very desirous to avoid all the forementioned grievances, and desirous also not to be partakers of other mens' sins, we do hereby protest that our keeping communion in said church shall not be constructed as any the least approbation of any of the forementioned grievances, and we humbly crave that this our protest may be recorded in the session book of this town, for exoneration of our consciences, and that we may be allowed extracts thereof accordingly.

Peterborough, Sept. 17, 1792.

MATHEW TEMPLETON
SAMUEL GORDON
ELEANOR GORDON."

Others signed this protest, but their names are crossed off. We may well inquire what these petitioners would say if they could revisit the earth and listen to the music of a modern church service.

These innovations paved the way for other and more radical changes which were to follow within the next ten years. The society had been unfortunate in its first settled minister and still more so in its second, Rev. David Annan, who was installed in 1778. In 1788 Mr. Annan was tried, before the Presbytery on charges of gross and immoral conduct. The outcome of the trial is not recorded. But he continued to preach until 1792, when he retired. From that date until near the close of 1799 the society was without a pastor.

The church had originally belonged to the Londonderry Presbytery. After Mr. Annan's settlement, and through his influence, it severed its connection with the Presbytery at Londonderry and joined the one at Walkill,

N. J., to which Mr. Annan himself belonged. About 1790 this Presbytery became extinct, and the church never joined any other. It was thus left an independent society, though not until it called Mr. Dunbar did it entirely ignore the Londonderry Presbytery.

These were critical years, and in the events above narrated lies the secret of the society's future course. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Annan were men of good attainments but were not capable of leading the progressive men of the church, and their character was such as to destroy all influence they might otherwise have had. By 1792 the society had become honeycombed with doubts of the Calvinistic creed, and innovations upon the Presbyterian forms and ceremonies had crept in. Many of the younger generation were men of marked ability and strong individuality, who demanded a faith and forms in harmony with the progressive ideas of the times.

Probably a wise and scholarly leader could have controlled these elements and kept the church in the Presbyterian fold. As it was, the society simply drifted along under the aggressive leadership of its stronger men and by 1800 it found itself too far away from its old moorings ever to return. Herein is the reason why it eventually became Unitarian while other Scotch Irish Presbyterian societies in the state, organized about the same time, remained loyal to their old faith.

In this condition of affairs other and more radical changes came to be agitated, and the propriety of changing to the Congregational form was openly discussed. This drew the

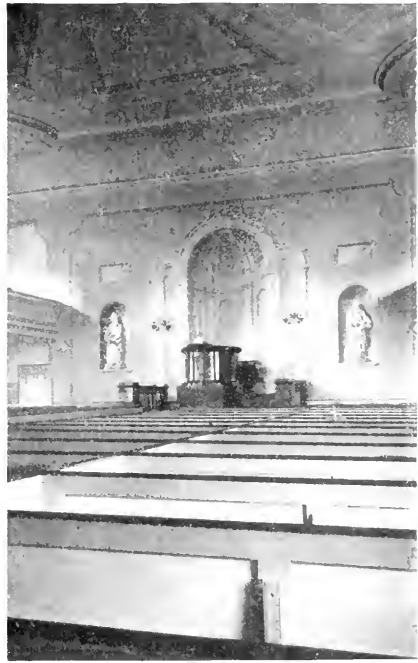
line more sharply between the two wings and intensified the debate over creeds and methods. In 1795 the society invited Rev. Abram Moore to settle in the Presbyterian mode, but he declined. Two years latter it extended a similar call to Zephaniah Swift Moore, which was also declined. The society then asked him to settle as a Congregationalist. This, too, was declined on account of divisions in the society. Mr. Moore says in his letter, "I cannot consistently agree to adopt any mixed mode of church government which has been mentioned. Whatever offers they make to me in Peterborough or any other place, they will have no influence so long as unanimity, harmony and agreement be wanting." The committee still pressed their suit and replied that they were in favor of settling him in the Congregational way, as they "did not look upon the differences between the two modes as among the essentials of religion." But it did not avail. In 1799 Rev. Elijah Dunbar preached as a candidate and was promptly invited to become the minister. He was asked to settle as a Congregationalist, and the Londonderry Presbytery was entirely ignored in extending the call, which was at once accepted. By such act the society signified that it had ceased to be Presbyterian and had become Congregational. This outward change was not more radical than the revolution which it indicated had taken place in the religious opinions of a majority of the people. But the decisive step had not been taken without vigorous objections. The ecclesiastical council was composed of ministers of the neighboring

churches, and before them the Presbyterians laid a formal but earnest protest. The first ground was that the church was a Presbyterian church, had never been dismissed from the Londonderry Presbytery, and that it was wrong to adopt the Congregational mode without such dismissal. Second, 'That they were dissatisfied with Mr. Dunbar's preaching, and that he disavowed the doctrines held by Calvinistic churches. The protest was signed by twenty-two men and women. But it was overruled by the council, and the candidate was ordained and installed over the society.

Mr. Dunbar was a young man, born in 1773, and graduated at Harvard College in 1794. He was an excellent mathematician and classical scholar, a good writer, and for many years his sermons gave satisfaction. In belief he was an Arminian and not a Calvinist. Under the leadership of a young man in full sympathy with the best liberal thought of the day, the society made rapid strides toward the liberal faith, and leading the way, Mr. Dunbar had no difficulty in carrying a majority of the people with him. Before he had been here two years he persuaded them to revise the church creed, and on June 21, 1801, they adopted the following statement of faith. It is a mixture of arminianism in the Apostle's Creed, and shows how far the society had now swung off from its ancient anchorage:

"You believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in a humble sense of your unworthiness and dependence on His grace in Jesus Christ do give yourself up to Him in an everlasting

covenant, not to be forgotten, and with yourself your seed after you in their several generations. In like manner you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only begotten Son of the Father, the image of the Invisible God—Immanuel—God manifest in the flesh, who was conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under



Interior View of Unitarian Church in 1861.

Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, continued in the state of the dead and under the power of death until the third day, when he rose again, and having ascended into heaven doth sit at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from whence he will come to judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and kingdom. You give yourself up to Him as the great Head of the Church and Mediator of the New

Covenant; acknowledging Him as the Prophet, Priest, and King of your salvation; relying on Him, the only Savior, for pardon and justification, remission of sins and acceptance with God. You also believe in the Holy Spirit of God as the Guide, Comforter, and Sanctifier of the saints; you give yourself up to Him, and trust in Him to lead you in the way of truth and holiness. In the firm belief of the great doctrines of our holy religion contained in the Sacred Writings you heartily embrace them as the rule of your faith and practice; and you sincerely purpose and resolve, by divine assistance, to live as the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, teaches; denying ungodliness and every worldly lust, living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

Here follow the mutual covenants of the church and candidate. This new confession says nothing of total depravity, election, nor the other points of Calvin, and it was formal notice that the society no longer believed them. Far as the church records show this statement remained the creed of the church down to 1898. I am quite sure a new one was adopted under the ministry of Mr. Ferry between 1860 and 1869, but it cannot be found on the records.

Some entries in the records of the church about this time show that there were divisions over what was called the "Half-way Covenant," that is, the right of parents not themselves church members to present their children and have them baptized. In 1799 the church committee on rules had passed the following vote:

"As we disapprove of what has been called 'the Half-way Covenant,' it is expected of all such as wish for the baptism of their children, in future, that they enter into covenant with the church and submit themselves to its watch and discipline. Nevertheless, the church will not insist on such persons partaking the sacrament of the supper as have scruples of conscience till such scruples be removed."

On the day the new creed was adopted the church voted to exclude children from baptism unless one or both parents were full communicants. To-day this seems a minor matter, but it was then a burning issue, and in Massachusetts it rent many churches in twain. Some opposed the Half-way Covenant and went over to Unitarianism, others accepted it and remained Orthodox. This church finally rejected it and came into the Liberal Fold, but the final outcome was not the same in every case. There is no evidence that it had any influence on the future course of the society, however warmly it was debated at the time.

Soon after this change from the Presbyterian to the Congregational faith another question of great importance arose. The dissatisfaction of the Presbyterians had been intensified by the form in which the communion was observed under the new order of things, and at last they carried their grievances before the town. In 1804 the voters passed a resolution that thereafter the Presbyterians should be allowed the use of the church one Sunday in the year in which to have the rite administered in their way. All Congregationalists in good standing were to be allowed to unite with them in its observance. This was virtually a division of the church, and drew the lines more sharply between the two

wings. It bound the conservatives more closely to their iron creed, and it left the Congregationalists freer to follow their opinions in religious belief. This custom was followed down to the year 1821. Until 1818 it was usually administered on those Sundays by Rev. Dr. William Morrison of Londonderry. It was his habit to come to town a week in advance, visit among the people, baptize their children and hold protracted revival meetings. On Communion Sunday intense interest was manifested and the church was thronged. The table extended the whole length of the broad aisle and was several times filled by the communicants of both denominations. At the Sacramental lecture, always given the Thursday previous, each member obtained from the minister a token—made of leather, pewter, or other substance—which he brought with him to the table. It was to identify the holder as a church member and entitled to receive the Sacrament. Just before the service began, and when all were seated at the table, the elder or deacon passed down the aisle and gathered them up. Dr. Morrison stood at the head of the table. He was a tall man, with long white hair and beard, and in manner dignified and devout. Nothing could exceed the awe which fell upon the assembly as he stood before the people and in solemn and reverent tones began the administration of the rite in these words, uttered in a broad Scotch dialect: "I debar from this table of the Laird all liars, all adulterers, all drunkards," etc. The impression of the scene made upon the young people was profound and never forgotten.

The question of the communion

settled, no farther differences became the subject of official action for more than sixteen years. But beneath the surface great changes in religious thought were going on. The minority clung fast to its old faith, and continued to accept it as the final statement of religious truth. Among the majority the spirit of inquiry had got abroad. They had found new light and were sure that more still



Pulpit of Unitarian Church, as it was draped for the Memorial Service for President Lincoln, April 16, 1865.

was yet to dawn upon all questions of theology and morals. At the time of his settlement Mr. Dunbar's views were in advance of his people, but within a few years he ceased to grow intellectually and his congregation passed ahead of him. His salary was small and soon a growing family with its accompaniments of sickness and misfortune absorbed all his income. He had few books, and was unable to increase his library. He found no time for study and self-improvement, and failed to keep up in the religious literature and thought of the time. The period between 1805 and 1820

was one of intense theological interest and discussion. Newspapers were rapidly finding their way into the homes of the citizens. A small library established in 1792 had brought many books within the reach of the people. The preaching of Dr. Channing attracted wide interest. Large numbers of his sermons, and many by Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., Rev. Noah Worcester and other prominent ministers in Massachusetts, were printed and circulated. Some of the society had business relations with Boston merchants, and in this way at first, and afterwards through the mails, these sermons found their way into the society. They were eagerly read and passed around among the people, who gave to the doctrines set forth a cordial approval. I have often heard Dr. Albert Smith relate that when his father, Samuel Smith, received one of Dr. Channing's sermons he would forthwith summon his brothers to his counting-room. They always came at once and then in business hours one of them would read it aloud, and at the conclusion all would unite in the warmest expressions of sympathy and commendation. Through such influences the Congregationalists of the church steadily advanced until 1820, when pausing to take a reckoning of their theological position they found themselves to be no longer Orthodox but Unitarian.

The first public admission of the fact came in September of that year, when the society chose Mr. Dunbar and Deacons Nathaniel Holmes and Jonathan Smith delegates to the installation of Levi W. Leonard over the Dublin parish. Mr. Leonard was called and settled as a Unitarian, and

Mr. Dunbar gave the charge to the people. This frank admission of their real position led the Presbyterians to decisive action. Hitherto they had clung to the old church; but now they could no longer do so, and they determined to separate entirely. On the Sunday after the installation of Mr. Leonard the communion was administered in the Presbyterian mode for the last time. A petition, addressed to the Londonderry Presbytery, for leave to form a new society was drawn up and signed. The Presbytery met at the house of General John Steele June 19, 1822, to hear the parties. They were waited upon by a committee of six from the Congregationalists, who invited them to hold their meetings in the church. The Presbytery declined to accept, but admitted the committee to the hearing to make objections to the petition if they saw fit. The petition set forth that the signers had always been Presbyterians, and that the Congregational church which had settled Mr. Dunbar were a minority of the Presbyterian church and went off from the Presbytery without dismission; that though they were admitted to the Congregational communion they did not consider themselves in any way bound or obligated to it; that they had become dissatisfied with the connection; that Mr. Dunbar had changed his views, and they wished to be embodied into a new society. The committee denied these statements and appealed to the record for a proof of their position; and as to the charge of heresy, they said, Mr. Dunbar was present and could answer it. The Presbytery declined to consider whether there had been a breach of contract between the two wings of the

society, dismissed the charge of heresy against Mr. Dunbar on the ground that they had no right to hear it, and granted the petitioners' prayer. Thereupon the Presbyterians withdrew and left the old church securely anchored to the Unitarian faith.

Within the previous twenty years the many changes in the statutes of the state had made a reorganization of religious societies necessary. It

town clerk before the assessment, that he was of a different persuasion from the minister of the town, he was exempt, and no person should be compelled to join, support, or be classed with any church without first obtaining his consent. Whether this law had any influence in prompting the action of the Presbyterians cannot be stated. It did, however, reconcile the Congregationalists to the seceders'



Interior View of Unitarian Church in 1900.

was the town that had settled Mr. Dunbar and contracted to pay his salary, the money for which was raised by general taxation. Prior to 1819 different sects had procured the passage of special laws exempting their followers from the burden of this assessment. In 1819 a general toleration act was placed in the statutes, by which towns already under contract with a minister could levy and collect taxes for his support. But if any person filed a certificate with the

action, though they formally protested against it.

Between 1820 and 1825 another generation of young men came forward and began to take part in church affairs. They held advanced opinions upon theological questions, and their first move was to get rid of the old minister. Mr. Dunbar was at this time but little over fifty years of age—in the prime of life. But the younger people pronounced him to be behind the times, too conservative, and dull

and uninteresting as a preacher. The building of a new meeting-house in this village gave them their opportunity. Under the leadership of James Walker, John H. Steele, Timothy K. Ames, and others, a new Congregational society was organized. Nominally the old church was still a town institution, for the town had never cast it off, and was still responsible for the minister's salary. Under the changes in the law, and the withdrawal of other sects this movement may have been advisable, to place the society in a safe and clearly defined position and in harmony with the obvious intent of the law. But its real purpose was to secure the dismissal of Mr. Dunbar. If he did not resign, they said, they would call a minister for the new society, and so break the old one in pieces. Mr. Dunbar's friends advised him to take a dismissal, and accept in place a stated salary. He rejected the salary offered but resigned his office, and on February 25, 1827, preached his farewell discourse. The new society, now independent of all town control, at once called Rev. Dr. Abiel Abbott, who was duly installed in the following April. He was a Unitarian, and was settled as such. None but Unitarian churches were invited to take part in the installation services, for its position, as a Unitarian body, was now openly and clearly defined.

But its Unitarianism was very different from the Unitarian faith of today. In many respects it was much too conservative for the average Evangelical church of the present. It rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, but held fast to the plenary inspiration of the Bible. It denied that the Son was equal to the Father in power and

glory; but it strenuously insisted that "Christ was specially sent to effect a moral and spiritual deliverance of mankind, to rescue men from sin and its consequences, and to bring them to a state of everlasting purity and happiness." It accepted as literally true the account of the creation as told in the first chapters of Genesis, the story of the miraculous birth, and in the credibility of the miracles of both the Old and New Testaments. A large majority believed in the everlasting punishment of the sinner, and in a hell as hot and lurid as the one Milton depicts in *Paradise Lost*.

But it had other elements, too. It exalted the worth and dignity of human nature, which was a legacy to it straight from the Calvinistic faith of the fathers. It held that Reason was the ultimate interpreter of the Scriptures, another inheritance from the same great testator. And better than all, it cultivated the teachable spirit and held its eyes and ears wide open to the new light which was yet to break from every avenue of human inquiry. The changes from 1752 to 1826, and from 1826 to the present, may seem revolutionary, but after all they were natural and came in a perfectly natural way. Calvinism was the religious expression of stern, harsh men in a hard and cruel age. It could not flourish nor maintain its doctrinal integrity in a republic where all obstacles to the growth of knowledge were removed, and where, under improved social conditions and a broader culture, the human mind and conscience were free. In its new environment this once Calvinistic church developed by strictly normal methods into its present religious form, and its present Unitarianism is the legitimate

child, in direct line of descent, of its Calvinism of one hundred and fifty years ago. Its change of theological opinion is not greater than the change wrought by Nature and man upon the face of the hills and valleys of the town, in the modes of living of its people, in the character of its society, or in the social and political ideas of its men and women. All these have their roots deep down in the situation, the customs, the habits and ideas of the fathers of 1749-'50. Perhaps it is true that an aggressive, talented minister could in the critical years of the society have changed the direction of its growth. But happily it suffered no such restraint and was permitted to develop on natural lines in a healthy, natural way. With a keener intellect-

ual and spiritual insight than they ever knew, the fathers caught the true meaning and spirit of their harsh faith, and followed where it led them. At the proper time they dropped the old form and took on the new as naturally as the chrysalis drops the body of the worm and blossoms into the butterfly. They never closed their eyes to the truth nor turned a deaf ear to the voice of science and discovery. This after all is the great honor of this church, and is the true secret of its beneficent growth, its mighty influence in this community, and its triumphant reign over the minds and hearts of its people. So long as it is true to this guide, which the fathers so loyally and so lovingly followed, it has nothing to fear in the future.

A MEMORY.

By M. Oakman Patton.

A wild bird sings in the beechnut tree,
Just over the porch of my cabin, here
In the wild wood lone, so merrily,
I could almost think 't were the "sweet o' the year."

But no, 't is the full o' the Autumn time,
When the beechnuts fall, and the leaves are sere,
And the morning fields are white with rime,
And the nights are cool and the days are clear.

Still the wild bird sings in the beechnut tree,—
As the sun steals in through my window pane,
His love song waking the memory,
And bringing the past to my thought again.

Then, stealing back, o'er the year's long space,—
As the bird sings sweet in the beechnut tree,—
Comes a vision rare of a bright young face
With eyes love-lit and a smile for me.

And her eyes meet mine with a glance as sweet
As they did in the days when our hearts were young;
But alas, for the days I shall no more greet,
And the love-songs never to be re-sung!



Pack Monadnock.

PACK MONADNOCK.

By W. P. Elkins.



ONADNOCK Mountain, called by Emerson "the dark flower of Cheshire garden," is often styled Grand Monadnock, in distinction from a smaller mountain of a similar name. This peak, or more accurately this ridge with two peaks, is named Pack or Petit Monadnock. Thoreau referred to it as the Peterboro Hills. The inhabitants of the surrounding districts generally refer to the southern peak as Temple Mountain, while the northern is spoken of as Peterboro Mountain. These local names indicate roughly the location of Pack Monadnock. It lies chiefly in the eastern part of Peterboro and the northwestern portion of Temple, although spurs of it extend into Sharon on the southwest, and into Greenfield on the northeast,

the so-called Peterboro summit lying in the latter town.

The altitude of Pack Monadnock is, in round numbers, 2,300 feet. It is the highest elevation in Hillsborough county, not excepting the Uncanoonuc or Crotchett Mountain. It is loftier than Ragged Mountain in Andover, and nearly as high as Moore Mountain in Hanover. It can be seen from the peaks in the northern part of the state, while it is a prominent and beautiful landmark in the southwestern counties.

It is the most important portion of the watershed between the Contoocook and Souhegan rivers. Seen from the valleys to the north and east it is very imposing, but from the higher valley and hills on the west, it loses in contrast with Grand Monadnock, and seems less elevated than it

is, partly because of the fact that its sides are nearly treeless. The mountain pastures which extend to the summits are comparatively smooth, and present a picture said by tourists to resemble bits of Scotland. On the western side, in Peterboro, near the base of the central ridge, nestles a cute little pond, near which are woods and a grove sometimes used for picnic purposes.

A portion of the southern or "Temple peak" was the first state park created and opened in New Hampshire, and is called General Miller Park, in honor of General James Miller, a noted officer in the War of 1812. The Act of the General Court providing for it was passed in 1891, and the park was opened in June, 1892, Governor Tuttle and many noted men being present. A house about half way up the mountain road was erected in 1892, but this hostelry found small patronage and was soon abandoned.

The road to the summit of Miller

Park or "Temple Mountain" branches from the old "mountain road" that was once the main line of travel from Peterboro and Keene and other towns to Nashua and thence to Boston. One can easily drive to within a very few rods of the summit. The rocks of this mountain are schistose, but not so ferruginous as those of peaks farther north. Here are ledges, of course, and broken blocks of rock with which active climbers have erected the stone-stacks or monuments, such as one sees on nearly every high hill in this part of the country; but grass flourishes clear to the top of both peaks, and cattle thrive in pastures which extend nearly to the summits. The ridge connecting the two peaks is a beautiful wall of rock, furrowed by ice and water, and beautified by the storms and sunshine of ages.

The altitude of the peaks is about equal, though that of Miller Park is said to be a little more. But the view from the Greenfield end is finer, be-



Half-way House, Miller Park, on Pack Monadnock

cause it is wholly treeless, the valley to the north is more abrupt, and because the spurs south of the Peterboro end constitute practically a continuation of the mountain. To people who live in mountainous regions, and who are not especially fond of the peaks, the most interesting sight afforded the climber is that of a city,



In Miller Park, Pack Monadnock.

a village, or some other result of man's industry and evidence of his presence. How often are we told, in proof of the excellence of a view, that it includes so many towns! Now, he who stands upon Pack Monadnock in a clear day can see numerous villages, the cities of Manchester and Nashua, and, it is said, Lowell and a bit of Boston and of its harbor.

But he who loves the mountains ascends one in order to cultivate an acquaintance with that particular peak, and also in order to behold other mountains from its summit. Such a man generally prefers real climbing to driving. He would enjoy the wild, open pastures on the sides of "Peterboro Mountain." The view thence embraces a wide valley to the west, terminating in old Monadnock, which shows to such an observer his real size and beauty. Those dry old New England pastures, infested with hardhack and bushes, and affording scant herbage for which the patient cattle have to work long days, are yet very interesting and beautiful. Birds are rare, wild animals rarer, and seldom does the pilgrim see a man in them. But his feet press countless specimens of wild and tangled vegetation, the rocks catch the sunshine and show to the admirer of nature's simpler forms what beauty and variety lie in those high altitudes. There the rocks form gardens, and, save the pure, crisp, and measureless air, are the reigning glory of the peaks. It must have been in some such place that the spirit of the great Scotch writer exclaimed, according to Mr. Ruskin: "I, Walter Scott, am nothing; but these rocks and hills, how great are they!"

But even more glorious than the spirit of the rocks and atmosphere is the view afforded by a mountain. It was one among countless visions of that sort that doubtless inspired Emerson to utter the words: "The stupendous glory of the universe."

North of Pack Monadnock, and very near it, is the low, broad crest of Crotchett Mountain, in Fran-

cestown, which looks smooth and arable from this point. Directly over this, at a distance of perhaps forty miles, stands the dome-shaped Kearsarge, the highest point of Merrimack county. Looking to the northeast one sees Joe English, New Boston's fascinating hill. Far in the distance appear Ossipee's notched summit and the numerous blue mountains in and around the Sandwich region.

To the east the eye can follow the valleys and hills far into Rockingham and count up the villages by the railroad from quaint Lyndeborough to prosperous Milford. The southeastern quadrant of the view embraces the low hills and apparent plains of Massachusetts and the New Hampshire towns nearest her line. Southward the body of Pack Monadnock itself obstructs the vision, but Wachusett appears, a very near and respectable neighbor. West of the ridge in Temple and Sharon the ascending valley of the Contoocook shuts off the view by the nearer heights.

In the west is Grand Monadnock, the pride of southern New Hampshire, one of the two mountains below the southern border of the north country that exceed the height of 3,000 feet. It presents its finest side to these east hills, and lifts its noble crest of rocks nearly 2,000 feet above the hills at its base. Its form is ex-

quisite, resembling craggy Lafayette more than Moosilauke or Washington, yet unlike either. Near its base is the noted summer resort called Dublin, which, as well as the villages of Hancock and Francestown, is plainly visible from this eminence.

In the northwest stands Sketutakee, a bold, high hill of nearly 2,000 feet altitude. Between this peak and Crotchett the view embraces the wild hills to the northwest, and the mountains in Antrim, Stoddard, and Washington. None of these is lofty, but their forms and situations are such as to make this scenery the most beautiful in the entire sweep of vision from the summit of Pack Monadnock. Those hills are bold and are so massed as to give a wonderful variety of shading and of outline. Beyond their rugged masses rises Ascutney's blue peak, and I am inclined to think that, in a clear day, Killington can also be seen.

Of course neither Pack Monadnock nor the view it affords can compare with Grand Monadnock,—much less with the giants of New Hampshire's wonderful "North Country." But it is picturesque and beautiful: its summits are easy of access, and either one is real vantage ground for the man or woman really alive to the charms of New England scenery and to the "stupendous glory of the universe."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY.

O England, Christian England, is it right?
On Boerish battle-fields what say thy slain?
What say their loved ones clad in weeds of night?
Will large success at last bring ample gain?

Can richest mines a single life outweigh?
Make worthy recompense for floods of tears?
The gnawing pangs of bitter heartaches stay,
Fill darkened homes with light of bygone years?

What though thy many sons have gone for gold
And flashing diamonds in yon Afric sands?
What right have they untaxed to sums untold
From hidden wealth of jewel-laden lands?

Must nations shape their laws with fawning hands
To suit thy will and at thy feet bow low,—
Surrender tamely to thy stern demands,
Or in thy sight be deemed a hostile foe?

If laws oppress thy sons are free to go,
Seek goodly fortunes where they wish or will;
In fields of promise other nations know
Find fitting sphere to test their cunning skill!

Were gleaming Klondikes found on Britain's soil,
Golcondas all ablaze with sparkling gems,
And other lands sent sturdy sons of toil
To delve for gold or stones for diadems,

Would not thy loyal armies, large and strong,
As one with zeal resist encroaching bands?
With crushing might avenge the burning wrong?
Guard long and well the treasure of thy lands?

Who then can blame the Boers for guarding well
Rich mines of wealth in their own native land,
As they have need, with flaming shot and shell,
Till hostile armies stay their iron hand?

So far what gain has come? A larger host
To raid and dare the fire of Boerish guns,
Of brave men standing firm at duty's post—
The bud and bloom of England's noblest sons;—

A Cronje vanquished, Botha held at bay,
All sieges raised, imprisoned hosts set free,
As leaders will to join once more the fray,
A storm-swept way to Peace, ere Peace shall be !

But when shall come the end to bloody strife,
Though flushed with victory thy remnant rest,
What worthy prize for all the loss of life
And treasure shall reward thy glory's quest ?

What added lustre will thy banner wear ?
What new accord of praise the nations give ?
What larger witness of thy love and care
To help the weak a better life to live ?

Can glory hallow grasping hands of greed ?
Make right the fixed and stubborn might of will ?
Wilt thou be proud to face the finished deed ?
Recall thy worse than wasted martial skill ?

Will not the ghosts of Boer and Briton slain
In gory conflict by the thousands, live
To haunt thy future, shame thy sordid gain,—
The sin the great world will not soon forgive ?

The glaring sin lies chiefly at thy door.
Thy breach of faith the hounds of war let loose,
Made hells of earthly heavens, dyed fields with gore,
Until thine end was gained allowed no truce !

Bethink thee, England, of thy Christian creed,
And stay thy crimsoned, crushing hand of wrong.
Make Peace and fill with blessed word and deed
To speed the day of Time's millennial song !



ALEWIVES AND THE DIP-NET PROCESS.

By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.



OF the many interesting phenomena which to the 'longshoreman are always common enough, none, it seems to me, can be more worthily marvelous than those grand movements of gregarious and migratory fishes which occur annually all along our coasts.

Vast schools of porgies, for example, appear off New England in mid-summer; and I have seen a single greasy, old, black fishing steamer hoisting aboard three hundred and fifty barrels of this oily treasure as the result of but two average hauls of her huge, purse-like, seine net.

Shad, cod, mackerel, menhaden, and the like, also go in schools, and each

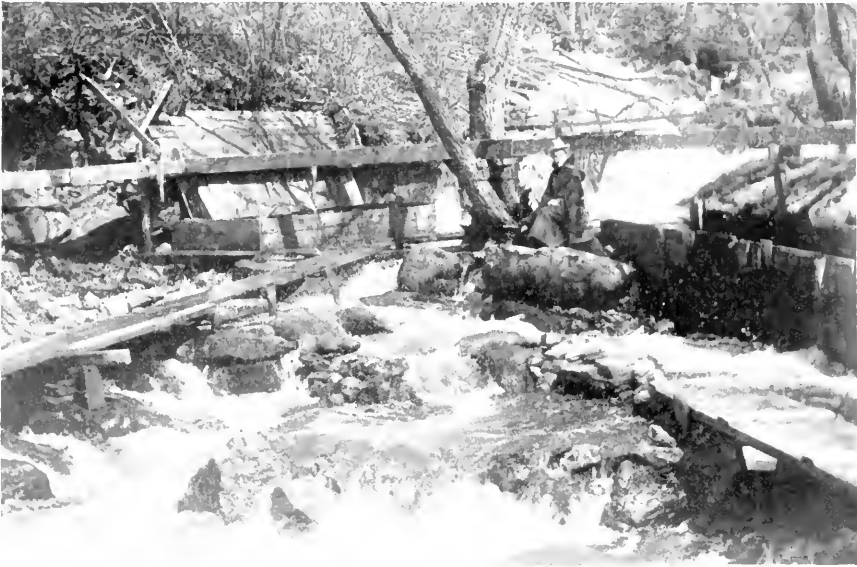
suggests to the observer its own particular features of interest, as it does to the ever-dependent fisherman of our banks and bays its own peculiar methods of capture.

But there is one annually returning visitant to our shores and streams of exceptional interest. Concerning it, however, very little seems thus far to have been written, and I suppose many intelligent people, especially such as live far inland, may possess hardly more information about it than is implied by one of its several suggestive names. Some, perhaps, have never even heard of it. I refer to the plain, the old-fashioned, albeit the somewhat oversavory, alewife.

This common and very interesting



"A struggling, glistening, mass of alewives."



"All alewives taking the right-hand course are permitted to pass into the happy spawning ground above."

food fish is often confused in thought with the sea-herring, a species which it does somewhat resemble; but the former is of larger and, as fish go, more corpulent proportions, hence, probably, the origin of the name; besides the alewife is anadromous in its habits. The sea-herring (*Clupea harengus*) never enters fresh water, even for spawning.

There are but two species of alewife along our coast, the so-called "branch herring" (*Pomolobus pseudoharengus*) and the "glut herring" (*Pomolobus æstivalis*), species that are much alike both externally and internally, differing mainly only in the color of the peritoneal lining—pale in the one case, black in the other.

When first taken from the water an alewife is of bright, silvery gray color, darker upon the back, without special markings, ten to twelve inches long, flattish, having a fair complement and spread of fins and a homo-

cercal tail. It weighs from two-fifths to one-third of a pound, rarely one half, and is exceptionally muscular. That it needs must be an unusually athletic fish we may presently have good occasion to show.

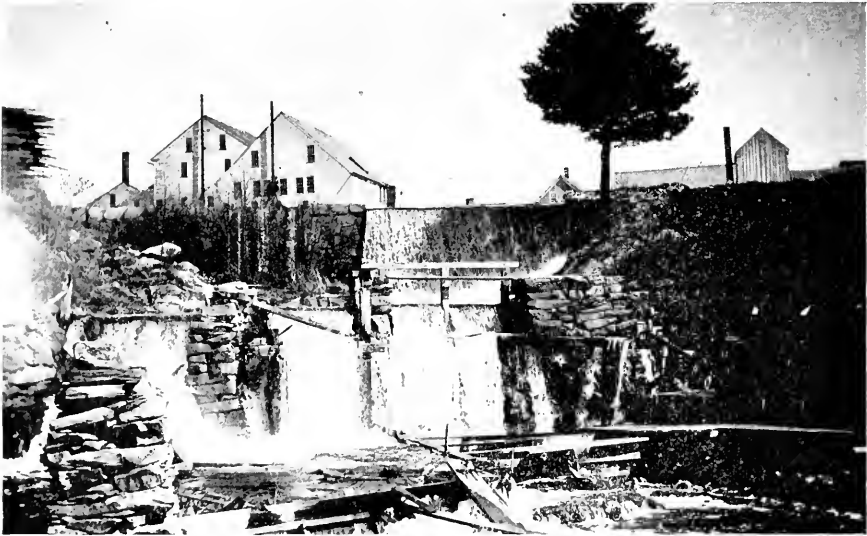
Every state along our seaboard, from Maine to Florida, with the possible exception of Georgia, engages more or less in the alewife industry; but of the New England states Massachusetts surpasses her sisters, both in the number of men employed and in the value of her catch. Various appliances for this sort of fishing are in common use—pound-nets, trap-nets, gill-nets, seines, weirs, fykes, and, in New England, dip-nets. In New Hampshire, the Newmarket and Exeter rivers sustain a few nets, while the Merrimack, Taunton, and some other rivers of Massachusetts, use the seine chiefly. In both Massachusetts and Maine the dip-net process of catching is used very largely. In Connecticut, Rhode

Island, and New Hampshire the seine also is used, while in each of the New England states where alewife fishing is carried on pound-nets, trap-nets, and weirs are employed.

Of all the rivers of New England, the one from which most alewives are annually taken is the Damariscotta in Maine. From this small river nearly two and one half mil-

the branch-herring in inland ponds or lakes connected with the sea. The warm shallows of these places are the Mecca of their summer pilgrimage. Hither they swarm in vast numbers, remain a few weeks, deposit the spawn and the milt, and then go straggling back to the sea.

It is observed that such fish always return to leave their eggs upon the identical spawning ground where



"A perpendicular fall of fifty or more feet."

lions of fish have been secured in a single season, weighing more than a million pounds (1,390,612 pounds in 1896), an amount larger than that from any other stream of our entire Atlantic border, I believe, with the exception of the Potomac. The total weight of alewives taken from New Hampshire rivers (say) in 1896 was 269,734 pounds.

Unlike the cod, herring, and so forth, the alewife, although its habitat is the ocean, prefers to deposit her eggs in fresh water; the glut-herring not far from tidal water; but

they were themselves brought forth. Doubtless it is chiefly due to some functional disturbance of ovaries and spermaries that migratory fishes are led to seek a spawning place somewhere every year, but by what unerring sense they are enabled to return, season after season, to the same stream for that purpose one is scarcely able to conjecture.

The dip-net method of catching alewives is peculiar to New England. My own observations in connection with this process have been made chiefly at the principal fishway of the

little river already mentioned—the Damariscotta, in Maine. Damariscotta Mills is the seat of the business for the section. Here the fishing season affords for the people one good—almost the only—opportunity for really lively work which those ease-loving citizens seem able to enjoy for a full twelve-month, and they make the most of it.

The name Damariscotta is one of

near by, holding brackish water), is well supplied with smelts and eels, and formerly had its oysters. The name of the region, then, may have had a somewhat more than local significance to the mind of the early savage.

"The Mills," at the thoroughly picturesque fishway of which the greatest catch is annually made, is a small village about fifteen miles



"With long-handled nets, several brawny dippers draw forth the fish incessantly."

the many Indian words which we find written upon our New England landscape, and it is said to signify "The place of little fishes." Doubtless this fact should suggest a very remote beginning for the alewives of Damariscotta. Some enthusiastic genealogist might here discover a source of perpetual pleasure in being able to trace an unbroken, if only a piscatorial, line to a point so far back in human—who knows if not in geologic—time! Damariscotta Bay, however (a small inland tidal sea,

from the sea. It is reached by alewives and sea tourists alike by means of the beautiful winding river which is the only outlet for the tidal waters of the bay.

The bay itself receives fresh water mainly from a short, rocky, tumbling stream which all the year round drains a twelve-mile pond, fully sixty feet above. This elevated lake is the spawning place of the millions of fish that come up the river, and it is at the time of their ascent that they are taken in enormous quantities and



"They flip and flop, spatter and splutter."

shipped abroad as an important article of commerce.

Late in April or early in May the fish appear at the foot of the falls, although at first in small numbers—a warm southerly wind and flood-tide proving favorable. Soon larger schools arrive; then for nearly a month, in a good season, the stream is almost packed with them—a moving, struggling, glistening mass of alewives, all heading one way in a frenzied advance over shoals, rapids, and cascades, and all intent upon one object, that of gaining the shallow spawning grounds of the lake above. Day and night alike the anxious procession crowds on. No bait, at this time, can tempt them to eat; yet the fish are fat and inviting, and the female bears hundreds of eggs.

It is after they have ascended the winding river from the sea, and while hurrying in from the head of the bay that a narrowing creek crowds the school into the still narrower stream,

which quickly divides into two main branches. Of these, one passes toward the right hand and is called the lock-stream. All the way up along the rapids of this branch are built of stone frequent locks alternating from side to side. Into each of these locks the torrent from above pours, and swirls, and boils, and eddies; yet into each, in spite of all—even of the greatest force of the rushing stream—the alewife, by a quick muscular flip of tail and fin, is able to throw himself. Often he makes a momentary white foamy streak up through the dark of the waterfall. But safely there he is quite willing to eddy and float and rest, preparatory for another venture and a still higher lock.

All alewives taking the right hand course are held by the fishermen as sacred and safe, and are permitted to pass into the happy spawning ground above; but those that take the left-hand branch—alas for them!

their way to the lake is blocked by a perpendicular fall of fifty or more feet, having at its base a deep, dark, ominous pool, from which the luckless and unwary victims are soon to be ruthlessly scooped, then thrown into vats, sold to farmers and tradesmen, salted and smoked, and at last made to serve as meat during the long, barren months of winter. But it certainly presents a sight never to be forgotten—this eager, crowding, writhing mass, thousands upon thousands, tons upon tons, for they fill the stream at times from surface to bottom. So full is the water-way, often, that one can pluck them out by hand alone and fill his basket without the aid either of hook or net. Gamins along the stream pilfer many a string, and at night poachers are kept at bay by vigilant guards having the right to shoot.

With long-handled nets, several brawny dippers draw forth the fish incessantly, lifting them a good full bushel at a dip; and these, all alive, thrown into broad vats or traps, flip

and flop, spatter and splutter, gasp and writhe, all the while throwing water and scales, slime and gurry in every direction,—and this, amid the roar of the falls, the shouts of the workmen, the glinting and gleaming, presents a scene of activity, confusion, shine, and slipperiness, such as one may rarely look upon.

The widows of the neighborhood are first given by the authorities a generous allowance, after which, from far and near, with vehicles of every sort, the farmers, rich and poor alike, are supplied with fish for their annual board. Sometimes it is long into the night before the latest order of the day is filled; but early in the morning the supply is resumed.

At the stream thirty-five cents per one hundred is the usual selling-price for them fresh and clean, and from two hundred to five hundred are commonly called for. From the trap the ordered fish are shoveled into tubs, hung suspended between two poles, and are loaded into the wagons at hand.



"The ordered fish are shoveled into tubs."

But vastly more than are thus disposed of are taken from the stream. All such extra fish are contracted for in advance with the adjoining towns, the contract covering five years, and at the uniform rate of a dollar and a quarter per barrel. Mr. A. R. Nickerson of Boothbay, Me., an enterprising business man, has purchased the over-plus for many years, and has shipped them to the West Indies largely.

During a lull in the filling of small orders, surplus fish are lifted into inclined troughs or sluices down which a small stream of water is always flowing. By this means they are conveyed to a considerable distance and dropped upon sieves made of narrow slats, from which a man proceeds to shovel them, although they may be still alive, into barrels prepared. Another man throws in layer after layer of rock salt, until the cask is nearly full, when it is set aside for more careful packing.

The farmer carries his treasure

home, pickles the fish for two days and two nights in strong brine, then strings them upon slender rods, ten to the stick, and smokes them for several days, in a close out-building, over a smothered wood fire. The addition of a little saltpetre to the brine gives a reddish color to the flesh and, to some tastes, greatly improves the flavor.

Let no one suppose that smoked alewives thus caught and cured are, as a matter of food, either common or unclean. The writer approves of them from the memories of childhood, and still regards a fat smoked alewife as an epicurean morsel worthy of any table. Let them be roasted in a piping hot oven, the head and entrails having been previously removed, then quickly relieved of their thick, scaly skin, and served whole.

The return of the alewives to the sea, after two or three weeks of sojourn in fresh water, is a quiet, unorganized matter, and usually attracts but little attention.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

After the birds have flitted
 Away from the winter blast,
 After the days of summer
 And the time of flowers is past,
 Thick, in the dark green holly,
 White, as the drifted snow,
 With a smile like summer sunshine,
 The Christmas roses blow.

The Autumn has had its glory
 In gorgeous forests and flowers;
 The Summer has had its lilies,
 And the Spring its budding bowers;

But these Noel-roses have hidden
Under the frost and rime,
And kept the white of their garments
For the beautiful Christmas time.

When we sorrow for golden lilies
That faded away like dreams ;
When we miss the murmuring zephyr,
And the laughter of the streams,
Then, like stars peeping through the darkness,
The Madonna roses appear,
With a tender message for us,
And a smile for the dying year.

They bloom in the sunny windows
Of the cottages of the poor,
And the children forget their hunger,
Counting these flower-gifts o'er :
Like the love of the blessed Christ-child,
They blossom ever the same
In hovel as in palace,
So we give them a Christmas name.

We gather the sacred blossoms
And bear to the darkened room,
Where our shrouded dead are sleeping
In the curtained Christmas gloom ;
And the flowers, with tender whispers,
Pierce the doubt and the mystery,—
“ If we out of death have blossomed
Oh, how much more shall ye.”

Fair on the happy bridal
The sweet chrysanthemums smile,
And away to the land of summer
Our visions of love beguile ;
Swept by the wintry tempest,
With never a drop of dew,
They twine amid orange blossoms,
As they twined amid the rue.

Then with rich, ripe, holly berries,
Bring these tufted blooms of white ;
And with star and cross entwine them
For our happy Christmas night,
For the time of year held sacred,
And sweetest with tender thought,
The Hand that painted the roses
Hath these Noel offerings brought.

THE OLD NORTH CEMETERY OF CONCORD, N. H.

By Joseph B. Walker.



THE mortal remains of most of the earliest actors in Concord's history repose in this ancient burying-ground.

It is the oldest in the central part of New Hampshire, and was established before the "Plantation of Penny Cook" had become the town of Rumford (1733).

It appears by their records that at a meeting of the proprietors of Pennycook, holden on the 31st day of March, 1730, it was "Voted that Henry Rolfe Esq. Mr. John Pecker and Mr. John Chandler be a committee to lay out a suitable place for a burying place, in the township of Penny Cook; and if said burying place should happen to be on any man's lot, and the owner willing for the same, that the committee are hereby empowered to lay out an equivalent in undivided lands in some other place, to his satisfaction."

A century later, March 10, 1842, the town (Concord) "Voted that Josiah Stevens Jr. Joseph Low, Robert Davis, Luther Roby, and William Restieaux be a committee to purchase so much land as may be necessary for a cemetery or burying ground in connection with the one near the North Church, and be authorized to fence and ornament the same; and that the sum of five hundred dollars be appropriated for that

purpose, to be laid out under the direction of that committee the present year."

The addition made by this committee comprises that part of the present cemetery lying between Bradley street and the west line of the Minot inclosure extended to the cemetery's south line. Thus enlarged this ancient graveyard remained the only one in the central part of Concord, with the exception of a very small one of the Quakers, until 1860, when Blossom Hill was purchased and consecrated to a like purpose.

This ancient "God's Acre" contains all that was mortal of the first generation of Concord's dead. Their remains were placed there when New Hampshire was a British province, and the French and Indian wars rendered perilous a life upon the frontiers. It is not strange, therefore, that with a very few exceptions, these all rest in unmarked graves. Yet, the turf has ever been green above their narrow beds and upon these the sun has beamed as brightly as if it had shone through many-hued cathedral windows and Gothic arches had been reared above them.

The memorial stones in this cemetery may be divided into six classes:

FIRST CLASS. The oldest inscribed stone in this ancient graveyard was erected by the town minister (1730-1782), Rev. Timothy Walker, to perpetuate the memory of his first child.

It was made from a thin sheet of granite, roughly shaped, and bears the following inscription :



DIED
ANNO 1736
SARAH WALKER
Æ 4 YEARS
& 6 Mths

This, and a few others of like character, still standing but generally uninscribed, are doubtless the oldest and constitute the first class of memorial stones erected in Concord. As just stated, most of the earliest graves were unmarked by monuments of any kind, a fact by no means strange as the early inhabitants had little means with which to procure monuments to their dead. However much they may have desired them, they could not be manufactured in the township, where neither the materials nor the skill required in their construction were to be found. If had at all they must have been procured from some of the Massachusetts towns, the nearest of which was forty miles away.

While, therefore, it is not a surprising fact that most of the graves of inhabitants who died before the Revolution were never marked by desirable monuments, it is satisfactory to

know that individual plots were assigned to individual families, and that in some instances these remain the burial-places of those families to this time. Most of the fifteen to sixteen hundred monuments in this cemetery were erected during the present century.

According to the late David George, who lived nearly or quite all his life on a lot adjoining it and died April 21, 1838, at the age of seventy, it contained but six properly finished gravestones in 1790: those of Doc. Ezra Carter and James Osgood, who died in 1757, those of Jeremiah Stickney and of the two children of Thomas Stickney, Mary and Jeremiah, and that of Jeremiah Hall, who died in 1790.¹



In Memory of Doc. Ezra Carter

SECOND CLASS. These are yet in a good state of preservation and the inscriptions upon them are clearly

¹To this list should be added the gravestone of Rev. Timothy Walker, and probably that of his wife, Sarah Walker.

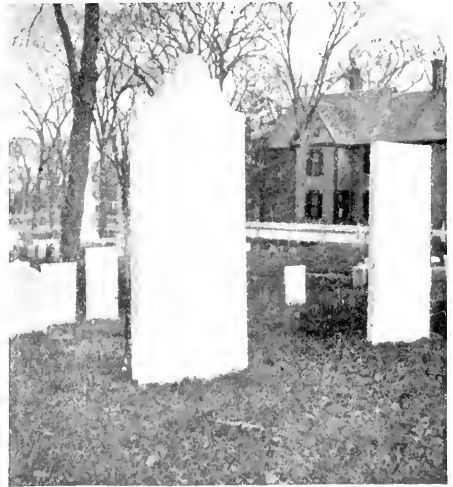
legible. All but those of the children above mentioned are of similiar material and design, being of a coffee colored, silicious slate, short and quite broad in proportion to their height. Their faces are neatly and peculiarly ornamented with borders of geometric figures. Each has the outline of a heart on its right hand upper corner and that of a coffin standing perpendicularly upon its head upon the opposite one. The inscriptions are plainly incised in shallow Roman capitals of various sizes and attest the desirability of slate as a memorial stone.

Three of them have the appearance of having been made by the same party and erected at about the same time. They are unlike any others in the cemetery, are the oldest with the exception of the rude stones before mentioned, and may be said to constitute the second class of mortuary monuments in Concord.

THIRD CLASS. As belonging to a third class may be mentioned the

dark slate stones standing at the graves of Dolly Hutchins, wife of Capt. Gordon Hutchins of Revolutionary fame; of Sarah Walker, wife of Rev. Timothy Walker; of Rev. Timothy Walker, himself; of Mary Wilson, the first wife of Thomas Wilson; of Dea. Joseph Hall, Sen'r; of Mary Wilson, the second wife of Thomas Wilson, and of Lot Colby; all of whom died between 1773 and 1807.

FOURTH CLASS. By 1810, or thereabouts, marble slabs and slabs of



A Marble Slab.



A Good Example of Class III.

slate of more modern patterns began to appear as the forerunners of a fourth class. Among the more common adornments of these were etchings of funereal urns and weeping willows. To this class belong the monuments of Mehitable Kimball (1805), Judith Walker (1808), Susannah Kneeland (1809), James Johnson (1804), and Capt. Joshua Abbot (1815).

FIFTH CLASS. To this class succeeded, as this century neared its middle, monuments of more massive proportions resting upon bases, and



A Row of Tombs.

plain obelisks, which gradually developed into the multifarious styles of the present time. Specimens of the latter may be seen in the monuments erected to the memory of President Franklin Pierce, of Gen. Albenmarle Cady, of the deceased members of the Stickney family, and many others.

SIXTH CLASS. About the middle of this century tombs began to appear, but inasmuch as neither sanitary nor sentimental reasons commended their use, their construction was soon arrested. All told, these number but seven, half of which are unoccupied. Advanced civilization calls for the *burial* of the dead, and the committal formula in the burial service of the English Church, "Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust," expresses conformity to the Creator's will that, when man's tabernacle of flesh shall have served its temporary purpose, it shall enter the great progression of Nature's changes and be resolved to the elements from which it was constructed.

The obsequies of persons of marked importance in their individual locali-

ties have not infrequently been attended with pomp and large expense. While no instance of this would be sought in a little New Hampshire town such as Concord was in 1782, yet it is a matter of history that, when their minister died, its citizens sought to honor his memory with a funeral which, considering the time and locality, may be deemed somewhat elaborate.

He had served them with fidelity for more than half a century (1730-



The Franklin Pierce Monument.

1782), and, by this last service on their part, they desired to manifest the sincere respect and affection with which they had regarded him. The Rev. Joseph Woodman, pastor of the church in Sanbornton, at whose installation eleven years before the deceased had given the charge, preached the sermon usual on such occasions. The Rev. Abiel Foster of Canterbury, the Rev. Samuel Wood of Boscawen, the Rev. Elijah Fletcher of Hopkinton, the Rev. Jacob Rice of Henniker, and the Rev. William Kelly of Warner, pastors of the churches in these towns, acted as pall bearers. To each of these, agreeably to a somewhat common custom of the time, was given a gold ring, commemorative of the occasion.

Judge Samuel Sewall records in his diary, February, 1698, a list of twenty-nine funerals at which he had officiated as a pall bearer, and been presented with eight gold rings, three pairs of gloves, and twenty-three mourning scarfs. What use he made of these valuable articles he has omitted to say. That it was a good one his thriftiness makes certain.

Mr. Weedon, in his "Economic and Social History of New England," says, "Rings were the most common article of jewelry, and the gift of these, with scarfs and gloves, became as general and inapposite as the useless custom of bridal gifts in our day. At the funeral of Governor Belcher's wife, in 1736, over 1,000 pairs of gloves were given away. In 1742 an act forbade the giving of rings, scarfs, or gloves at funerals, except six pairs of the latter to bearers, and one pair to the pastor; it did not stop the practice, however."

Considering the time, and the

number and wealth of his people, the provisions made for Mr. Walker's funeral and for marking his grave were creditable and ample. These have come down to us in detail in the report of the committee of arrangements, made to and accepted by the town, on the 21st of October, 1782, which sets forth the several charges of this funeral as follows:

	£	s.	d.
To eight rings - - - - -	4	16	0
" two gallons wine - - - - -	1	4	0
" a coffin - - - - -	0	9	0
" beers - - - - -	0	1	6
" a horse to Sanbornton - - - - -	0	3	0
" do to Gilmanton - - - - -	0	3	0
" do to Warner - - - - -	0	2	3
" digging the grave - - - - -	0	2	0
" provisions - - - - -	1	2	3
" grave stones - - - - -	4	4	0
	12	7	0

An examination of this report shows that nearly three fourths of the whole expense incurred was for rings presented to the pallbearers and for gravestones, (nine pounds), and that the cost of the entertainment furnished to the guests (two pounds, six shillings, and three pence), was nearly double that of all the other outlays.

In this old cemetery have been laid to rest, from time to time, numerous representatives of all the generations, which from its very beginning have peopled Concord; some when the warwhoop of the Indian was heard in the surrounding wilderness and the men went out armed and in companies from their garri- sons to their work in the fields; some during the struggle for national independence; some during later wars on sea and land; some during the civil strife which threatened the disruption of our Union; some in re-

cent months, while the leaves now sere and falling were verdant.

Here were interred in one grave three of the five victims of the Indian massacre of August 11, 1746, Obadiah Peters, John Bean, and John Lufkin; and nearby, in the Bradley Plot, the two others, Samuel Bradley and Jonathan Bradley. They were all brought in a cart from the scene of the ambush on the Hopkinton road to the village by a guard sent out for that purpose.

Here also, in an unmarked grave, was laid to rest the stalwart form of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, one of the most energetic of Concord's earliest settlers, who came from Haverhill, Mass., accompanied by six hardy sons. He was prominent as an enterprising farmer, and in town affairs; and at Louisburg, whither he went twice as a soldier, he gained renown as a man of valour. He died in 1748.

Thirty-three years later, was buried in this ancient cemetery the body of Col. Benjamin Rolfe, who was for a generation one of Concord's most prominent citizens. He was graduated at Harvard college in 1727, and shared with the town minister the honor of being what in early times was designated "a liberally educated man." He served as clerk of the commission to determine the boundary line between the provinces of New Hampshire and Massachusetts in 1740, and also as clerk of the proprietors of the township of Concord from 1733 to 1770. His house, erected in 1764, forms a part of the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum structure. He seems, in his day, to have been Concord's only capitalist, and died possessed of a very large landed estate.

In the Stickney lot, near the southeast corner of the cemetery, may be seen the grave of Col. Thomas Stickney of Revolutionary fame. He was an ardent patriot, and his regiment stormed the Tory battery at the battle of Bennington. He was ever a useful citizen and served his town in various official capacities for many years. He died in 1800, at the mature age of eighty years.

Here also was buried in 1798 Major Daniel Livermore, who began his military career at Bunker Hill and followed the fortunes of the Revolutionary War to its close. He was in the battles of Trenton and of Princeton, and at Valley Forge in the doleful winter of 1777 and 1778. In 1779, he was in General Sullivan's expeditions against the Indians in north-eastern Pennsylvania and western New York. In his orderly book may be found a graphic record of the incidents of that destructive raid (*N. H. Hist. Soc. Col.*, vol. 9, pp. 200-244). He subsequently remained in the Northern army until it was disbanded, in 1783. Thereafter returning to Concord, he there discharged important civil duties and enjoyed the honors of a valued citizen until his decease, at the early age of forty-nine years.

In the Walker family lot, a plain slab of Dorset marble marks the grave of Hon. Timothy Walker, an ardent patriot throughout the Revolutionary period, a member of the fourth and fifth provincial congresses, and for a time, of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety. Upon the formation of national parties, he was selected by the Republicans of New Hampshire as their first candidate for governor of the state. He was also a justice of

the court of common pleas for the county of Rockingham, from 1783 to 1809, and for many its chief justice. He died in 1822, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Near its entrance and just south of the central avenue of the cemetery, lie the mortal remains of the Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland, Concord's last town minister, whose salary, as was that of his predecessors, was raised by a tax upon the polls and estates of its citizens. He had a ministry of twenty-seven years. He was prominent among the New Hampshire clergymen of his day, was a trustee of Dartmouth college during the great controversy in which that institution was a party. He was an able writer, and in 1806 published a work entitled, "An Historical View of Heresies and Vindication of the Primitive Faith."

Beside the remains of Dr. McFarland rest those of his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, whose name is synonymous with all that was best in Concord for a generation. She was the founder of the New Hampshire Female Cent Society, in 1804, and of the Concord Female Charitable Society in 1812; both of which institutions, still in vigor unimpaired, have ever rendered important service on important lines for nearly a century. She went to high reward in 1838, at the age of fifty-eight years, the exact measure of years attained by her husband.

The modest obelisk of Italian marble near the northern entrance to the cemetery marks the grave of the Countess of Rumford, who, after long and repeated sojourns in Europe, returned in the early forties to her native town, and resided upon her maternal estate until her death in 1852,

at the age of seventy-eight years. She founded the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum, was a liberal patron of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, of the Concord Female Charitable Society, and of sundry other benevolent institutions in Massachusetts.

Near the grave of the Countess of Rumford stands the cenotaph of Mrs. Susan Walker Morse Lind, daughter of Prof. S. F. B. Morse, who, in her early life, was a frequent visitor in Concord, and a favorite in its society. She was lost at sea, off the coast of Cuba, in December, 1885, while on a voyage from her home in Porto Rico to her native country. To her, with slight change, may be applied the lines written at sea by Nathaniel H. Carter, Concord's ablest poet, in anticipation of near death and a burial in the waters of Mediterranean:

"Nor forgotten shall be our cherished one,
Though she sleep in the watery waste alone."

In the southerly part of the cemetery, his associates of the New Hampshire bar have erected a plain stone to the memory of Hon. Philip Carri- gain, who died in 1842, at the age of seventy years. He was long a practitioner of law in Concord, was for four years secretary of state (1805-'09), and author of the largest map of New Hampshire, which he published in 1816.

Near by, stands another stone which bears the name of Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, for eleven years one of Concord's foremost citizens. He was a valued member of the New Hampshire bar. From 1805 to 1807, he was one of New Hampshire's representatives in congress, and from 1814 to 1817, one of her United States senators. It was he who, on behalf of his

fellow-townsmen, gave to La Fayette the address of welcome upon his visit to Concord in 1825.

Under the oaks, on the west side of the Minot inclosure, is interred the body of Hon. Franklin Pierce, for many years a resident of Concord, a leading member of the New Hampshire bar, a brave officer in the Mexican war, and the fourteenth president of the United States.

A man of very great versatility of genius was the Hon. David L. Morrill, who died in 1849, and was buried in the northwest section of this ancient ground. Dr. Bouton says of him, "Few men in the state sustained more numerous, various, and important offices than Governor Morrill." He was first a practitioner of medicine. Relinquishing this, he studied theology and was admitted to the brotherhood of the ministry. Subsequently returning to his first profession, he represented his town of Goffstown in the general court, at its sessions from 1808 to 1817, and in 1816 was the speaker of the house of representatives. He also held the office of United States senator from 1816 to 1822; was president of the New Hampshire senate in 1823, and governor of the state from 1824 to 1827.

In the burial lot of his ancestors, reposes Charles Walker, one of the noblest of Concord's sons. He left his native town soon after his graduation at Harvard college in 1818, and was for a time an instructor in Transylvania University, in Kentucky. He subsequently studied his profession in the office of Thomas Addis Emmet in New York city, and upon admission to the bar, began there the practice of law which he pursued until declining health caused his re-

moval to the milder climate of Key West. Here, he held for a time the office of U. S. district attorney, but subsequently made a more permanent settlement near Guayama, in Porto Rico, where he bought an estate and became a sugar planter. He made his last visit to Concord and here died in 1843.

The chaste marble monument, surmounted by an urn wreathed with ivy, near the northeast corner of the Minot enclosure, was erected to the memory of Lewis Downing, Esq., who introduced to Concord the manufacture of stage-coaches in 1813; thereby initiating a business which has since grown to large proportions and sent its carriages to all sections of the United States, Canada, Mexico, South America, and Africa.

In the western part of the cemetery, in October, 1846, without ministerial aid or presence, was placed, in a grave yet unmarked, all that was mortal of Nathaniel P. Rogers. He was a lawyer of brilliant talents who left his profession to devote all his energies to the cause of the abolition of American slavery. He came to Concord in 1838, and for eight years was the editor of the *Herald of Freedom*. A volume of his writings attest his high power as a writer.

Near the south line of the cemetery, about half way from front to rear, a horizontal tablet, supported upon a firm sub-structure of brick, marks the grave of "George Hough, Esq." who died Feb. 8, 1830, at the age of seventy-two years. He came to Concord in 1789, and here introduced for the first time the business of printing, and shortly after published the first book printed in the county of Merrimack; a work entitled "Christian

Economy." In 1790, he established Concord's first newspaper, *The Courier of New Hampshire*. Two years later he was appointed Concord's first postmaster.

The students of history and genealogy read with profound respect, upon the east side of the marble shaft in the burial lot of Gen. Joseph Low, a chaste inscription which tells them that "John Farmer died August 13, 1838," while, a few feet away, a low stone bearing the letters "J. F." indicates the exact spot of his interment. Dr. Farmer was one of the founders of the New Hampshire Historical Society, an important contributor to its published "Collections," and occasionally to those of its kindred society in Massachusetts. He was also the author of many historical and genealogical works, among which was "A Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England."

Near the south side of the north avenue, opposite the Minot enclosure, a rugged granite obelisk tells the visitor that here was interred, in 1898, the tall form of Albemarle Cady, brevet brigadier-general, U. S. A. He was all his life a soldier. At its close he was gathered to his kindred at the ripe age of 81 years.

The temptation to continue this list of worthies would be irresistible did not space forbid. Six generations of men and women who were once participants in the activities of Concord repose peacefully in this quiet inclosure, a part of

"The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each
Shall take his chamber in the silent halls of
death."

All of the inscriptions upon the

memorial tablets in this ancient cemetery, to the number of two thousand, were accurately copied, verbatim, literatim, lineation et punctuation in 1895. These, together with a map of the ground and a carefully prepared index, have been firmly bound in six small folio volumes and placed for safe keeping in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society, where they may be consulted by any one desirous of information which they can impart. They afford, by a little reading between the lines, much of the contemporaneous history of Concord.

So imperfect has heretofore been the preservation of our town records, that these brief memorials in stone have oftentimes become of incalculable value to the genealogist and the historian. Could such a work as has been done for this ancient burial-place be done for every cemetery in New Hampshire, and the transcripts placed for general consultation in the state library, it would be applauded and welcomed by every person called to delve among the imperfect records in the offices of our town clerks and inure to the more accurate writing of our local history.

It is to be regretted that the forlorn condition of many New Hampshire cemeteries renders them amenable to unfavorable criticism. Gravestones blackened by the weather and tilted in all directions by the frost; some of them half buried in wild vines, weeds, and bushes, awake the feeling that such a burial-place itself needs burial, and that the sentiment of a community which tolerates such neglect makes neither life nor death desirable therein.

In cheering contrast is the thought that tenderest care and constant

watchfulness guard this ancient burial-ground of the fathers from neglect; keeping its turf green and attesting by kindly adornments the loving regard of the living for their beloved dead.

As one approaches the end of his earthly career and his sun sinks near the western horizon, he is apt to turn in remembrance to his departed kindred, and wherever he may chance to be, on land or sea, to desire that

his final rest may be with them. When, full of years and in Egypt, Jacob was about to die he said to his sons,

"Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. . . . There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah. . . . And his sons did unto him according as he commanded them; and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought with the field for a possession of a burying place of Ephron the Hittite, before Mamree."



THE FOREST IN WINTER.

By Samuel Hoyt.

Strange, on this winter day,
That the heart of the forest beats
With a pulse that burns and throbs
Like the pulse of the city's streets!

I thought it were silent here,
With a stillness like that of death,
Where the snow lay like a shroud,
And fled was the violet's breath;

But I feel the warm earth move
'Neath the folds of its winding sheet,
And the brook has burst its bonds,
And bubbles here at my feet;

And, piercing the woodland through,
Sounds a startled crow's harsh cry,
And I hear the sighing pines
And the answering sea, hard by.

A rabbit scurries away
At the sound of my alien feet,
The forest I thought so dead
Throbs like the city's street.



Colebrook, Coos County, N. H.

COLEBROOK.

By Raymond J. Roach.

Colebrook ! Ah, fair Colebrook !
In the wilderness of Coös,
Lying near the flowing river,
May your beauty never loose.

Progress be thy motto ever ;
“ Ever on ” thy watchword be,
Like the river's flowing waters,
Onward, southward to the sea.

May the history and traditions
Clustered round thy hills and vales
Be remembered and repeated,
Dear and never-dying tales.

May thy sons all true and noble,
And thy daughters pure and fair,
Guard thy name and cherish ever,
Colebrook sweet with mountain air.

PRISON SCIENCE *versus* PRISON DISCIPLINE.

REMINISCENCES OF SIX-AND-THIRTY YEARS.

By F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Massachusetts.



HE elders of Troy in Homer's matchless poem, sat on the walls overlooking the plain of conflict, "chirping like crickets," and no doubt talking of the good old times when they could hurl the spear and capture handmaids. Such is the pastime of age, to which reminiscence is as natural as the delusions of hope to the young. But when Dante and his Roman guide came upon Francesca and her companion, "doing time,"—or rather, eternity—in that congregate prison under the earth, they were reminded by the poor lady that

No woe could reach her
More woeful than in misery to remember
Her happiest days—for that, consult thy
Teacher.

I could not say that of my recollections of the prison discipline which I found in the penitentiaries of the United States and Canada, during the years from 1864 to 1868, when I was general Prison Inspector of Massachusetts, and made the tour of the states to see what each had to offer in the betterment of those miserable conditions which some of us remember as almost universal. Dismal and deplorable were then the relations of convict life nearly everywhere; the era of Prison Science had but faintly dawned, on this side the Atlantic, and we were still in the darkness of

Prison Discipline,—a very different thing, though an indispensable stage, I doubt not, in our progress towards the purgatorial state which our best prisons now so hopefully represent.

I used to wonder what turned my youthful thoughts toward the inspection of prisons, for I was not then aware of the hereditary incidents I have since learned, which might account for the bias. It is well for a prison reformer to have suffered imprisonment himself; in that way Macconochie, the grandfather of our present Prison Science, was fitted to undertake his remarkable work at Norfolk Island; for he had been confined for months in a French prison at Verdun during the wars of Napoleon, against whom he fought in the British navy. But I had no such experience, my only confinement having been by handcuffs in the public street of Concord for some ten minutes, under the unlawful arrest of certain minions of the federal senate (then controlled, as it has been occasionally before and since, by the enemies of Anglo-Saxon liberty), until the great writ of personal replevin, issued by my neighbor, the late Judge Hoar, and served by the sheriff and posse of Middlesex, took me forcibly from their hands. Indeed, my appearance before our Massachusetts supreme court, the next day (April 4, 1860), to have my kidnapping declared law-

less, was my first visit to any court, I think, except when, as a boy, I heard the young and handsome Franklin Pierce, afterwards president, pleading in defense of one of my father's neighbors in New Hampshire accused of a felony.

I have since learned, however, that the first ancestor of my name in New England, Lieut. John Samborne of Hampton, N. H., did spend a few hours in the rude prison of that town, which his maternal grandfather founded, for refusing to pay quit-rents to the little tyrant of the New Hampshire fields, in 1683-'88. He might have lain longer had not his neighbors thoughtfully set up a ladder against the roof of the blockhouse jail, upon which he descended and went home to his farm, after quietly going upstairs and pushing his way through the roof of the ill-constructed dungeon. His son-in-law, however, Edward Gove (also my ancestor), had a longer experience in the same cause of resistance to fendal tyranny, which threw into prison half the leading planters and merchants of the little province of New Hampshire. Riding at the head of a small troop of young men, to rouse the people against Charles Stuart's governor, he was arrested, hastily tried by a special court, convicted of "levying war against His Majesty" (which was high treason), sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, and sent to the Tower of London to be executed at the King's pleasure; the governor, meantime, who wanted money, having sold his forfeited estate, and put *his* share of the proceeds in his own pocket. But Charles II, though despotic, was good-natured and sensible; he saw that my ancestor was not even tech-

nically a traitor, and spared his life; but kept him a prisoner in the Tower till his own death in February, 1685. James II coming to the throne, desirous of conciliating the dissenters, and well advised by Lord Halifax; willing also to save the £3 a week that Gove was costing him in the Tower, soon pardoned him out, and ordered his New England governor and council to restore his lands. Now I take it that the obscure influence of ancestry, stimulated by Edward Gove's thirty months' confinement in the Tower, nearly two centuries before, did really turn my mind towards the condition of poor prisoners.

Being appointed by our Massachusetts Governor Andrew (who had pleaded my rights before the court in 1860, in the habeas corpus case) as secretary of the first American Board of State Charities, in October, 1863, I found myself also inspector of prisons; and set to work to qualify for the duty by studying books, corresponding with authorities, and visiting all prisons within reach. In 1864 this brought me into acquaintance by letter with Recorder Hill of Birmingham, Miss Mary Carpenter of Bristol, and with the widow of Captain Maconochie in England,—all favorers of the then new system of convict discipline in Ireland. I read the stimulating essays of Maconochie, sent me by his widow, and by the widow of Horace Mann, our educational reformer, who had corresponded with Maconochie; I studied and transcribed the English and Irish reports on graded prisons and conditional liberation, and made them, in part, the basis of a long special report to the Governor and General Court of Massachusetts, in

February, 1865. In this document, (probably for the first time in America) the principles of Maconochie and Crofton, the British originators of what we now call prison science, were rather fully set forth; and my recommendations, though sometimes rather too rhetorically stated, were, substantially, those which have since been adopted in most of our states,—at least in part.

American prisons, except in Canada, were then in a condition never since repeated. The Civil War, nearing its close, had reduced the number of convicts among men to well-nigh its lowest point; for war, which furnishes opportunity for every crime, had drawn into the fighting and looting ranks criminal as well as patriotic men; while the strong necessity of crime in cities had made feminine convicts more numerous than ever before, and the absence or death of parents had much increased juvenile crime. For the latter, State reformatories existed; but most of them were little better than prisons; while the prisons themselves, except a few in Pennsylvania, were congregate, with very little classification of inmates, or attempt at reformation. Instruction was almost lost sight of, except in those mechanical trades which brought profit to the contractor or to the prison; even in the Pennsylvania prisons, where separation was much more feasible than now, from the small number of convicts, little was done to teach them; and in the congregate prisons schools were practically unknown. There was no separate prison for women in the country, except a small one at Sing Sing; and no asylum for insane convicts except a small and back-

ward one in the prison buildings at Auburn, N. Y. Punishments were of the old, useless kind; the only stimulus to good conduct was the "good-time" law, existing in several states, by which sentences could be shortened by a fair record; but there was no way of marking conduct which put it beyond the reach of whim, prejudice, or bribery in the officer. Indiscriminate pardons, often for political use, vitiated the effect of the good-time laws; the prison cells were small, ill-ventilated, often dark and damp, and the prison diet had no careful regulation in most cases. Partisan politics governed most of the appointments of officers, whether high or low; the use of blows and other brutality was common; and when the war ended, there followed a great increase of crime among the discharged soldiers, and a great push of retired officers for prison appointments. A few of these military officers proved to be good prison managers,—Major McClaghry, whom I found directing the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, and who now is reforming the military prison in Leavenworth, being a marked instance. But generally we learned Maconochie's profound remark to be true,—that military discipline and prison discipline,—and still more, prison science,—are essentially unlike and antipathetic; one dealing with men in the mass, and the other individualizing to the finest possible point.

To increase the difficulty of reforming our prisons, 35 years ago,—although the reduced number of convicts would seem to have made it easy,—there was an almost complete indifference in the public mind to the



Z. R. BROCKWAY, 1900.

consideration of the subject. Prison discipline had commanded the attention of thinkers and practical men 20 years before,—Sumner and Wayland, Howe and Gray, and Lieber,—to name no others,—had written and agitated for a better system. But the questions involving the existence of the nation, and a complete reversal of its domestic and foreign policy, had subordinated all minor topics; our financial system, basis of suffrage, relations with England and France, reconstruction of the South, etc., made prison discipline look like a small interest. The older societies for debating it had lapsed into silence, mostly; only one, the New York Prison Association, whose secretary, Rev. Dr. Wines, was an energetic, though rather theoretic, reformer, was carrying on systematic work. Inevitably, the similarity of our aims brought Dr. Wines and myself together, in spite of a wide difference of age, training, and religious opinions; the religion of humanity proved a stronger tie than doctrinal difference could break. As Wordsworth said of his companion:

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And *Enoch* seventy-two.

Whether it was Dr. Wines, or his friend, and Mr. Brockway's old instructor, General Pilsbury of the Albany penitentiary, who first told me of that remarkable prison constructor and prison reformer, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, I cannot now be sure; but probably Dr. Wines sent me to General Pilsbury, who was managing his prison on the good, old silent plan, and Pilsbury sent me to Mr. Brockway, who was then at

Detroit, working out his problems in his own way, in the fourth prison he had entered, and the second he had built. He had gone into the Wethersfield state prison under Amos Pilsbury; then removed with him to Albany; gone through the lower grades of employment, and been recommended by his chief for the head of a district prison at Rochester, N. Y.; from there been invited to build and manage another district prison for short-sentenced convicts at Detroit, where, at the age of forty, I found him in 1867. What Dr. Howe, Dr. Wines, and myself had learned by the inspection of prisons and the study of books—though Howe had also had the experience of solitary imprisonment in a Prussian dungeon as a political suspect in 1831—Mr. Brockway had found out by long practice among convicts, and more or less study of such literature as came in his way. Most of all was he aided by that indefinable quality we term *genius*,—the gift, in any specialty, of reaching conclusions by insight rather than by reasoning; or, rather, a swift process of reasoning, apt to be unmindful of the steps by which it is achieved.

However it may be explained, here was the mind, the head, and the hand which were to make prison science take the place of mere prison discipline and revive the fallen hopes of those who, before our Civil War, had believed in the possibility of a reformatory discipline for criminals. With no ambition to create a system, but only desirous of doing his duty in the station to which he was called, Mr. Brockway was, in fact, establishing a system on the only sure foundations,—those of practical effort, pro-

ceeding step by step, learning by mistakes, guided by high purpose, and leaving no opening for those failures which had thus far attended every sound theoretic attempt to make reformatory treatment permanent and contagious. Maconochie was right in principle, but lacked something of everyday wisdom; Crofton had succeeded brilliantly in Ireland, but the day was coming when political and social influences, co-operating with that singular fatality which makes it impossible to pursue any direct course towards permanent good government in Ireland, would take away half the prestige of the once famous Irish convict system. The peculiarity of the Elmira system of prison science,—which, when the personal jealousies and controversies of the present day are gone by, will be known as the Brockway system,—its crowning merit, I say, is that it has come to stay. Improvements will be made, as they have been in the forty years (more or less) that it has been forming and formulating; but in essentials it has already shown itself contagious and fertilizing, like every great advance in that complex of conditions that we call “civilization.” Prison science *was* the vision of theorizers, among whom Dr. Wines and myself may modestly be named; it *is* now an accomplished fact, because it has been planted firmly in practical conditions at Detroit, Elmira, Sherborne, Concord, Huntingdon, Mansfield, and elsewhere. In some of these, and in other places, it will be weakened or abandoned, doubtless, just as general civilization deserts some of its ancient homes; but it will thrive elsewhere, and be handed down uninjured.

From the combinations formed between 1864 and 1870 among the friends of Prison Reform in the United States and Canada, of which Dr. Wines, Professor Dwight, and J. S. Gould, of New York, ex-Governor Haines of New Jersey, Mr. G. S. Griffith of Maryland, Mr. Brockway, then of Michigan, and Mr. Meredith of Toronto were important members, grew the first National Prison Congress at Cincinnati in October, 1870, which I attended. It so happened that the shaping of the platform to be laid down by the congress was left mainly to a sub-committee of three—Dr. Wines, Mr. Brockway, and myself. We had a long manuscript of Dr. Wines as our basis, Mr. Brockway’s great practical knowledge as its corrective, and I was the intermediary and mutual friend to bring theory and experience together—not always an easy task. As it finally stood, while somewhat abundant and exuberant in its phrases, this platform did contain, thirty years ago, nearly everything, either in germ or in form, which has since been changing the rude and disjointed mass of prison laws and rules of that period into the present system, to which Mr. Eugene Smith of New York, some five years since, gave the happy name of “Prison Science.” This change has been the work of many persons in all parts of the United States and Canada, acting through the agencies open to them,—sometimes the legislatures, sometimes the offices of administration, sometimes special societies like the American Social Science Association, the National Prison Association, the New York Prison Association, the Conferences of Charities,

etc., and often through newspapers and public meetings. I have participated, off and on, in many of these agencies, but it would be tedious and unprofitable to dwell on the slow progress of amelioration in this lifetime of a generation. The result is now visible everywhere, varying in degree according to the extent of the evil to be remedied, but nowhere complete or wholly satisfactory. We have a right to say, however,—and I was glad of this opportunity to say it lately in Canada—that the worst ancient defects of prison discipline have been supplied, and its greatest enemy, public indifference, has been overcome. The new prison science goes forward in its work of classification, instruction, physical training, the acquirement of trades for self-support, and the general remodeling of the convict character, in a way which must appear wonderful to those who vividly recall, as I do, the old order of things. True, the necessity for this work is greater than ever; the criminal classes are increasing, and their easy passage from one country or region to another multiplies the danger from them.

One special help, in the progress made from the old state of things to the new, should be particularly mentioned,—the activity of women in the work of prison reform. So far as Massachusetts is concerned, little could be done there in a practical way until the demand made by women for a separate women's prison drew attention to the whole situation, and overcame the indifference and reluctance of the legislature. First we had a home for discharged female prisoners, organized by women about

1865, and heartily favored by Governor Andrew, who went out of office at the end of that year. This led to a request for an advisory board of women to aid the new prison commissioners, established in 1870, and relieving me of the necessity of prison inspection. No sooner were these women in office than they pressed actively for a women's prison; it was voted by the legislature in 1874, and opened at Sherborne in 1877. Two years later women were added to the reorganized board of prison commissioners,—among them was Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, whose remarkable record as head of the Sherborne prison is so well known. Accepting the Brockway methods of prison science, but modifying them to meet the different requirements of women, Mrs. Johnson achieved a success at Sherborne as noteworthy in its way as that in the Elmira Reformatory, which was opened but little more than a year before our Massachusetts Reformatory for Women. The success of the latter made it easier to obtain and organize the Concord Reformatory for men some years later, which also adopted, with slight modifications, the Elmira methods, and has proved their efficiency under its two superintendents, Colonel Tufts and Mr. Scott. The county prisons of Massachusetts benefited by all this experience, although the great increase in the number of their inmates, and the unwise changes in our law regulating prison labor, have interfered with the best arrangement and control of these minor prisons. At present Mrs. R. C. Lincoln, associated with other ladies, and favored by the leading friends of prison reform in Massachusetts, is agitating for desira-

ble changes in their classification and management; but the report of her thorough inspection shows that most of the defects which I found there in 1864 are long since remedied.

There still remains in the management of these and other American prisons, more or less attenuated by the advance in public sentiment, that crying evil of our country, the influence of partisan politics where it ought never to be allowed. To this, combined with other causes, I have heard attributed the recent changes at Elmira, where the originator of what we may justly call the "American Convict System" in its present form has been dismissed to make way for officers of small experience, and no special fitness discernible at this distance. Mr. Brockway's fame will not suffer by this; it is more likely to be increased by the contrast between the prison under his control and its subsequent history. Among my reminiscences of prison affairs for thirty-six years, none is more satisfactory than those connected with Mr. Brockway's building up of his firm edifice of prison science during the past twenty-four years at Elmira. I saw him there in his first year, (1876); hardly a year has passed

since, if I were in America, when I did not visit his expanding prison university, which I last examined in May of the present year. I can, therefore, speak of it and of him with the assurance of positive knowledge. The proverb says "Seeing is believing," and I am but one of hundreds, somewhat fitted by experience to judge rightly of prison management, who have come away from Elmira, year after year, with increased admiration for the mind that framed, and the unwearied hand that executed, the vast design of that training school for the degenerate body and the misguided mind of convicts. Let no one believe that the task was easy, or that its performance has failed of momentous results. They have been grand, and they are permanent; they have opened a new chapter in the long story of human achievement and divine guidance.

I praised this bold mariner when I saw him, thirty years since, launching forth on a voyage often tried but seldom accomplished; I praise him none the less now that the shore for which he sailed is in view.

The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.



LITTLE BROWN MITTENS.

By Alice D. O. Greenwood.

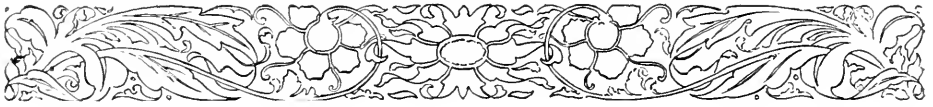
Little brown mittens worn and old,
Vain are your fleecy folds to-night,
The poor little hands, so white and cold,
Are shut forever from warmth and light.
Sacred are you to me for aye,
Nothing your empty space shall fill,
Though it is years since she went away,
Bearing the print of her fingers still.

There on the tip of the tiny thumb,
Just where it with the finger met,
As in years now gone, through the years to come,
Will linger a trace of her candy yet.
I see the mirth in her winsome eyes,
The sunlight falling upon her hair,
Dark as the pool where the shadow lies,
Soft as the down that the thistles wear.

And I feel the weight of her slender form,
As oft I have in days now flown,
And the little cheek so soft and warm,
Closely nestled against my own.
Strange that a winsome little child,
Just in the rosy light of dawn,
When friends surrounded, and fortune smiled,
Should be thus taken, and / live on.

I who am weary, hand and feet,
I who have seen hope's promise fade,
I, alone, in the rain and sleet,
Amid the ruins the years have made.
I who have heard the siren sing,
Until my heart will no more respond,
And to life's grim farce no longer cling,
Nor hope, nor fear, for the life beyond.

But she was so trustful, so young and fair,
So sweet and pure, so warm and bright,
It is strange to think of her now out there,
Alone in the wind and rain to-night.
But there are storms she will never know,
Fiercer than those of wind and rain.
God is merciful. Be it so.
I would not call her back again.



THE CHILBLAIN CURE.

By Doris L. Burke.



NE snowy afternoon in December Ezra Spollett drew his chair up to the kitchen stove for the third time.

"I dunno what I'm going to do with my chilblains," he said fretfully.

Mrs. Spollett looked up from her squash parings with anxious sympathy.

"Do n't the heat seem to help 'em any, to-day?" she inquired.

"It eases 'em off for the minute, of course, but I can't be setting around the stove all winter. You aint got fire enough here to warm a midget through, anyhow."

Olive set her pan on the floor.

"I 'll see to it," she said. "I was hoping you would n't have 'em this winter, Ezra."

"That 's what you're always saying. I dunno why I should n't have 'em this winter, seeing they've paid me a visit pretty regular for the last 'leven years. But I dunno what I *shall* do with the pesky things this time," he said again.

Mrs. Spollett glanced out of the window as she went back to her work.

"Here 's Lyddy Jane, Ezra, just coming in the gate. Hiram 's brought her over. Just as likely as not she 'll know of something new, being as she has visited around so much lately."

Olive fastened her apron in a tidier

knot and hastened to admit Ezra's sister.

"I'm proper glad to see you, Lyddy Jane," she exclaimed warmly. "Harvey was just saying you'd got back. Let me put away your things."

Mrs. Peverly bustled out of her wraps cheerfully.

"I shan't feel the good of my shawl if I don't get it off for a spell, but I can't stay. I told Hiram I guessed I would go back to-night if he'd stop on his way home from the store, the doing is so bad—nothing but slump and splosh."

"I guess I should smile," observed Olive. "Tomorrow's Saturday and Harvey can carry you back in the morning just as well as not—if you must go then. Ezra's used up."

Lydia looked at her brother inquiringly.

"I supposed you'd wet your feet, Ezra," she said.

"No, I ain't wet my feet. I would n't dare to now, nohow. It's my old trouble."

Ezra's manner was so serious that Lydia was momentarily startled; but her brow speedily cleared.

"Oh," she said lightly, "chilblains?"

Ezra moved his toes uneasily. The oven was very hot now.

"I should n't suppose chilblains

was anything from the way you talk. Well, folks that aint had 'em do n't know nothing about 'em."

"Why, Ezra, I guess I know what chilblains are. Did n't I always have them when I was a girl?"

"Did you?" asked Olive eagerly. "What remedies did you use?"

"Oh, so long as I could get to the ash barrel I was well enough. Did you ever try wood ashes, Ezra? Tie your feet right up in them."

"Yes, I've used 'em. They fixed me up three winters ago. The same thing won't cure *me* twice. I've tried everything I ever heard of, and I guess there's nothing for me to do now but to grin and bear it. But Olive thought maybe *you'd* know of something, seeing you've been around considerable much since Andrew died."

Mrs. Peverly became thoughtful.

"Samuel's Tommy used cranberries when I was there."

"I've tried them—two years ago. They did n't do me any good."

Lydia reflected again.

"I was trying to think what cured Cousin Martha's hired girl. She had them bad—worse than anybody I ever saw. Her heels swelled up and turned purple. Then the skin peeled off and left them all raw."

"Sho!" remarked Ezra with solicitude.

The painful possibilities of his chilblains were a matter of constant concern. He removed a stocking and anxiously inspected the great toe of his left foot.

"The skin is master tender on that toe, and right there on the top it looks as if it was going to crack open before long. You'll have to stay at home from school, Harvey, and help

your Aunt Olive do up the barn work if the skin does come off. It's all I can stagger under to get my boots on now."

Ezra drew on his sock with extreme caution.

"And you say she was helped," he resumed. "I wisht your memory was as much as an inch and a half long, Lyddy Jane. Harvey, you hand me my chilblain book. It's hanging under the almanac. I'll just run over the things I've used, and if I come to the one that cured Marthy's girl I suppose you'll know it."

Harvey took down a thin little blank book. Its covers were protected by brown paper and a loop of faded pink twine was threaded through the top.

"Its mighty lucky I've kept the run o' the receipts I've used—first and last. I should n't know where I was if I had n't," said Ezra as he opened the book. "The first time I was afflicted was in the winter of '86. I set the dates down and I remember just how it was. I'd been getting out my summer's wood. 'Twas splosy in the pastur and I got my feet sopping—had on leaky boots. Saleratus and water cured me—first time I used it too. The next year they come on again, just about the same time. I used saleratus then but it did n't help 'em. Then I tried pig's foot oil, alum, and some liniment the Widow Curtis fixed for me. It was turpentine, though, that did 'em up for that winter—turpentine and copal varnish mixed. I marked the things which cured with a red cross."

Ezra paused to turn a leaf.

"I had 'em twice that year for they set in again in December. Turpen-

tine did n't do any good that time, but kerosene oil did. I do n't find no record of '88."

Ezra scowled at the page for a minute.

"I see how 't was, now," he continued. "The kerosene helped 'em in December of '87, and they did n't trouble me again till January, '89. That year I soaked my feet in boiled potato water. The next thing I tried was hot salt and water. Then I put on carbolic acid. After that I rubbed 'em with snow, and at last I tried beef's gall. The beef's gall cured 'em, and the next year I used it again. Like all the rest it want no good but once. Olive thought maybe bean water would be good, seeing potato water had been recommended. I tried that, likewise turnip water and parsnip water. Then I got some of Old Lady Green's home-made salve. Next I smoked 'em over thatch. After that I put 'em into pork pickle. That eased 'em off after a spell, and the next winter I did n't have 'em at all. I thought I'd got rid of the tarnal things but first of February, '92, they set in lively. I thought I'd better give the pickle another try being as I'd skipped a year. But it did n't work. Then I bound on onions cut up in salt. Next the tin peddler told me to poultice 'em with soft soap. My remedies got kinder played out about that time, and Olive was possessed for me to have Dr. Sloper to 'em. So I did. He give me something—a lotion he called it. It did n't help my feet any. I knowed it would n't. Fact is I believe it made 'em worse for I was n't free from chilblains all that winter. I kept right on trying one stuff after another though—cold tea, copperas, warm

mutton tallow, skunk cabbage leaves, iodine, vinegar curds"—

"There!" interrupted Lydia. "That was what Ellen used. It was vinegar curds that cured her."

Ezra gave his chair a disappointed hitch.

"I thought 't would be some fool of a thing. Vinegar curds did n't do me so much good as a cat's foot. Sho! If I aint been setting here with my feet clear out of the oven! Olive, why did n't you speak of it? As like as not I've given 'em a chill. Now I shall have to heat 'em up again before going to milking. Harvey, can 't you stir up this fire a mite?"

Ezra turned another leaf in his book. "As I was saying I tried most everything that year. But that doctor's lotion was worse than the Old Nick, and you know the feet are chockful of pores. I did n't get it out of my system for six weeks, and of course nothing else would cure till I'd got rid of it."

Harvey winked for his Aunt Lydia's exclusive benefit.

"After trying all the things you've read off, Uncle Ezra, there must have been considerable in your system beside Dr. Sloper's lotion."

"There's a difference between these old-fashioned remedies and doctor's stuff. I said then I should n't fool no more with that. I suppose I've got to crawl out now and see to the critters. I shall try to get around just as long as I can. I wisht you could think of something, Lyddy Jane?" he added wistfully.

"I guess you've had over everything I ever heard of—and more, too. But possibly I can find a recipe at home."

Ezra pulled on his boots, painfully.

"You be sure to have a good fire when I come in from milking, Olive," he said. "If they get rampant I shall have to heat 'em up as soon as I get back. And I guess you'd better have that hunk of cornbeef for supper. I've got to have something to keep me up."

He limped slowly away. Olive followed him with gentle concern in her eyes.

"You mustn't mind him, Lyddy, if he don't speak just so. He's all wore out with them dretful blains."

"You coddle him altogether too much, Olive," returned Lydia. "Of course we know chilblains are aggravating things and Ezra means well enough. But he aint used to being sick and thinks he's going to die if he has a toothache."

Mrs. Spollett replied with unusual spirit, "I'm afraid you don't know much about the kind of chilblains he has, Lyddy Jane. You can't always tell by the looks how things really are. We might have gone into the setting-room. There's a fire in the airtight, but I didn't think of it. I am so worked up over him all the time I ain't good for nothing."

"Aunt Lydia, suppose we have a game of backgammon before I go out to help Uncle," said Harvey. "We shall have time enough."

"I'm going to help Olive about the supper, Harvey. She looks awful picked."

"There ain't nothing you can do. I've got it all cooked. You go along and play with Harvey. I'll shut the door between. The heat goes in there so fast, and I want to have the room warm for him when he gets in from his chores."

"What is the matter with your

Aunt Olive, Harvey?" Lydia asked as Harvey opened the board. "She looks as if she had been through a fit of sickness."

"I guess it's losing her sleep so much nights," responded Harvey grimly.

"Losing her sleep! Don't she rest well?"

"She might if she had the chance, but Uncle Ezra is afraid he may wake with his chilblains. (They never have troubled him at night but he says its best to be on the safe side.) So Aunt Olive comes down three or four times to keep the fire running. If he doesn't hear of a new cure pretty soon I don't know what he and Aunt Olive will do, and I've got a scheme, Aunt Lydia, which I'm going to submit to your superior judgment."

Harvey went into the kitchen and returned with the chilblain book.

"Saleratus cured Uncle the first winter he was 'afflicted.' The next year he used turpentine and copal varnish."

Harvey ran his finger down the narrow pages, pausing whenever he came to a red cross.

"Kerosene, beef's gall, pork pickle. That's as far as Uncle got this afternoon, but there are several pages more. Camphor, balm gilead buds and gin, carrot poultice, witch—"

At this point Mrs. Spollett came in to get a fresh table-cloth, and inadvertently left the door ajar. Whereupon Harvey discreetly lowered his voice.

Lydia was buttoning her overshoes the next morning when she said,

"Olive, do you happen to have any beef's gall about the house? I've been out sometime."

"Yes," answered Olive. "There's a quart bottle full in the cellarway. I'll turn you out some."

Ezra was toasting his toes by the stove — his customary occupation when in doors.

"Beef's gall is a great thing," said he. "It cured my chilblains once."

"Don't you fret, Ezra," returned his sister, cheerfully, "I'm going to see if I can't find something that'll help you just as soon as I get home."

"Could you send it back by Harvey?"

"I should n't wonder," replied Lydia.

"You be sure to be home by noon, Harvey. I shall want you to water up if my chilblains keep a acting."

It was one o'clock, however, before Harvey drove into the yard. Ezra was still sitting by the fire when he came in.

"Seems to me you've been gone a good while, Harvey, being as you had the mare. That horse sold for three hundred once and there want no call for your being so long on the road. Did Lyddy Jane send that remedy?"

Harvey produced a large bottle which contained a harmless looking liquid of undecided color. Ezra received it doubtfully.

"I don't like the looks of this amazing—nor the smell. Did n't Lyddy Jane send along the recipe?"

"I did n't hear her say anything about it, Uncle."

"That's pretty works when she knows how particular I have to be about what I put on my feet."

"This is a great thing, though, Uncle. It has probably cured more

people than any dozen other remedies put together."

"Sho!" remarked Ezra, looking upon the bottle more kindly.

"I do n't suppose you know what there is in it?"

"Of course he do n't know what there is in it, Ezra, but maybe I can tell," said Olive.

Mrs. Spollett held the bottle to the light and surveyed it critically. She took out the cork and smelled of it gently.

"I should say," she at last announced cautiously, "that there was spearmint in it for one thing."

Harvey chuckled silently and Ezra looked relieved. Olive still sniffed.

"It smells of something else, too. Why, I've smelled that smell hundreds of times. It's queer that I can't place it. 'T ain't catnip and it do n't seem to be running camomile flowers neither. I should n't wonder if it was rose water."

"I guess she must have struck the beef's gall that time," thought Harvey.

"Let me smell again, Olive," said Ezra.

After a prolonged sniff Ezra avowed that the mixture contained saltpetre.

Olive held the bottle in front of the window once more.

"There's grease of some kind in it. I can see the oil on top."

"Kerosene," mentally ejaculated Harvey.

Mrs. Spollett shook the bottle vigorously and took another whiff.

"I miss my guess if it ain't mutton tallow. Mutton tallow's real healing and soothing. It smells camphory too, yet I won't be *sure* about the camphor."

"I wisht to goodness Lyddy Jane

had sent the recipe," said Ezra, moodily. "I should think you might have had gumption enough for that, Harvey. It ain't policy to be putting everything on your chilblains."

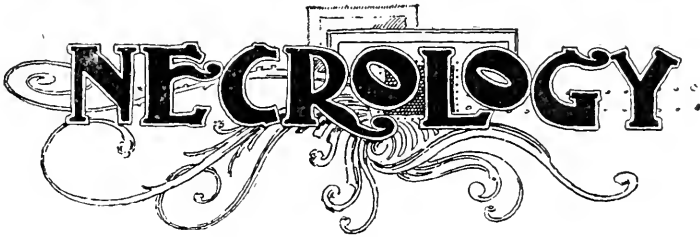
"I guess you're safe enough in using this, Ezra," said Olive. "As near as I can make out there ain't anything in it that would hurt you."

Two weeks later Lydia came to spend another night with the Spolletts. She found Ezra rejoicing over her cure for chilblains.

"That remedy of yours was gay, Lyddy Jane. It fixed me up as fine as a kite. What was the name of it?"

While Lydia hesitated Harvey mentally enumerated, "Saleratus, turpentine and copal varnish, kerosene, carrot poultice, witch hazel, pork pickle, balm gilead buds and gin, beef's gall, ashes and camphor."

He looked up and said, "That remedy, Uncle, was the Great Composite, Complex, Compound Chilblain Composition."



HON. GEORGE A. RAMSDELL.

Hon. George A. Ramsdell, ex-governor of New Hampshire, died at his home in Nashua, November 16, from apoplexy, at the age of sixty-six years.

George Allen Ramsdell was born in Milford, March 11, 1834. His earliest ancestors in America on both sides were English emigrants and among the first settlers of Massachusetts. In 1815 his grandfather, Capt. William Ramsdell, then of Salem, Mass., purchased the farm in Milford, which descended to the second Capt. William Ramsdell, and was the home of the family for more than seventy-five years. His mother was the eldest daughter of Rev. Humphrey Moore, D. D., who was pastor of the Congregational church in Milford for a third of a century.

After a course at Appleton academy, now McCollom institute, Mont Vernon, Mr. Ramsdell completed a year at Amherst college, but was compelled by reason of delicate health to retire. He continued his studies independently, however, and in 1857 he was admitted to the Hillsborough county bar. Soon after he was located at Peterborough, where he remained six years in active practice. In 1864 he was appointed clerk of the supreme court of Hillsborough county and removed to Amherst, where he resided till 1866, when the records were moved to Nashua and he became a resident there. In 1887 he resigned the office and resumed the practice of his profession.

After three or four years Mr. Ramsdell became identified with the City Guar-

anty Savings bank as its treasurer, at the same time being president of the First National bank. As a lawyer he was considered able and far-seeing, and many times in the past twenty-five years he had been appointed referee and auditor in important and perplexing civil actions.

His honorable record was recognized by Gov. John B. Smith, who, on the death of Judge Allen, in 1893, tendered Mr. Ramsdell a seat on the supreme bench. The offer was reluctantly declined. Meantime Dartmouth college had conferred on him the degree of A. M.

Mr. Ramsdell's public career included ten years' service on the board of education, twenty years as trustee of the public library, and many other places of trust and responsibility. In 1870, 1871, and 1872 he was a member of the legislature, where he won an enviable reputation as a debater. Many of his constituents remember with pride his staying qualities in the great struggle in the house in 1871, when Brainbridge Wadleigh, having spoken on the previous question till his voice failed, and needing a substitute to hold the floor till morning, Mr. Ramsdell stepped into the breach and spoke six hours with scarcely an intermission.

He was a working member of the constitutional convention of 1870, and represented the third district in the governor's council in 1891 and 1892. In the Republican gubernatorial convention of 1894, composed of nearly eight hundred delegates, he received a flattering vote, and in the convention of 1896 he received the distinguished honor of being nominated by acclamation, without a dissenting vote. In the election that followed, he was chosen governor by the heaviest pluralities ever given a candidate in this state.

Governor Ramsdell had served the people of Nashua in many important positions, and many times he was earnestly solicited to stand as the Republican candidate for mayor, but he declined to permit the use of his name. He had been identified with the temperance movement in the state. He was a director in the Wilton Railroad Company, in the Peterboro Railroad Company, in the Jackson Manufacturing Company, and in the Nashua Manufacturing Company. He also was a prominent member of many fraternal and social orders.

He was a member of the First Congregational church in Nashua, and for many years has been prominent in this denomination in the state; he was one of the promoters of the erection, in 1893, of the stone church of his parish, which is not excelled by any structure of the kind in the state. He was also a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason.

Governor Ramsdell was married November 29, 1860, to Eliza D. Wilson of Deering, a descendant on both sides from charter members of the Londonderry colony. Four children have been born to them: Harry W., February 1, 1862; Arthur D., August 2, 1863; Charles T., July 6, 1865, and Annie M., December 8, 1873.

VERY REV. JOHN E. BARRY.

Very Rev. John E. Barry of Concord, vicar-general of the Catholic diocese of Manchester, was instantly killed by a cable car on Broadway, New York, on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 14.

Father Barry was born in Eastport, Me., August 11, 1836. He was educated

in the Academy of St. John in New Brunswick, at Holy Cross college, and the Montreal seminary. He was ordained to the priesthood at Portland in 1864, and was appointed resident pastor at Concord the following year.

Seeing the great need of his people, Father Barry looked about for a site upon which a church should be erected. He purchased a lot on South Main street in 1866, and March 14 of that year a handsome edifice was dedicated by Bishop Bacon of Maine. The church from that day to the present has experienced a constantly increasing era of prosperity. In 1877 a spacious lot adjacent to the church, which was named St. John's, was purchased by the good father's direction, and a rectory built. In 1883 the church edifice was enlarged, and the building rededicated by Bishop Bradley of the New Hampshire diocese. In 1875 a tract of land adjoining Blossom Hill cemetery was purchased, and in 1876 was consecrated by Bishop Healy of Maine.

Father Barry's next move in behalf of his people was the purchase of land and erection of the Sacred Heart school and convent, and the school doors were thrown open in September, 1888. In 1893 an imposing memorial arch was erected at the entrance to Calvary cemetery, the burial-ground purchased earlier by Father Barry. Within this sacred enclosure rest the mortal dust of Rev. Father O'Reilly, first pastor of St. John's church, and a monolith was erected over the grave.

The magnificent property of St. John's parish was long ago entirely free from debt, owing to the good management of this leader and the hearty coöperation which he received from his people. His last important church work was the conduct of a two weeks' mission, in which he was assisted by the Passionist fathers of New Jersey. He visited Europe in 1874.

From the time of Bishop Bacon's death in 1874 until June, 1875, Father Barry administered the affairs of the diocese of Portland, and until Bishop Healy was appointed. The title of vicar general was bestowed upon him after his temporary active bishopric in Maine, when Bishop Healy was consecrated as the successor of Bishop Bacon. His silver jubilee of consecration was celebrated July 2, 1889, in Concord. Pontifical high mass was sung on this occasion by Archbishop Williams of Boston. Father Barry received as a gift from his people at this time a purse of \$1,200 in gold.

Father Barry was an American citizen in every fibre, and manifested much interest in public affairs. He was for a number of years a member of the Concord school board, was three times appointed a trustee of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, and was prominent in the advancement of the interests of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He was the first Catholic priest to minister to unfortunates at the state prison.

It is safe to say that no clergyman in New Hampshire, of any denomination, has been more widely known or more highly esteemed, both in his own community and in the state at large, than was Father Barry, and his sudden and almost tragic death occasioned universal mourning.

CHARLES H. HOYT.

Charles Hale Hoyt, playwright and theatrical manager, died at his home in Charlestown, November 20, from paresis, after a protracted illness.

Mr. Hoyt was the son of George W. Hoyt, who was for some time engaged in the hotel business in Concord, and subsequently connected with the United States railway mail service. He was born in Concord, July 26, 1860, but removed with his parents in childhood to Charlestown, where the family residence was ever after maintained, and which town his father subsequently represented in the legislature. He received his education in a private school in Charlestown and in the Boston Latin school, and studied law for a time with the late Chief Justice Edmund L. Cushing, but abandoned the pursuit of the legal profession for journalism in which he was engaged for some time, first with the *St. Albans (Vt.) Advertiser*, and subsequently with the *Boston Post*, with which latter he was connected several years, in charge of the spicy "All Sorts" column, and as dramatic, musical, and sporting editor.

It was while on the staff of the *Boston Post* that he developed his talent as a playwright. The first productions of his pen were "Gifford's Luck" and "Lezalia." These plays were most successful on the local stage. A short time after, in 1883, Mr. Hoyt wrote "A Bunch of Keys." This play was so successful that the author of it gave up journalism and devoted himself exclusively to play writing. He formed a partnership with Charles W. Thomas of Portland, Me., which was continued up to the time of Mr. Thomas's death, in 1893, when Mr. Hoyt associated himself with Frank McKee, who had, for a number of years, been the business manager for Hoyt & Thomas.

Mr. Hoyt's dramatic work included "A Rag Baby," "A Tin Soldier," "A Hole in the Ground," "A Brass Monkey," "A Midnight Bell," "A Texas Steer," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Temperance Town," "A Milk White Flag," "A Black Sheep," "A Contented Woman," "A Stranger in New York," "A Day and a Night in New York," and "A Parlor Match." This last play was written specially for Evans & Hoey. The last play written by Mr. Hoyt was "A Dog in a Manger."

Mr. Hoyt was twice married. In 1878 he wedded Flora Walsh, who died in 1893. His second wife was Caroline Miskel, who died in 1898.

In 1894 he was unanimously elected the representative in the New Hampshire legislature from Charlestown, and during his service in that capacity made himself extremely popular with the members. Politically, like his father before him, he was a pronounced Democrat, and was at one time seriously talked about as a candidate for governor; but as the cares of his theatrical business increased his interest in politics lessened and in his later years he gave the subject little thought.

REV. NEWELL T. DUTTON, D. D.

Rev. Newell T. Dutton, who died at Damariscotta, Me., November 5, was born in Claremont, November 5, 1840. He was graduated at Brown university in the class of 1870, and from Newton Theological seminary in 1873. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in Warren, Me., August 19, 1873, and was pastor of the Warren church ten years. Later he settled in Houlton, where he remained for ten years, and was in Fairfield from 1893 to 1896, when he was elected financial secretary of Colby college. He was also a trustee of Coburn Classical institute and of Ricker Classical institute.

Dr. Dutton served as sergeant-major of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers, enlisting August 18, 1862, and was mustered out with the regiment, February 1, 1865. He served in the Maryland, Virginia, Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee campaigns. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

He married Miss Maria Dunklee of Claremont, who, with an adopted daughter, Bessie, and a brother, L. H. Dutton, master of the Hancock school of Boston, survives him.

REV. JAMES H. FITTS.

Rev. James Hill Fitts, for twenty years pastor of the Congregational church in Newfields, died there suddenly, from heart disease, November 22.

Mr. Fitts was born in Candia, March 3, 1829, the oldest of three children of John and Abigail Lane Fitts. In 1858 he was graduated from the Bangor, Me., Theological seminary and in 1859 was ordained to the Congregational ministry. His successive pastorates had been at Boxboro, West Boylston, and Topsfield, Mass., and at South Newmarket, now Newfields, where he was installed in 1880. He was a zealous, faithful minister and an ideal citizen. He represented South Newmarket in the legislature of 1895, and was the principal agent in effecting its change of name to Newfields. He had long been chairman of the school board of Newfields and a trustee of its public library.

He had long found his chief recreation in historical and genealogical researches, and in these lines of work had won reputation. He wrote the excellent sketch of South Newmarket in the "History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties;" had been a co-laborer with Rev. Jacob Chapman in genealogical work, particularly with reference to the Lane family. He compiled volume 2 of the "Lane Genealogies," published in 1897, and save for the index had completed and sent through the press another volume of genealogies of this large family. His historical sketches and reviews had been many. He was a man of imposing presence, of great kindness of heart, and was beloved by the entire body of his townsmen.

He leaves a widow, who was Miss Mary C. French of Candia, their marriage having occurred January 1, 1862, and a brother, J. Lane Fitts, Esq., of Candia. A sister, Miss Hannah Fitts, who recently died in Newfields, had been very prominent in work for the freedmen in the South.

MAJ. ENOCH G. ADAMS.

Major Enoch George Adams died at his home in Berwick, Me., Sunday morning, November 4. He was born in Bow, February 20, 1829. He graduated at Yale in the class of '49. He served in the Civil War from 1861-'64 in Company D of the Second New Hampshire Regiment. He served as captain, and after the war was brevetted major. He also served on the frontier in 1865.

He went West again in 1866, and for a number of years was lecturer for the Independent Order of Good Templars in Washington and Oregon. He afterward edited the *Vancouver Register* and later the *Columbian* at St. Helens, Ore. While there he held many public offices. He came East to Berwick in 1887. He was a very prominent figure among the Masons, being a member of St. John's Lodge

and a Royal Arch Mason. He was also a member of Littlefield Post, G. A. R., of Somersworth.

Major Adams was a son of Reformation John Adams. He claimed descent from seven Colonial governors of Massachusetts, also from some of the Pilgrims who came over in the *Mayflower*. His grandfather Sanderson fought in the battles of the Revolution at Concord and Lexington.

AUGUSTUS D. MERROW, M. D.

Dr. Augustus D. Merrow of Freedom, one of the foremost physicians of Carroll county, died at his home October 16.

He was born in Newfield, Me., August 8, 1827, attended the North Parsonsfield academy, graduated from the medical department of Bowdoin college, and commenced the practice of medicine at Acton, Me., in 1854, and continued in practice there until 1867, when he removed to Freedom, where he thereafter lived and practised.

His skill as a physician was marked, and his practice extended not only throughout Freedom and surrounding towns, but he was often called in consultation outside of his adopted state.

In politics he was a staunch Democrat, and was prominent in the councils of his party, both during his residence in Maine and New Hampshire. He was elected representative to the Maine legislature in 1865, and to the state senate in 1866.

He was twice married, first to Miss Jane Topliff, daughter of the late Dr. Calvin Topliff of Freedom, who died many years ago, and by whom he had two children, Edward T. and Edith L., the former now a druggist at Freedom, and the latter the wife of Dr. George W. Lougee, also of Freedom, and secondly to Miss Rose Topliff, who died in March, 1899.

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